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OF THE

PRE-SHAKSPEREAN DRAMA

With an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary

BY

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY

PROFESSOR IN BROWN UNIVERSITY

Vol. I

This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard! The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

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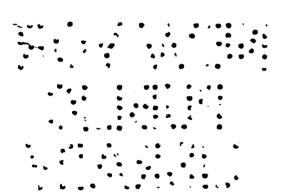
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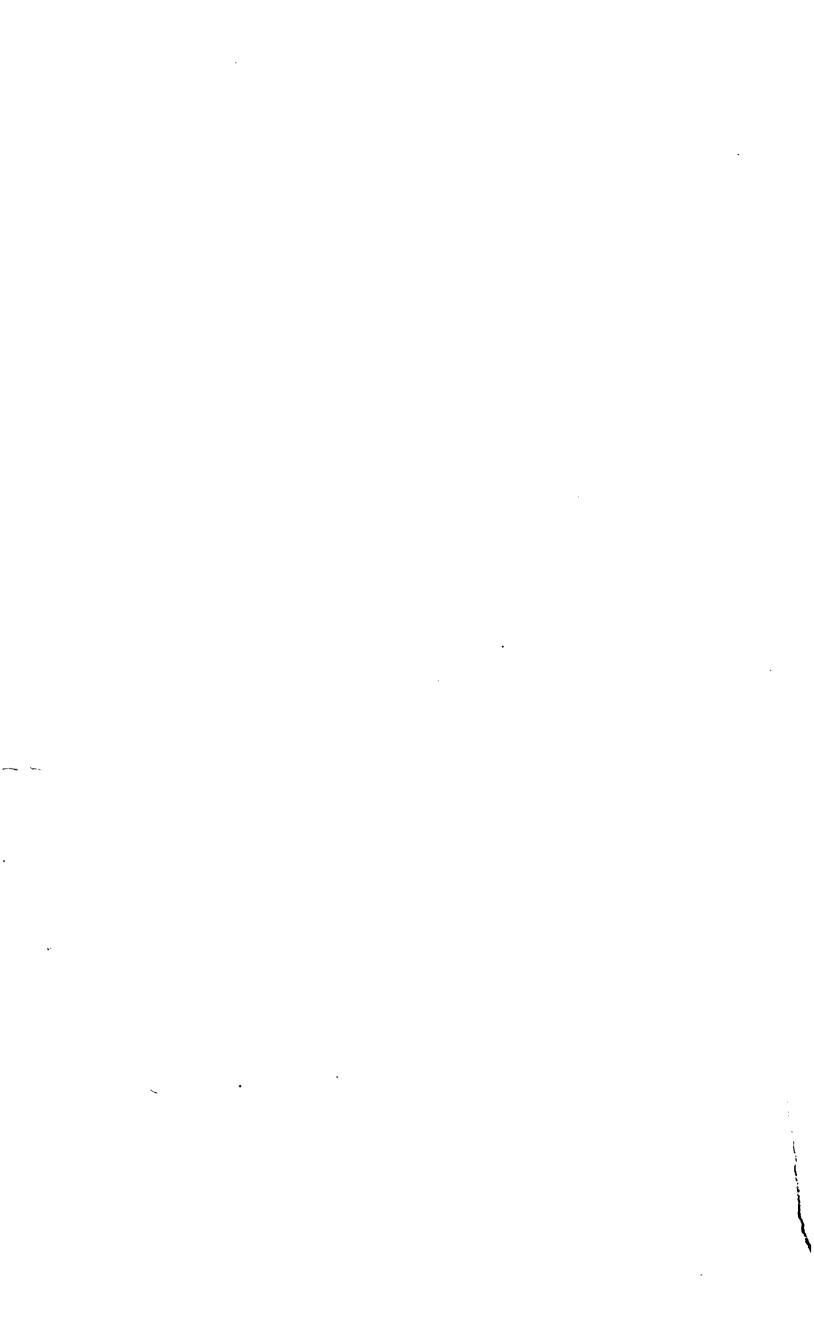
THE MEMORY

OF

Francis James Child

MY

MASTER AND FRIEND



PREFACE.

Some four years ago it became clear that the two volumes originally announced as the scope of this book would not suffice. In the first place, a good many minute but not insignificant facts regarding the history of almost every period of the drama had come to light, making necessary a somewhat longer historical sketch than was originally planned. In the second place, it seemed not merely desirable, but even imperative, to illustrate certain phases of the early drama which had in collections of a similar character either been neglected or not sharply defined against the apparently monotonous background of mediæval dramatic art. Thirdly, a somewhat different kind of annotation from that hitherto provided seemed worth attempting, if these volumes were to serve as an effective introduction to an art as spacious and as hospitable as the mediæval Church, and to render intelligible and vital to the student forms of art so different from ours in aim, in spirit, in method, in conventions, and in A plan for a three-volume edition was material accessories. therefore submitted to the general editors of the series and to the publishers, who readily agreed to any change that would make the book more useful and interesting.

At the suggestion and request of some teachers who wish to use the book, the texts have been put together in two volumes, and the whole of the illustrative and explanatory material reserved for the third. It is hoped that this arrangement will make the volumes more convenient for use.

Preceding the main body of texts will be found certain documents which, though, for one reason or another, not entitled to a place among the main texts, are nevertheless indispensable in a book of this kind. Taken together, they represent various stages of the liturgical drama, without which the inter-relations of the

vi PREFACE.

Scripture cycles will be altogether misunderstood. The first two of them are dramatic tropes of the office of Easter. The third presents a later form of the same trope, very highly developed within itself, but free from the accretions by which this dramatic office grew into a cyclic drama of the life of Christ. The fourth has a twofold interest: it is, perhaps, the only extant example of a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor and containing only his part and his cues; and it also affords an interesting glimpse of the vernacular liturgical drama as presented in the churches during the florescence of the craft-plays.

I should have been glad to include in this preliminary section an example of the Latin cycle developed by the combination of such separate plays as the Easter plays just mentioned; but, although it can hardly be doubted that such cycles existed in England, no text of English origin has yet come to light. I have felt less regret at my inability to include a Latin miracle-play of English origin, because, although miracle-plays, in the strict sense of the term, were common in England from the time of their origin to the sixteenth century, there is a total lack of documents illustrating the stages of development of this species of play, the earliest extant English example being *The Play of the Sacrament*.

In the main body of texts, Part I is devoted entirely to the craft-cycles and their congeners. It will be observed that the arrangement adopted is that of the order of the subjects in cosmical history. For obvious reasons, an arrangement based on the order of composition of the cycles would have been sometimes impossible and sometimes misleading; and in a book of this kind it seemed more desirable to present materials for giving the student some conception of the nature and effect of the cyclic drama as a whole than to try to illustrate the inter-relations of the cycles,—a line of inquiry which demands, indeed, a more elaborate equipment both of knowledge and of documents than seems to have been suspected even by some serious investigators. My choice of pageants was not, however, entirely determined by the wish to present an artificial cycle. It seemed desirable, in the first place, that all the extant cycles should be represented (the

Newcastle Noah play has been omitted on account both of its fragmentary character and its corrupt text), and, secondly, that the representative pageants should each have some specific claim to attention. Thus, the two Norwich pageants afford the only known example of a pageant and the substitute which later took its place. The Towneley Noah, with its characteristically English conception of Noah's wife, justifies itself. The Hegge Noah is included both as a contrast to this and as containing in the Lamech episode an English example of a farce, in the original sense of the word. Whether the Brome Abraham and Isaac belongs to a cycle or is an isolated play, it clearly could not be omitted. The Towneley Isaac and Jacob pageants are included, not only because, in ten Brink's opinion, they are the most primitive of all the pageants, but also because of their remarkable combination of intensity of conception and phrasing with a simplicity—not to say nakedness—of presentation. The Chester Balaam pageant affords, in the version here given, an unparalleled example of the transition stage of the Processus Prophetarum, and, although unknown to Sepet when he wrote Les Prophètes du Christ, confirms in an interesting manner his theory of the development and influence of the pseudo-Augustinian sermon. The question of the additions and excisions by which this version was reduced to the ordinary form must, of course, be reserved for the Notes. The Hegge Salutation and Conception contains the most striking example in English of that debate between the Four Daughters of God which played so commanding a part in mediæval religious thought. The Towneley Secunda Pastorum has so long been recognized as the best extant example of individualization of typical characters and of rapid transition from the farcical to the sublime that it is expected in every book of selections. In the Coventry Plays choice was limited to two; The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors was selected because it illustrates so admirably the way in which several originally distinct pageants were, by force of circumstances, combined into one. A pageant dealing with the Resurrection seemed to be absolutely demanded by the importance of the Easter play in the development of the cyclic drama: the example here given from the York series will be found to contain reminiscences of the most primitive form of this strangely fated trope. A treble interest attaches to the Chester Antichrist pageant, here printed from a hitherto unpublished and practically unknown MS., — a prompt-book antedating by a century the other MSS. of this unique play. No English cycle would be complete without a pageant of the Judgment, that specifically English development; and no one, I think, can fail to be impressed by the dignity and power of the specimen here presented from the York Plays.

In the artificial cycle thus constructed certain subjects find, of course, no representation; but, for all that, the student can obtain from it a clear and not wholly inadequate conception of the craft-cycle as a form of the drama. That I have put together pageants from various sources can hardly, in view of the heterogeneous character of the cycles themselves and their complex inter-relations, be a serious objection. And any one who wishes to form an idea of the distinctive characteristics of the various cycles can, with the aid of the table of contents, easily bring together the specimens of each.

Part II contains two religious plays totally unconnected with the Scripture cycles. The Conversion of St. Paul, therefore, uninteresting as it is as dramatic literature, can hardly be neglected by the literary historian. The Play of the Sacrament not only exhibits the Banes in their real function of a preliminary announcement of the play, but also claims attention by its entirely and doubly unique character.

Part III affords illustrations of important phases of dramatic activity heretofore too little regarded by students. No one who reads the scanty records of dramatic performances in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their constantly recurring notices of May plays, Robin Hood plays, St. George plays, and sword plays and dances, will fail to welcome the three Robin Hood plays, or, in view of the clearly antique elements which form the basis of the St. George plays and *The Revesby Sword Play*, cavil at the introduction of texts so recently committed to writing.

Of the five Moralities forming Part IV little need be said. I wished to print one of the unpublished Macro plays; Dr. Fur-

et Infans and Hycke-scorner complete the representation of this important class of Moralities. Every-man has so long and so justly figured as the most impressive play of its kind that its omission may need justification. Here I can only say briefly that, in spite of its enormous influence upon general European literature, this seemed justified by Logeman's proof that it is not of English composition, but a translation from the Dutch, by its accessibility in cheap and convenient form, and by the fact that the type to which it belongs is sufficiently represented by the plays just mentioned. Wyt and Science is not only one of the most perfect allegories extant, but also an excellent example of the Morality in the service, not of religious, but of secular education. Nice Wanton is, without doubt, the most vividly dramatic of all the Moralities.

Heywood's Johan-Johan, Tyb and Syr Jhan I had intended to print, as being the only one of his interludes possessed of real dramatic movement; but instructors will perhaps not regret to see instead their old favorite, The Four PP.

Kynge Johan, Roister Doister, Gammer Gurton's Needle, Cambises, Gorboduc, Alexander and Campaspe, James IV, David and Bethsabe, and The Spanish Tragedy need no comment to render their significance clear. Marlowe finds no place here, because he is too important to be represented by anything less than his complete works, and they are now easily accessible.

Most of the texts here published have been either copied or collated anew for this book. Collations of *The Play of the Sacrament* and of *Mundus et Infans* were made under the supervision of Dr. T. K. Abbot, the Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. The copy of Mr. Wynne's MS. of the *Antichrist* pageant was made by Mrs. Agnes Furnivall and revised by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. All other copies and collations were made by Mrs. Furnivall, whose accuracy has been confirmed by such tests as I have been able to apply.

In printing the texts I have aimed at fidelity to my originals. This ideal, however, did not seem to me impaired by the introduction of modern usage in regard to capitals and punctuation.

Upon the latter a good deal of care has been expended, and, though I cannot hope to have avoided all errors, I do hope that it will be found in general an aid to the reader and in ambiguous passages an indication of the most probable interpretation. Attention has also been devoted to exhibiting the metrical structure of these poems. The stanza-forms are various and in some cases confused, but the effort to detach to the eye such parts as possess definite stanzaic form seemed worth making, if only for the light thus thrown upon the composite character of certain plays and the artistic helplessness of the authors of certain others. In these three matters I have introduced my own system without special notification and have not recorded variations from it on the part either of ancient scribes and printers or modern editors. stances in which a different punctuation from mine indicates a different interpretation will be discussed in the Notes in vol. III when they seem of sufficient importance. In regard to the forms of certain letters, it is perhaps inconsistent that I should strictly reproduce ancient usage in regard to i, u, and v, and neglect it in regard to s; but I have perhaps often failed to be consistent, and in this particular matter I may plead precedent as well as the fact that in textual cruces I have reproduced long s in the footnotes. Stage-directions not in the original are printed in brackets. When I began to print I intended to credit to previous editors those supplied by them, but the attempt was soon abandoned, as it became clear that too much space would be required to set forth that in this instance I had changed the place and in another the form of a direction supplied by one of my predecessors. Such a record could, moreover, have scarcely any other interest than that of curiosity, whereas it is clearly a matter of great importance that the text should not be sophisticated by confusion of ancient documents with modern conjectures.

With the modifications just noted, I may say in general that I have made no unindicated alterations in the texts. When the treatment of a text varies in any particular from that adopted in general, a distinct account of such difference is given in the headnote preceding the play; and I believe it will always be found possible for the textual critic to learn from text and footnotes

exactly the appearance of the original. Expanded contractions are, of course, indicated by italics. It will be observed that in the early plays I have recorded with scrupulous minuteness the readings of other editions. In the later texts this seemed both unnecessary and undesirable; but I have aimed to omit no variant which, the date of the text being considered, could have even the slightest significance. On the earlier texts a large number of conjectural emendations have been printed in various publications. These I have, for the sake of convenience and completeness, attempted to collect and record. The later plays have, fortunately for the editor, not been subjected to so much ingenuity.

A warning must be issued in regard to the footnotes; it is never safe to interpret the symbols attached to variants and emendations without reference to the headnote of the particular play. For instance, in some plays H. means Halliwell, in others Holthausen; but perhaps the greatest danger of confusion resides in the symbol K., which in several plays marks the textual notes of Professor Kölbing, and in one the readings of an edition by the printer John Kyng, but never the emendations of Professor Kittredge, whose suggestions, as being unpublished and communicated directly to me, are always distinguished by his unabbreviated surname.

A word or two in regard to the contents of vol. III seem necessary. It will contain an Introduction, with certain appendices, a body of Notes, and a Glossary. The Introduction will trace the history of the drama on the Continent as well as in England from the beginning of the tenth century to the formation of the Scripture cycles, and then in England alone from that time to the end of the sixteenth century. In the appendices will be given a bibliography and lists of places in England at which performances are known to have occurred before the Age of Elizabeth, and of persons and places possessing companies of players, with the nearest ascertainable dates of recorded performances. A map illustrating the distribution of plays in England will accompany the list of performances.

The Notes will give information as to date, authorship, place and mode of presentation, character of costumes, etc., when such

information is obtainable. In the case of plays with international affiliations the more important parallels and congeners will be pointed out. Effort will also be made to aid the reader in involved or obscure passages by explanation and paraphrase, and to emphasize the dramatic elements as distinct from the literary. Elaborate linguistic annotation seems inappropriate in a book intended to aid the study of a form of art, and consequently the linguistic notes will be confined to passages of obscure or ambiguous signification. Much of the linguistic information usually given in notes will be found in the Glossary.

The Glossary will aim to meet the needs of the intelligent student who has no training in the older forms of English. It will therefore include all words obsolete as to either form or meaning and words which by their strange spelling are likely to elude the ingenious; but it will not include words which ought, even in their strange spelling, to be recognizable by any intelligent Englishman.

The material for vol. III has, with the exception of that published recently, been in hand since the summer of 1893. I therefore hope that the appearance of that volume need not be postponed much longer.

The list of persons to whom my thanks are due is a long one. Would that I might give them a pleasure equal to that with which I remember their services and here record their names!

First, as to texts. W. R. M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Wales, not only allowed me to have copies made of two of his most interesting MSS., but, with a kindness which I cannot adequately acknowledge, himself brought them from Peniarth to London for the use of my copyist, and allowed them to remain in the British Museum for a longer time than it is pleasant to recall. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, of London, with his accustomed liberality, allowed me to have a copy made of his copy of *Mankind*, and sent me advance sheets of the Towneley Plays. Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, of Oxford, with the generosity of a scholar, was willing that I should make use of the texts so well edited by her, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press kindly allowed me to reprint two pageants from her edition of the York Plays.

Thanks for the loan of books are due to the Rev. Father Shandelle, S. J., of St. Joseph's School, Providence; to W. E. Foster, Esq., the obliging Librarian of the Public Library, Providence; and, most of all, to T. J. Kiernan, Esq., Superintendent of Circulation in the Harvard College Library, whose unfailing kindness and matchless knowledge of the resources of his library are gratefully remembered by so many scholars.

For helpful answers to inquiries addressed to them I have to thank Dr. John Young, Keeper of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, and the Rev. Canon Fowler and the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, nearly ten years ago first awakened my interest in the subject of these volumes. In the Introduction he will doubtless recognize, as his own, ideas which, after the lapse of so long a time, I am unable to credit to their rightful owner. For inspiration, however, I should thank most of all, were he still alive, my lamented teacher and friend, to whom I had hoped to offer these volumes, but whose friendship and aid I can now record only in a dedication to his memory.

To Professor J. F. Jameson, of Brown University, and Professor A. R. Marsh, of Harvard, I am grateful for interest in my work and for notification of interesting materials which would otherwise have escaped me. Professor E. S. Sheldon, of Harvard, has been tireless in answering questions in the field of Old French and in helping me through many a dark and difficult passage. To Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I am indebted for aid so various that space fails me not only to record the instances, but even to enumerate the kinds. With him, from the very beginning of my work, I have discussed theories and facts of all degrees of importance; again and again I have received from him notes of books and documents that had escaped my observation; and more recently he has done me the inestimable service of reading with me all the proofs of vol. I and aiding me in the establishment and punctuation of the text. Some of his aid I have been able to point out specifically, but much of it has been such as cannot be recorded.

For such errors as time and criticism may disclose I, of course, am alone responsible. I have striven to make them few.

In conclusion, I express the hope that these volumes may really serve the purpose for which they were planned, — that of helping the student to follow the fortunes of the modern drama through its strange and interesting nonage, to come into sympathy with the aims and methods of the known and nameless artists whose work is here presented, and to form some conception of the vast amount of dramatic activity and the widespread dramatic interest which made possible the career of Shakspere. Such results cannot be attained by him who regards even the poorest of these plays as a mere butt for nineteenth-century ridicule, or who forgets that the old German playwright touched the root of the whole matter when he said in regard to his play: "Das wässen vn das läben diss vnd andren spilen stodt nit alleyn in sprüchen, sonder vyl meer im wässen, würcken vnd gbärden."

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY.

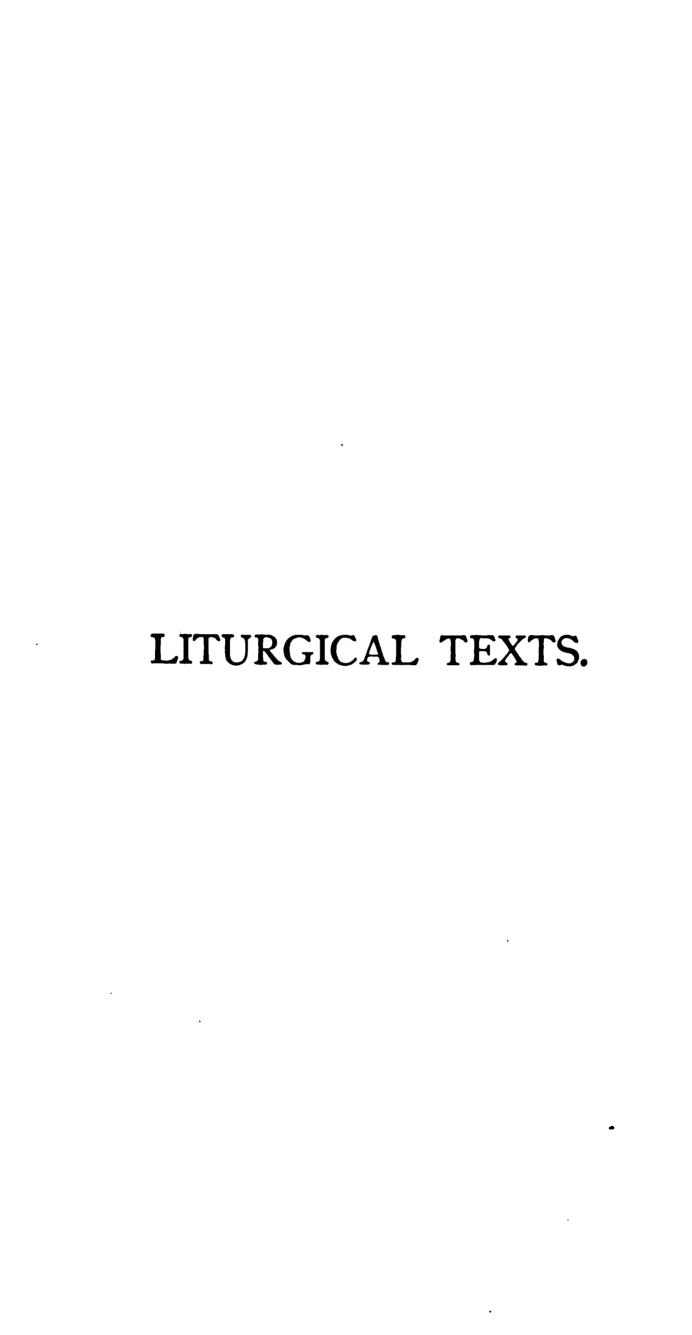
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DRAMATIC TROPES.

These two dramatic tropes of the service of Easter are of interest not only because they are among the earliest known texts of the germ from which developed the great mediæval Easter cycle, but also because they show that before the Norman Conquest the development of the drama in England had begun.

The first is printed from the Regularis Concordia Monachorum, ascribed to Dunstan or, with more probability, to Ethelwold, and usually assigned to the year 967 (on both these points, see vol. III). The text is, of course, based upon W. S. Logeman's edition, Anglia, XIII, 426-428, in preference to any of the older editions; but the contractions and word-division of the original are not indicated. In this version, it will be observed, the trope occurs in the nocturnal service, immediately after the third responsory.

The second is found in two tropers originally belonging to Winchester Cathedral, the earlier assigned to the years 979-1016 (and probably before Oct. 20, 980), the later to the middle of the eleventh century. In the text I follow "The Winchester Troper," edited by W. H. Frere for the Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1894; but I have not followed Frere (p. 17) in putting in brackets words found in the earlier version but not in the later. In the earlier MS. this trope precedes the Benedictio cerei, etc., of Easter Eve, but, for all that, it appears to be here, as, in Gautier's opinion, it is in origin, a trope of the Introit of the Mass.

T.

Dum tertia recitatur lectio, quatuor fratres induant se, quorum unus alba¹ indutus ac si ad aliud agendum ingrediatur, atque latenter sepulchri locum adeat, ibique manu tenens palmam, quietus sedeat, Dumque tertium percelebratur responsorium, residui tres succedant, omnes quidem cappis induti, turribula cum incenso² manibus gestantes ac pedetemptim ad similitudinem querentium quid, ueniant ante locum sepulchri. Aguntur enim hec ad imitationem angeli sedentis in monumento, atque mulierum cum aromatibus uenientium ut ungerent corpus Ihesu. Cum ergo ille residens tres uelut erraneos ac aliquid querentes uiderit sibi adproximare, incipiat mediocri uoce dulcisono cantare:

Quem queritis [in sepulchro, o Christicole]?*

¹ MS. abba.

² Logeman, incensu.

⁸ All words in brackets are supplied from other versions of the play.

Quo decantato fine tenus, respondeant hi tres uno ore:

Ihesu[m] Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celicola].

Quibus ille:

Non est hic; surrexit, sicut predixerat: Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.

Cuius iussionis 1 uoce uertant se illi tres ad chorum dicentes:

Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus!

Dicto hoc, rursus ille residens, uelut reuocans illos dicat antiphonam:

Uenite, et uidete locum [ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!]

Hec uero dicens surgat, et erigat uelum, ostendatque eis locum cruce nudatum, sed tantum linteamina posita quibus crux inuoluta erat. Quo uiso, deponant turribula que gestauerunt in eodem sepulchro, sumantque linteum et extendant contra clerum, ac, ueluti ostendentes quod surrexerit Dominus et iam non sit illo inuolutus, hanc canant antiphonam:

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro, [Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno].

Superponantque linteum altari. Finita antiphona, Prior congaudens pro triumpho Regis nostri, quod, deuicta morte, surrexit, incipiat hymnum:

Te, Deum, laudamus.

·Quo incepto, una pulsantur omnia signa; post cuius finem dicat sacerdos versum:

In resurrectione tua, Christe,

uerbo tenus, et initiet matutinas dicens:

Deus, in adiutorium meum intende!

1 MS. iussimus; Dugdale, Monasticon Angl., missionis.

II.

ANGELICA DE CHRISTI RESURRECTIONE.

Quem queritis in sepulchro, [o] Christicole?

Sanctarum mulierum responsio:

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o caelicola! 1

Angelice uocis consolatio:

Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat, Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit, dicentes:

Sanctarum mulierum ad omnem clerum modulatio:

Alleluia! Resurrexit Dominus hodie, Leo fortis, Christus filius Dei! Deo gratias dicite, eia!

Dicat angelus:

Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia!

Iterum dicat angelus:

Cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus, alleluia!

Mulieres² una uoce canant iubilantes:

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro, Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno, alleluia!

1 The later MS, has celicole.

² Frere has mulieri.

EASTER DRAMATIC OFFICE.

This version of the Officium Sepulchri is taken from a fourteenth-century MS. Processional of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin. The text is based upon the facsimile given by Frere, "The Winchester Troper," plate 26^b. The four pages reproduced by Frere unfortunately do not contain the very beginning of the office. I have therefore supplied a few lines in brackets, mainly on the basis of a very similar Orléans version of the thirteenth century (Lange, "Die lateinischen Osterfeiern," München, 1887, pp. 160 ff.). In a few instances I have called attention to deviations from the forms found in other service-books, but in general it seemed best to print the text without change or remark, startling as it sometimes is.

The music of the office is written on the unbarred four-line staff, and is reproduced very clearly in Frere's facsimile. I may add here that plate 26^a in Frere's book is a facsimile of the later MS. of the Winchester Easter trope given above, the musical notation of which is in neumes.

At the top of the first of the four pages of the facsimile is written, not in the bookhand of the rest, but in cursive script: "Condimentis aromatum vnguentes corpus sanctissimum quo preciosa. This is a part of the hymn, "Heu! pius pastor occiditur," and was probably written here by some one who remembered the hymn as a whole.

[Ad faciendam similitudinem Domini sepulcri primum procedant tres fratres induti dalmaticis] sericis capitibus uelatis quasi tres Marie querentes *Christu*m, singule portantes pixidem in manibus quasi aromatibus, quarum prima ad ingressum chori usque sepulcrum procedat et quasi lamentando dicat:

Heu! pius pastor occiditur,⁴ Quem nulla culpa infecit: O mors lugenda!

¹ Supplied by me.

² MS. seems to have tericis or cericis.

^{&#}x27;8 MS. per.

⁴ The Orléans version has occidit; but the musical notation makes it clear that occiditur is the right reading here.

Factoque modico interuallo, intret 1 secunda Maria simili modo et dicat:

Heu! nequam gens Iudaica, Quam dira frendet ² uesania, Plebs execranda!

Deinde iij Maria consimili modo:

Heu! uerus doctor ⁸ obijt, Qui uitam functis ⁴ contulit: O res plangenda!

Ad huc paululum procedendo prima Maria dicat hoc modo:

Heu! misere cur contingit Uidere mortem Saluatoris?

Deinde secund[a] Maria:

Heu! Consolacio nostra, Ut quid mortem sustinuit!

Deinde tercia Maria:

Heu! Redempcio nostra, Ut quid taliter agere uoluit!

Tunc se coniungant et procedant ad gradum chori ante altare dicentes:

Iam, iam, ecce,⁵ iam properemus ad tumulum Ungentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum!

Tunc secunda Maria dicat per se:

Nardi uetet commixtio, Ne putrescat in tumulo Caro beata!

- 1 MS. intre t (n erased, but still visible).
- ² Orléans frendens.
- 8 Orléans has pastor here as well as above.
- 4 MS. clearly has functis; Orléans has sanctis.
- ⁵ MS. esse.

Deinde tercia Maria:

Sed nequimus hoc patrare 1 sine adiutorio. Quisnam saxum hoc reuoluit a monumenti ostio?

Facto interuallo, angelus nixus sepulcrum appariat eis et dicat hoc modo:

Quem queritis ad sepulcrum,² o Cristicole?

Deinde respondeant tres Marie simul:

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o celicola!

Tunc angelus dicat sic:

Surrexit, non est hic, sicut dixit; Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus fuerat.

Deinde predicte Marie sepulcrum intrent inclinantes se et prospicientes undique intra sepulcrum, alta uoce quasi gaudendo et admirantes et parum a sepulcro recedentes dicant simul:

Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus!
Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus hodie!
Resurrexit potens, fortis, Christus, Filius Dei!

Deinde angelus ad eas dicens:

Et euntes dicite discipulis eius et Petro quia surrexit.

In qua reuertant ad angelum quasi mandatum suum ad implendum parate dicentes simul:

Eya! pergamus propere Mandatum hoc perficere!

Interim ueniant ad ingressum chori due persone nude pedes sub personis apostolorum Iohannis et Petri indute albis sine paruris cum tunicis, quarum Iohannes amictus tunica alba palmam in manu gestans, Petrus uero rubea tunica indutus claues in

¹ Most other versions of this line have patere, but patrare seems preferable.

² Usually in sepulcro.

manu deferens; et predicte mulieres de sepulcro reuertentes et quasi de choro simul exeuntes, dicat prima Maria sequenciam:

Victime paschali laudes Immolant *Christ*iani.

Secunda Maria:

Agnus redemit oues: Christus innocens Patri Reconsiliauit peccatores.

Tercia Maria dicat:

Mors et uita duello Confi[i]xere ¹ mirando: Dux uite mortuus ² Regnat uiuus.

Tunc obuiantes eis in medio chori predicti discipuli, interrogantes simul dicant:

Dic nobis, Maria, Quid uidisti in uia?

Tunc prima Maria respondeat quasi monstrando:

Sepulcrum *Christ*i uiuentis, Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.

Tunc ij Maria respondeat quasi monstrando:

Angelicos testes, Sudarium et uestes.

Tercia Maria respondeat:

Surrexit *Christus*, spes nostra, Precedet uos in Galileam.

Et sic procedant simul ad ostium chori; et interim currant duo ad monumentum; uerumptamen ille discipulus quem diligebat Ihesus uenit prior ad monumentum, iuxta euangelium: "Curre-

¹ Every trace of i has disappeared.

² MS. mortuis.

⁸ MS. precedant.

bant autem duo simul et ille alius discipulus 1 precucurrit cicius Petro et uenit prior ad monumentum, non tamen introiuit." Uidentes discipuli sepulcrum uacuum et uerbis Marie credentes reuertant se ad chorum dicentes hoc modo:

Credendum est magis soli Marie ueraci Quam Iudeorum turbe fallaci!

Tunc audito *Christ*i resurreccione, chorus prosequatur alta uoce quasi gaudentes et exultantes sic dicant:

Scimus Christum surrexisse A mortuis uere. Tu nobis, uictor Rex, miserere!

Qua finita,² executor officii incipiat:

Te, Deum, laudamus.

¹ MS. discipulis.

² Possibly facta.

FRAGMENTS OF LITURGICAL PLAYS.

The following document was published in *The Academy*, January 11, 1890, pp. 27 ff., by the Rev. Professor W. W. Skeat. The MS., belonging to the library of Shrewsbury School, consists of forty-two leaves — five quires of eight leaves (one leaf cut out) and one quire of three leaves. The first thirty-six leaves contain Latin anthems; the plays begin on leaf 38. Dr. Skeat assigns the MS. to the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The claim of these fragments upon the attention of scholars is even greater than Dr. Skeat declared it to be. We have here, not merely fragments of a hitherto unrepresented set of plays, but the only known example of a class of plays, the existence of which is otherwise established, but the nature of which, and their relations to the craft-cycles, could hardly be set forth with certainty but for the discovery of this document. It is, indeed, a fragment, not, as Dr. Skeat suggests, of the lost Beverley cycle, or any similar collection, but of a series of plays performed in a church on the days and in the service celebrating the events of which the plays treat. This is clearly established by the phraseology of the Latin with which the second and third plays begin, — the beginning of the first is, as will be seen, missing.

Dr. Skeat points out the fact that many of the Latin passages are provided with a musical notation and that some of them are from the Gospels. That they are noted for singing arises from their being in reality parts of the troped service of the Church for the days to which the plays belong. Details as to this will be given in the Notes, in vol. III; here let it suffice to direct attention to this interesting illustration of the manner in which, in the later stages of the liturgical drama, the liturgical texts appear side by side with the vernacular additions.

As Dr. Skeat has shown, we have here a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor, and containing only his part and his cues. In order to make the fragments intelligible, I have, where it seemed worth while, supplied, on the basis of similar plays, information as to the action and speeches omitted.

14 games I.
[Officium Pastorum.]¹

Pastores erant in regione eadem uigilantes et custodientes gregem suum. Et ecce angelus Domini astitit iuxta illos et timuerunt timore magno.²

[The Star appears and the Angels sing.]

[II. PASTOR.] 8 We, Tib!

III. PASTOR. Telle on!

[II. PASTOR.] the nyght.

III. PASTOR. Brether, what may this be,
Thus bright to man and best?

7

[II. PASTOR.] at hand.
III. PASTOR. Whi say 3e so?

[II. PASTOR.] warand.

10

III. PASTOR. Suche sizt was neuer sene

Before in our Iewery; Sum merueles wil hit mene

That mun be here in hy.

14

[II. PASTOR.] a sang.4

1 MS. contains no heading. In the corresponding York play, to the relations of which with this Dr. Skeat has called attention, each of the three shepherds speaks a stanza of twelve lines concerning the Messianic prophecies before the point at which this play begins is reached. Possibly this play lacks at the beginning, not only a heading similar to those of the other two plays of this MS., but also a speech by the Third Shepherd; but it may be that, in view of the nature of the church service, the introductory speeches were regarded as unnecessary, and that we have the beginning of the play.

2 Noted for voices.

8 Here and throughout the three plays the speaker's name in brackets is supplied by Dr. Skeat. Whether sometimes the cue word does not belong to another actor is an idle question.

4 In York the First and Second Shepherds declare that they "can synge itt alls wele as he"; to which the Third Shepherd's reply is similar to that here.

41

FRAGMENTS	OF	LITURGICAL	PLAYS.
LIVIONTNIO	OI.	PITOROICAL	ILAIS

III. PASTOR. 3e lye, bothe, by this list, And raues as recheles royes!1 Hit was an angel brist That made this nobulle noves. [II. PASTOR.] of prophecy. III. PASTOR. He said a barn schuld be In the burgh of Bedlem born; And of this, mynnes me, Oure fadres fond be-forn. [II. PASTOR.] Iewus kyng. III. PASTOR. Now may we se the same Euen in oure pase puruayed; The angel nemed his name, — "Crist, Saueour," he saied. [II. PASTOR.] not raue. III. PASTOR. 3one brightnes wil vs bring Vnto that blisful boure: For solace schal we syng To seke oure Saucour. Transeamus usque Bethelem, et uideamus hoc verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis.8

[They follow the Star.]

[II. PASTOR.] to knawe.

III. PASTOR. For no-thing thar vs drede, But thank God of alle gode; This light euer wil vs lede

To fynde that frely fode.

1 In this part of York, which is in a different stanza from the rest of the play, the resemblances to our fragment extend only to the main course of the thought and an occasional phrase.

² Noted for voices.

[They enter the stable and adore the Child.]

[II. PASTOR. Now wat 3e what] 1 I mene.

III. PASTOR. A! loke to me, my Lord dere,²
Alle if I put me noght in prese!

To suche a prince without[en]⁸ pere

Haue I no presand that may plese.

But lo! a horn-spone haue I here

That may herbar an hundrith pese:

This gift I gif the with gode chere, — Suche dayntese wil do no disese.

Fare-wele now, swete swayn,

God graunt the lifyng lang!

[I. PASTOR. And go we hame agayn,

And mak mirth as we gang!] 4

1 After reaching Bethlehem the shepherds in York adore the Child, each speaking one stanza of twelve lines. That of the Third Shepherd is identical with his speech here and the speeches of the others are in the same stanza-form. Dr. Skeat is, therefore, right in inferring that the words, I mene, which end the speech of the Second Shepherd in both plays, point to a practical identity of those speeches.

- ² Before this line in MS. there is a star referring to the words: Saluatorem, Christum, Dominum, infantem pannis involutum, secundum sermonem angelicam (sic). These words are in a later hand. They belong to a dramatic trope (of Christmas) which will be given in full in the discussion of the origins of the drama in the Introduction.
 - ⁸ Supplied by Skeat.
- 4 Dr. Skeat says: "I supply these two lines from the York Mysteries, and assign them to the First Shepherd instead of to the Third, because the MS. has here two blank lines, showing that the Third Shepherd did not speak them."

II.

[Officium Resurrectionis.] 1

Hic incipit Officium Resurreccionis in die Pasche.

[Enter the three Marys on their way to the Sepulchre.]

III. MARIA.² Heu! Redemcio Israel,
Ut quid mortem sustinuit!³

[II. MARIA.] payne.

III. MARIA. Allas! he that men wend schuld by Alle Israel, bothe knyght and knaue, Why suffred he so forto dy,

Sithe he may alle sekenes saue?

Heu! cur ligno fixus clauis Fuit doctor tam suauis? Heu! cur fuit ille natus Qui perfodit eius latus?

[II. MARIA.] is oght.

III. MARIA. Allas, that we suche bale schuld bide That sodayn sight so forto see,

The best techer in world wide

With nayles be tacched to a tre!

Allas, that euer so schuld be-tyde,

Or that so bold mon born schuld be

For to assay oure Saueour side

And open hit with-oute pite!

20

II

¹ The corresponding York play is printed below, pp. 153 ff. It is in a different metre. The character of the York play on the appearance of Christ to Magdalen suggests that it was once connected with a play very similar to this, especially when the nature of the corresponding Towneley play is considered.

² In MS. the name is written iij^a m.

⁸ What the others probably said may be seen above, p. xxiii.

[ALL THREE.]	¹ Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumu- lum,	
	Vngentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum! ²	
	Et appropiantes sepulcro cantent:	
[ALL THREE.]	O Deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem Ab hostio monumenti? ²	24
[II. MARIA.]	him leid.	
Vn-to the Sum socoure s	He that thus kyndely vs has kend hole where he was hid, one he wil vs send, o lift away this lid.	29
[They find the is risen.]	he stone rolled away, and learn from the angels that Christ	
Sithen Cr Schewus him a	Alleluya schal be oure song, rist, oure Lord, by angellus steuen, as mon here vs among oddis Son, heghest in heuen.	33
[The Mar	ys return and announce the Resurrection to the disciples.]8	
[II. MARIA.]	was gon.	
[Chorus.	Dic nobis, Maria, Quid uidisti in uia?	
i. Maria.	Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis, Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.	
II. Maria.	Angelicos testes, Sudarium et uestes.	
III. MARIA.]	Surrexit Christus, spes nostra, Precedet vos in Galileam!	42
¹ Cf. p. xxiii, a ² Noted for vot 8 A red line he	ices.	

⁴ Skeat assigns these two lines to the angel (he speaks of only one angel); but there is no reason why the words of the angels should appear in this MS. I have supplied in brackets all the words from CHORUS to III. MARIA to sustain my view that the two lines belong to the Third Mary; cf. p. xxv, above.

III. MARIA. Crist is rysen, wittenes we 1

By tokenes that we have sen this morn!

Oure hope, oure help, oure hele, is he,

And hase bene best, sithe we were born!

Yf we wil seke him for to se,

Lettes noght this lesson be for-lorn:

"But gose euen vn-to Galilee;

There schal 3e fynd him 30w beforn!"3

50

III.

[Officium Peregrinorum.] 8

Feria secunda in ebdomada Pasche discipuli insimul cantent:

[CHORUS.] Infidelis incursum populi

Fugiamus, Ihesu discipuli!

Suspenderunt Ihesum patibulo;

Nulli parcent eius discipulo.6

A

[The disciples depart; Luke and Cleophas go together.]

[Luke.] 7 fast to fle.

[CLEOPHAS.] But if we fle, thai wil vs fang,

And ful felly thai wil vs flay;8

Agayn to Emause wil we gang,

And fonde to get the gaynest way.

- ¹ I suppose this speech to have been preceded by similar ones from the other two Marys, but no cue is given in MS.
 - ² After this a red line in MS.
 - 8 Skeat supplies as the heading: The Two Disciples going to Emmaus.
- 4 The actor was one of this Chorus, or their words would not appear here.
 - ⁵ MS. ihesum; corr. by Skeat.
 - 6 Noted for voices. A red line after this verse.
- 7 This play does not give the name of either speaker. Skeat points out that the one who appears later among the apostles is probably Cleophas; the other, Luke.
 - ⁸ *Qy*. slay.

And make in mynd euer vs amang
Of oure gode Maister, as we may,
How he was put to paynes strang, —
On that he tristed con him be-tray! 1
•

13

[Jesus enters and talks with them.] ?

[JESUS.] . . . but agayn.

[CLEOPHAS.] By wymmen wordis wele wit may we Christ is risen vp in gode aray;
For to our e-self the sothe say[d] he,

Where we went in this world away,

That he schuld dye and doluen be, And rise fro the dethe the thrid day.

And that we myst that sist now se, He wisse vs, Lord, as he wele may!

22

[JESUS?] resoun ri3t.

[CLEOPHAS.] Let quoniam tradiderunt eum summi sacerdotes et principes nostri in dampnacione[m] mortis et crucifixerunt eum.

Right is that we reherce by raw

The maters that we may on mene,

How prestis and princes of oure lawe

Ful tenely toke him hom be-twen,

And dampned him, with-outen awe,

For to be dede with dole, be-dene;

Thai crucified him, wele we knaw,

At Caluary, with caris kene.

¹ After this verse a red line in MS. Probably, as Skeat suggests, Jesus enters here.

² This conversation in all the plays on this subject follows very closely Luke xxiv, 17-21.

8 Supplied by Skeat.

⁴ Skeat does not assign the Latin to any one; he puts CLEOPHAS opposite the first line of the English which follows.

⁵ Skeat has dele.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.] 1 Dixerunt eciam se visionem angelorum vidisse, qui dicunt eum viuere.

[LUKE.] wraist.

[CLEOPHAS.] The wymmen gret, for he was gon;

But 3et thai told of meruales mo:

Thai saw angellus stondyng on the ston,

And sayn how he was farne hom fro.

Sithen of oures went ful gode wone

To se that sizt, and said right so.

Herfore we murne and makis this mon;

Now wot thou wele of alle oure wo.

[Luke?] 2 in pese.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.] ³ Mane nobiscum, quoniam aduesperascit et inclinata est iam dies. Alleluya! ⁴

[They approach Emmaus.]

[JESUS.] wight.

[CLEOPHAS.] 5 Amend oure mournyng, maister dere,

And fond oure freylnes for to felle!

Herk, brother! help to hold him here,

Ful nobel talis wil he vs telle!

[LUKE.] lent

[CLEOPHAS.] And gode wyne schal vs wont non, For ther-to schal I take entent.

53

¹ Skeat does not indicate the speaker; the cue following he assigns to Jesus. It seems unlikely that a speech by Jesus existed between this Latin and the English in which Cleophas gives the substance of it. I therefore suppose both disciples to have recited the Latin and then each to have given, as was usual, the sense of it, each emphasizing different features.

² It is impossible to decide whether to assign this to Luke or to Jesus.

⁸ Not indicated by Skeat.

⁴ Noted for voices.

⁵ Omitted by Skeat.

xxxvi FRAGMENTS OF LITURGICAL PLAYS.

[Jesus breaks the bread, and, after giving it to them, vanishes.]	
[Luke.] he went.	57
[CLEOPHAS.] Went he is, and we ne wot how, For here is noght left in his sted! Allas! where were oure wittis now? With wo now walk we, wil of red! [LUKE.] [he brak] oure bred.	62
[CLEOPHAS.] Oure bred he brak and blessed hit; On mold were neuer so mased men, When that we saw him by vs sit, That we couthe noght consayue him then.	66
[Luke.] ay.	
[Cleophas and Luke return to the other disciples, singing:]	
[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.] Quid agamus uel dicamus, Ignorantes quo eamus, Qui Doctorem sciencie Et patrem consolacionis Amisimus? 8	72
[Luke.] gode state	
[CLEOPHAS.] We schal hom telle, with-outen trayn, Bothe word and werk, how [that] hit was, I se hom sitt samyn in a playn. Forthe in apert dar I not pas!	77
[They join the other disciples.] 4	
[Luke?] and wife. [Cleophas.] We saw him holle, hide and hewe; Therfore be still, and stint 3oure strife!	
 MS. stid; corr. by Skeat. Supplied by Skeat. Noted for voices. A red line here in MS. Skeat interprets it as I do. 	

That hit was Crist ful wele we knewe, He cutt oure bred with-outen knyfe.

82

[All the disciples sing:]

[CHORUS.] Gloria tibi, Domine,

Qui surrexisti a mortuis,

Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,

In sempiterna secula; Amen! 1

[Enter St. Thomas, who refuses to believe until convinced by the appearance of Christ.]²

[CHORUS.] Frater Thoma, causa tristicie

Nobis tulit summa leticie!

¹ Noted for voices.

² Skeat thinks a new play begins here; but the Incredulity of St. Thomas is not celebrated on Easter Monday.



PART I.



aabbidde

NORWICH WHITSUN PLAYS.

These two versions of the pageant of the Grocers of Norwich are reprinted from: "Norwich Pageants. The Grocers' Play. From a MS. in the possession of Robt. Fitch, Esq., F.G.S. [Privately printed.] Norwich, 1856." The first of them was composed before June 16, 1533; the other, in 1565.

I.

The Story of the 1 Creacion 2 of Eve, with the Expellyng of Adam and Eve out of Paradyce.

PATER. Ego principium, Alpha et ω , in altissimis habito; In the hevenly empery I am resydent.

7

16

Yt ys not semely for man, sine adjutorio,

To be allone, nor very convenyent.

I have plantyd an orcheyard most congruent For hym to kepe *and* to tylle, by contemplacion. Let us make an adjutory of our formacion

To hys symylatude, lyke in plasmacion.

In-to Paradyce I wyll nowe descende

With my mynysters angelicall of our creacion

To assyst us in ower worke that we intende,

A slepe in-to man be soporacion to sende.

A ribbe out of mannys syde I do here take;

Bothe flesche and bone I do thys creatur blysse;

And a woman I fourme, to be his make,

Semblable to man; beholde here she ys.

¹ F. y^e; so below.

² Perhaps this ought to be expanded as Creacyon.

ADAM. O my Lorde God, incomprehensyble, withoute mysse, Ys thy hyghe excellent magnyfysens. Thys creature to me ys nunc ex ossibus meis, And virago I call hyr in thy presens, Lyke on-to me in naturall preemynens. Laude, honor and glory to the I make. Bothe father and mother man shall for hyr forsake.	23
PATER. Than my garden¹ of plesure kepe thou suer. Of all fruts and trees shall thou ete and fede, Except thys tre of connyng, whyle ye bothe indure; Ye shall not touche yt, for that I forbede. ADAM. Thy precept, Lorde, in will, worde and deede Shall I observe, and thy request fulfyll As thou hast commandyd, yt ys reason and skyll.	3 0
PATER. Thys tre ys callyd of connyng good and yll; That day that ye ete thereof shall ye dye, Morte moriemini, yf that I do you aspye;	33
Showe thys to thy spowse now by and bye. I shall me absent for a time and space; A warned man may lyve; who can it denye? I make the lord therof; kepe wyll my place; If thou do thys, thou shall have my grace; In-to mortalite shall thou elles falle. Looke thow be obedyent whan I the calle.	40
ADAM. Omnipotent God and hygh 2 Lord of all,2 I am thy servante, bownde onder thyn obedyens, And thou my creatour, one God eternall; What thou commandest, I shall do my dylygens. PATER. Here I leve the, to have experyens, To use thys place in vertuse occupacion,	
For nowe I wyll retorne to myn habitacion. ADAM. O lovely spowse of Godes creacion, I leve the here alone, I shall not tary longe, For I wyll walke a whyle for my recreacion 1 A stroke over n. 2 Both the h and the ll are crossed.	47

And se over Paradyce, that ys so stronge. No-thynge may hurt us, nor do us wronge; God ys ower protectour and soverayn 1 guyde; In thys place non yll thynge may abyde.	54
SERPENS. O gemme of felycyte and femynyne love, Why hathe God under precept prohybyte thys frute, That ye shuld not ete therof to your behofe? Thys tre ys plesant withouten refute.	58
Eva. Ne forte we shuld dye, and than be mortall; We may not towche yt, by Godes commandement. SERPENS. Ne-quaquam, ye shall not dye perpetuall, But ye shuld be as godes resydent, Knowyng good and yll spyrytuall; No-thyng can dere you that ys carnall.	64
Eva. For us than now what hold you best, That we do not ower God offende? SERPENS. Eate of thys apple at my requeste. To the, Almyghty God dyd me sende. Eva. Nowe wyll I take therof; and I intende, To plese my spowse, therof to fede, To know good and yll for ower mede.	71
ADAM. I have walkyd abought for my solace; My spowse, how do you? tell me. Eva. An angell cam from Godes grace And gaffe me an apple of thys tre. Part therof I geffe to the; Eate therof for thy pleasure, For thys frute ys Godes own treasure.	78
PATER. Adam, Adam, wher art thou thys tyde? Before my presens why dost thou not appere?	
[A large gap in the MS. here.]	

1 A stroke over n.

thys foloyng:

Aftyr that Adam and Eve be drevyn out of Paradyse, they schall speke

ADAM. O, with dolorows sorowe we may wayle and weepe! Alas, alas, whye ware we soo bolde?

Bye ower fowle presumpsyon we ar cast full depe, Fro pleasur to payn, with carys manye-fold.

84

88

Eva. With wonderows woo, alas! it cane not be told; Fro Paradyse to ponyschment and bondage full strong.

O wretchys that we are, so ever we xal be inrollyd;

Therfor ower handes we may wrynge with most dullfull² song.

And so thei xall syng, walkyng together about the place, wryngyng ther hands:

Wythe dolorous sorowe we may wayle and wepe Bothe 8 nyght and daye in sorowe, 4 sythys full depe. 90

[N.B. These last 2 lines set to musick twice over and again, for a chorus of 4 pts.]⁵

II.

The Storye of the Temptacion of Man in Paradyce, beyng therin placyd, and the Expellynge of Man and Woman from thence, newely renuid and accordynge unto the Skrypture, begon thys yere, Ao 1565, Ao 7 Eliz.

ITEM. Yt ys to be notyd that when the Grocers Pageant is played with-owte eny other goenge befor yt, then doth the Prolocutor say in this wise:

[THE FIRST PROLOGUE.]

Lyke as yt chancyd before this season,

Owte of Godes Scripture reuealed, in playes
Was dyvers stories sett furth, by reason,

Of pageants apparellyd in Wittson dayes;

And lately be fallen into decayes;

¹ F. Eve.

⁸ In F. at end of preceding line.

² F. dull full.

F. sory.

⁵ This note is apparently added by F.

⁶ F. renvid.

Which stories dependyd in theyr orders sett By severall devyces, much knowledge to gett;

7

Begynnyng in Genesis, that story repleate,

Of God his creacion of eche lyvynge thynge, Of heaven and of erth, of fysh smalle and greate,

Of fowles, herbe and tre, and of all bestes crepynge,

Of angel, of man, which of erth hath beynge, And of the fall of angell[s], in the Apocalyps to se; Which stories with the Skriptures most justly agree.

14

Then followed this ower pageant, which sheweth to be The Garden of Eden, which God dyd plante,

As yn the seconde chapter of Genesis ye se;

Wherin of frutes pleasant no kynde therof shulde wante; In which God dyd putt man to cherish tre and plante,¹ To dresse and kepe the grownde, and eate what frute hym lyste,

Except the tre of knowledge, Godes high wyll 2 to resyste.

The story sheweth further, that, after man was blyste,

The Lord did create woman owte of a ribbe of man; Which woman was deceyvyd with the Serpentes darkned myste;

By whose synn ower nature is so weake no good we can; Wherfor they were dejected and caste from thence than Unto dolloure and myseri and to traveyle and payne Untyll Godes spryght renuid; and so we ende certayne.

28

21

Note that yf ther goeth eny other pageantes before yt, the Prolocutor sayeth as ys on the other syde and leaveth owte this.

[THE SECOND PROLOGUE.]

THE PROLOCUTOR. As in theyr former pageantes is semblably declared

Of Godes mighty creacion in every lyvyng thynge, As in the fyrst of Genesis to such it is prepared ⁵

¹ F. [hym] taute.

⁴ F. renvid.

² F. wytt.

⁵ F. propared.

⁸ F. nyseri.

As lust they have to reade to memory to brynge Of pride and fawle of angells that in hell hathe beinge; In the seconde of Genesis of mankynde hys creacion Unto this Garden Eden is made full preparacion.

7

And here begynneth ower pageant to make the declaracion,
From the letter C in the chapter before saide,
Howe God putt man in Paradyse to dresse yt in best fassion,
And that no frute therof from hym shuld be denayed,
Butt of the tre of lyffe that man shuld be afraide
To eat of, least that daye he eate yt he shuld dye;
And of womans creacion apperinge by and bye;

14

And of the Deavills temptacion discouv[r]inge with a lye
The woman beinge weakest, that cawsed man to tast.

That God dyd so offende, that even contynentlye
Owte of the place of joye was man and woman cast,
And into so great dolloure and misery browght at last;

Butt that by God his spright was comforted ageyne.

This is of this ower pagent the some and effect playne.

21

[THE CREATION AND FALL.]

GOD THE FATHER. I am Alpha et Homega, my Apocalyps doth testyfye,

That made all of nothinge for man his sustentacion;
And of this pleasante garden that I have plante most goodlye
I wyll hym make the dresser for his good recreacion.
Therfor, Man, I gyve yt the, to have thy delectacion.
In eatyng thou shalt eate of every growenge tre
Excepte the tre of knowledge, the which I forbydd the;

7

For in what daye soever thou eatest 2 thou shallt be

Even as the childe of death; take hede; and thus I saye,

I wyll the make an helper, to comforte the alwaye.

Beholde, therfore a slepe I bryng this daye on the,

1 F. inserts [he].

² F. eaten.

And owte of this thy ribbe, that here I do owte-take, A creature for thy help behold I do the make. A-ryse, and from thy slepe I wyll the nowe awake.

A-ryse, and from thy slepe I wyll the nowe awake, And take hyr unto the, that you both be as one To comfort one thother when from you I am gone.

16

And, as I saide before when that thou wert alone,
In eatying thow mayst eate of every tre here is,
Butt of the tre of knowledge of good and evyll eate non,
Lest that thou dye the deth by doenge so amysse.

I wyll departe 1 now wher myn habitacion is. I leave you here.

Se that ye have my wordes in most high estimacion.

Then Man and Woman speke bothe.

[MAN AND WOMAN.] We thank the, mighty God, and gyve the honoracion.

Man spekethe.

[Man.] Oh bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh eke, Thou shalt be called Woman, by-caus thou art of me.

Oh gyfte of God most goodlye, that has 2 us made so lyke, Most lovynge spowse I muche do here rejoyce of the. Woman. And I lykewyse, swete lover, do much reioyce of the.

God therefore be praised, such comforte have us gyve That ech of us with other thus pleasantly do lyve.

31

MAN. To walke abowt this garden my fantasye me meve;
I wyll the leave alone tyll that I turne ageyne;
Farewell, myn owne swete spouse, I leave the to remayne.
Woman. And farewell, my dere lover, whom my hart doth conteyn.

The Serpent spekethe.

[THE SERPENT.] Nowe, nowe, of my purpos I dowght nott to attayne;

I can yt nott abyde, in theis joyes they shulde be. Naye! I wyll attempt them to syn unto theyr payne;

¹ F. deprote.

² F. hast.

By subtylty to catch them the waye I do well se;
Unto this, angell of lyght I shew mysylfe to be,
With hyr for to dyscemble; I fear yt nott at all,
Butt that unto my haight some waye I shall hyr call.

42

64

- Oh lady of felicite, beholde my voice so small!

 Why have God sayde to you, "Eate nott of every tre

 That is within this garden"? Therein now answere me. 45
- Woman. We eate of all the frutte that in the grownde we se, Excepte that in the myddest, wherof we may nott taste, For God hath yt forbydd, therfor yt may nott be, Lest that we dye the deth and from this place be caste. The Serpent. Ye shall not dye the deth; he made you butt agaste;
- Butt God doth know full well that when you eate of yt
 Your eys shall then be openyd and you shall at the last
 As godes both good and evyll to knowe ye shall be fytt.

 53
- Woman. To be as God 1 indede and in his place to sytt,

 Therto for to agre my lust conceyve somewhatt;

 Besydes the tre is pleasante to gett wysedome and wytt,

 And nothyng is to be comparyd unto that.

 The Serpent. Then take at my request, and eate, and

 fere yt natt.

 58

Here she takyth and eatyth, and Man cumyth in and sayeth unto hyr:

MAN. My love, for my solace I have here walkyd longe.

Howe ys yt nowe with you? I pray you do declare.

Woman. In-dede, lovely lover, the heavenly kynge most stronge

To eate of this apple his angell hath prepare;

Take theref at my hande thother frutes amonge,

For yt shall make you wyse and even as God to fare.

Then Man taketh and eatyth and sayethe:

[MAN.] Alack! alacke! my spouse, now se I nakid we ar; The presence of ower God we can yt nott abyde.

¹ F. Godes.

We have broke his precepte, he gave us of to care;
From God therfor in secrete in some place lett us hide.
Woman. With fygge-leavis lett us cover us, of God we
be nott spyede.

69

THE FATHER. Adam! I saye, Adam! Wher art thou now this tyde,

That here before my presence thou dost nott now apere?

ADAM. I herde thy voyce, oh Lorde, but yett I dyd me hide.

For that which I am naked I more greatly dyd feare.

73

THE FATHER. Why art thou then nakyd? Who so hath cawsyd the?

MAN. This woman, Lord and God, which thou hast gyven to me.

THE FATHER. Hast thou eat of the frute that I forbyd yt the?
Thow Woman, why hast thou done unto him thys trespace?
WOMAN. The Serpente diseayvyd me with that his fayer face.

THE FATHER. Thow Serpente, why dydst thou this wise prevente my grace,

My creatures and servantes in this maner to begyle? 80
THE SERPENTE. My kynde is so, thou knowest, and that in every case,—

Clene oute of this place theis persons 1 to exile.2

THE FATHER. Cursed art for causynge my commandement to defyle,

Above all cattell and beastes. Remayne thou in the fylde; Crepe on thy bely and eate duste for this thy subtyll wyle;

The womans sede shall over-com the, thus yt 8 have I wylde. Thou, Woman, bryngyng chyldren with payne shall be dystylde,

And be subject to thy husbonde, and thy lust shall pertayne 4

To hym. I hav determynyd this ever to remayne.

89

¹ F. prosons.

⁸ F. yt.

² F. excite.

⁴ F. protayne.

- And to the, Man, for that my voyce thou didst disdayne, Curséd is the erth for ever for thy sake;
- Thy lyvyng shall thou gett with swett unto thy payne,

 Tyll thou departe unto the erth [wherof] I dyd the make.

 Beholde, theis letherin aprons unto yourselves now take. 94
- Lo! Man as one of us hathe bene, good and evyll to knowe;
 Therfor I wyll exempte hym from this place to aslake,
 Lest of the tre of lyfe he eate and ever growe.

 Myne angell, now cum furth and kepe the waye and porte,
 Unto the tre of lyfe that they do nott resorte.
- THE AUNGELL. Departe from hence at onys from this place of comforte,

No more to have axcesse or ells for to apere.

From this place I exile you, that you no more resorte,

Nor ever do presume ageyne for to come here.

Then Man and Woman departyth to the nether parte of the pageant, and Man sayeth:

103

[Man.] Alack! myn owne swetcharte, how am I stroke with fear,
That from God am exiled and browght to payne and woo.
Oh! what have we lost! Why dyd we no more care,
And to what kynd of place that we resort and goo?
Woman. Indede into the worlde now must we to and fro,
And where or how to rest I can nott saye at all.
I am even as ye ar, what-so-ever me be-fall.

Then cumeth Dolor and Myserye and taketh Man by both armys and Dolor sayeth:

[Dolor.] Cum furth, O Man, take hold of me!

Through envy hast lost thy heavenly lyght

By eatynge; in bondage from hence shall be.

Now must thou me, Dolor, have always in sight.

Myserye. And also of me, Myserye, thou must taste and byte, Of hardenes and of colde and eke of infirmitie; Accordinge to desarte thy portion is, of right,

To eniouse that in me that is without certentye.

118

ADAM. Thus troublyd, nowe I enter into Dolor and Miserie.

Nowe, Woman, must we lerne ower lyvynges to gett With labor and with travell; ther is no remedye,

Nor eny-thyng therfrom we se that maye us lett.

I 22

Then cumyth in the Holy Ghost comforting Man and sayeth:

[THE HOLY GHOST.] Be of good cheare, Man, and sorowe no more;

This Dolor and Miserie that then thou hast taste Is nott in respecte, layd up in store,

To the joyes for the that ever shall 1 last. Thy God doth not this the away to cast,

But to try the as gold is tryed in the fyer; In the end, premonyshed, shalt have thy desire.

129

Take owte of the Gospell that yt the requyre,

Fayth in Chryst Jhesu and grace thatt ensewe.

I wylbe thy guyde and pay the thy hyer

For all thy good dylygence and doenge thy dewe.

Gyve eare unto me, Man, and than yt ys trewe, Thou shalt kyll affectes that by lust in the reygne, And put Dolor and Mysery and Envy to payne.

136

Theis armors ar preparyd, yf thou wylt turne ageyne;

To fyght wyth, take to the, and reach Woman the same:

The brest plate of rightousnes Saynte Paule wyll the retayne;

The shylde of faythe to quench, thy fyrye dartes to tame;

The hellmett of salvacion the devylls wrath shall lame;
And the sworde of the spright, which is the worde of God,—
All their ar nowe the offred to ease thy payne and rodd.

143

ADAM. Oh! prayse to the, Most Holye, that hast with me abode,

In mysery premonyshynge by this thy Holy Spright.

Nowe fele I such great comforte, my syns they be unlode

And layde on Chrystes back, which is my joye and lyght.

This Dolor and this Mysery I fele to me no wight;

No! Deth is overcum by fore predestinacion,

And we attayned wyth Chryst in heavenly consolacion. 150

Therfor, myne owne swett spous, withouten cavylacion

Together lett us synge, and lett our hartes reioyse

And gloryfye ower God wyth mynde, powre and voyse. 153

Amen.

[Old musick Triplex, Tenor, Medius, Bass:]1

With hart and voyce

Let us reioyce

And prayse the Lord alwaye

For this our joyfull daye,

To se of this our God his maiestie,

Who 2 hath given himsellfe over us to rayne and to governe us.

Lett all our harte[s] reioyce together,

And lett us all lifte up our voyce, on of us with another. 161

¹ Apparently added by F.

² F. Who the hath. Perhaps something is lost that is necessary to the regularity of the stanza.

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

Reprinted from advance sheets of the edition of the Early English Text Society. I have not reproduced the crosses, tags, and curls usually attached in this MS. to U, th, ht, t, f, and r, for they seem mere flourishes. The MS. dates from the second half of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, M. indicates Mätzner's "Altenglische Sprachproben," I, 1, pp. 357 ff.

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefield.

Noe. Myghtfull God veray, / maker of all that is, Thre persons, withoutten nay, / oone God in endles blis, Thou maide both nyght & day, / beest, fowle, & fysh; All creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,

As thou wel myght;

The son, the moyne, verament, Thou maide; the firmament; The sternes also full feruent

To shyne thou maide ful bright;

Angels thou maide ful euen, / all orders that is,
To have the blis in heuen:—/ this did thou more & les.
ffull mervelus to neuen/ yit was ther vnkyndnes,
More bi foldis seuen/ then I can well expres;

ffor why

Of all angels in brightnes God gaf Lucifer most lightnes, Yit prowdly he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by.

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made, In brightnes, in bewty. / Therfor he hym degrade; Put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade, Hym and all his menye, / wher he may be vnglad ffor euer.

Shall thay neuer wyn away,
Hence vnto domysday,
Bot burne in bayle for ay;
Shall thay neuer dysseuer.

27

Soyne after that gracyous Lord / to his liknes maide man, That place to be restord / euen as he began, Of the Trinite bi accord, / Adam, & Eue that woman. To multiplie without discord / in paradise put he thaym,

And sithen to both

Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend;
Bot yit the fals feynd

Made hym with man wroth,

36

Entysyd man to glotony, / styrd him to syn in pride;
Bot in paradise, securly, / myght no syn abide,
And therfor man full hastely / was put out, in that tyde,
In wo & wandreth for to be; / 1 paynes full vnrid

To knawe, ²
ffyrst in erth, sythen ⁸ in hell
With feyndis for to dwell,

Bot he his mercy mell

To those that will hym trawe.

45

Oyle of mercy he hus hight, / as I have hard red,
To every lifying wight / that wold luf hym and dred;
Bot now before his sight / every liffying leyde
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
ffull bold;

¹ E. E. T. S. has In paynes.

² MS. knowe.

⁸ E. E. T. S. has in sythen in; M. reads and sythen.

Som in pride, ire, and enuy,
Som in couetyse 1 & glotyny, in the state of the state

And other wise many-fold.

Therfor I drede lest God / on vs will take veniance, for syn is now alod / without any repentance; Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance, In erth, as any sod, / liffyd with grete grevance

All-way;

And now I wax old,
Seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widder awa

I widder away;

Bot yit will I cry / for mercy and call; Noe thi seruant am I, / Lord, ouer-all! Therfor me and my fry, / shal with me fall, Saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall

In heuen;
And kepe me from syn
This warld within;
Comly Kyng of mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn!

DEUS. Syn I haue maide all thyng / that is liffand, Duke, emperour, and kyng / with myne awne hand, ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand, Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand ffull feruent,

That maide man sich a creatoure, ffarest of favoure.

Man must luf me paramoure,

By reson, and repent.

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be All angels abuf, / like to the Trynyte;

¹ MS. Couetous; corr. by M.

54

63

72

8 I

And now in grete repruse / full low ligis he,
In erth hymself to stuf / with syn that displeasse me
Most of all;

Veniance will I take
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus will I wake

Both of grete and small.

90

I repente full sore / that euer maide I man,
Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan;
I will distroy therfor / both beest, man, and woman,
All shall perish, les and more; / that bargan may thay ban
That ill has done.

In erth I se right noght
Bot syn that is vnsoght;
Of those that well has wroght
ffynd I bot 1 a fone.

99

Therfor shall I fordo / all this medill-erd
With floodis that shall flo / & ryn with hidous rerd;
I have good cause therto; / ffor me no man is ferd;
As I say shal I do, / of veniance draw my swerd,
And make end

Of all that beris life, Sayf Noe and his wife, ffor thay wold neuer stryfe

With me then 2 me offend.

108

Hym to mekill wyn / hastly will I go,
To Noe my seruand, or I blyn, / to warn hym of his wo.
In erth I se bot syn, / reynand to and fro,
Emang both more & myn, / ichon other fo

With all thare entent;

All shall I fordo With floodis that shall floo,

Wirk shall I thaym wo,

That will not repent.

117

1 MS. bot.

² MS. then; E. E. T. S. ne.

[God descends and comes to Noah.]1

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund, from cares the to keyle, A ship that thou ordand for nayle and bord ful wele. Thou was alway well wirkand, from trew as stele, To my bydyng obediand; frendship shal thou fele To mede.

Of lennthe thi ship be
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,
Of heght euen thirte,²
Of fyfty als in brede.

126

Anoynt this hip with pik and tar / without & als within, The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;
Look no man the mar; / thre chese chambres begyn;
Thou must spend many a spar / this wark or thou wyn
To end fully.

Make in thi ship also
Parloures oone or two,
And houses of offyce mo

ffor beestis that ther must be.

135

Oone cubite on hight / a wyndo shal thou make; On the syde a doore with slyght / be-neyth shal thou take; With the shal no man fyght / nor do the no kyn wrake. When all is doyne thus right, / thi wife, that is thi make,

Take in to the; Thi sonnes of good fame, Sem, Iaphet, and Came,

Take in also [t]hame,4

Thare wifis also thre.

144

ffor all shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye, With floodis that from abone / shal fall, & that plente; It shall begyn full sone / to rayn vncessantle,

¹ Supplied by E. E. T. S.

⁸ MS. chefe.

² E. E. T. S. thrirte.

⁴ Corr. by M.

After dayes seuen be done, / and induyr dayes fourty, Withoutten fayll.

Take to thi ship also

Of ich kynd beestis two,

Mayll & femayll, bot no mo,

Or thou pull vp thi sayll.

153

ffor thay may the avayll / when all this thyng is wroght; Stuf this hip with vitayll, / ffor hungre that ye perish noght, Of beestis, foull, and catayll, / ffor thay mhaue thou in thoght; ffor thay m is my counsayll / that som socour be soght

In hast;

Thay must have corn and hay,

And oder mete alway;

Do now as I the say,

In the name of the Holy Gast.

162

Noe. A! benedicite!/what art thou that thus
Tellys afore that shall be?/ Thou art full mervelus!

Tell me, for charite, / thi name so gracius.

DEUS. My name is of dignyte / and also full glorius
To knawe.1

I am God most myghty,

Oone God in Trynyty,

Made the and ich man to be:

To luf me well thou awe.

171

Noe. I thank the, Lord so dere, / that wold vowch-sayf

Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;

Blis vs, Lord, here; / for charite I hit crafe;

The better may we stere / the ship that we shall hafe, Certayn.

DEUS. Noe, to the and to thi fry

My blyssyng graunt I:

Ye shall wax and multiply,

And fill the erth agane,

189

When all thise floodis ar past/ and fully gone away.

Noe. Lord, homward will I hast/ as fast as that I may;

My [wife] will I frast/ what she will say, [Exit Deus.] And I am agast/ that we get som fray

Betwixt vs both; ffor she is full techee,² ffor litill oft angre,
If any-thyng wrang be,

Soyne is she wroth.

Tunc perget ad vxorem.

(wint

God spede, dere wife, / how fayre ye?

VXOR. Now as euer myght I thryfe, / the wars I thee see.

Do tell me belife, / where has thou thus long be?

To dede may we dryfe / or lif for the,

ffor want.

When we swete or swynk,
Thou dos what thou thynk,
Yit of mete and of drynk

Haue we veray skant.

198

NOE. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tythyngis new.

VXOR. Bot thou were worthi be cled / in Stafford blew;

ffor thou art alway adred, / be it fals or trew.

Bot God knowes I am led, / and that may I rew

ffull ill;

ffor I dar be thi borow, ffrom euen vnto morow Thou spek*is* euer of sorow:

God send the onys thi fill!

207

We women may wary / all ill husbandis.

I have oone, bi Mary / that lowsyd me of my bandis!

If he teyn, I must tary, / how-so-euer it standis,

With seymland full sory, / wryngand both my handis

ffor drede.

¹ Supplied by E. E. T. S.

Bot yit other while,
What with gam & with gyle,
I shall smyte and smyle,
And qwite hym his mede.

216

NOE. We! hold thi tong, ram-skyt, / or I shall the still.

VXOR. By my thryft, if thou smyte, / I shal turne the vntill.

NOE. We shall assay as tyte. / Haue at the, Gill!

Apon the bone shal it byte./

Vxor.

A, so, Mary! thou smytis ill!

Bot I suppose

I shal not in thi det

fflyt of this flett!

Take the ther a langett

To tye vp thi hose!

[Striking him.]

225

Noe. A! wilt thou so? / Mary, that is myne.

VXOR. Thou shal [have] thre for two, / I swere bi Godis pyne.

Noe. And I shall qwyte the tho, / in fayth, or syne.

VXOR. Out apon the, ho!/

NOE.

Thou can both byte and whyne

With a rerd!

ffor all if she stryke,

Yit fast will she skryke;

In fayth, I hold none slyke

In all medill-erd;

234

Bot I will kepe charyte, / ffor I haue at do.

VXOR. Here shal no man tary the; / I pray the go to!

ffull well may we mys the, / as euer haue I ro. To spyn will I dres me. /

Noe.

We! fare well, lo;

Bot, wife,

Pray for me besele,

To eft I com vnto the.

VXOR. Euen as thou prays for me,

As euer myght I thrife.

Noe. I tary full lang / fro my warke, I traw; Now my gere will I fang / and thederward draw. I may full ill gang, / the soth for to knaw. Bot if God help amang, / I may sit downe daw

To ken;

Now assay will I

How I can of wrightry,

In nomine Patris, & Filii,

Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

252

To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I bend; I traw from the Trynyte / socoure will be send. It fayres full fayre, thynk me, / this wark to my hend; Now blissid be he / that this can amend.

Lo, here the lenght,
Thre hundreth cubettis euenly;
Of breed, lo! is it fyfty;
The heght is euen thyrty
Cubettis full strenght.

261

Now my gowne will I cast, / and wyrk in my cote; Make will I the mast, / or I flyt oone foote.

A! my bak, I traw, will brast! / this is a sory note! Hit is wonder that I last, / sich an old dote

All dold!

To begyn sich a wark,

My bonys ar so stark, No wonder if thay wark,

ffor I am full old.

270

The top and the sayll / both will I make;
The helm and the castell / also will I take;
To drife ich a nayll / will I not forsake;
This gere may neuer fayll, / that dar I vndertake
Onone.

This is a nobull gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn
Thoro more and myn,

Thise bordis ichon;

Wyndow and doore, / euen as he saide, Thre ches-chambre, / thay ar well maide; Pyk & tar full sure / ther-apon laide; This will euer endure, / therof am I paide;

ffor why

It is better wroght
Then I coude haif thoght.
Hym that maide all of noght
I thank oonly.

288

Now will I hy me, / and no-thyng be leder, My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder.

[Goes to find his wife.]

Tent hedir tydely, / wife, and consider; Hens must vs fle/all sam togeder

In hast.

VXOR. Whi, syr, what alis you? Who is that asalis you? To fle it avalis you

And ye be agast.

297

NOE. Ther is garn on the reyll / other, my dame.

VXOR. Tell me that ich a deyll, / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cares may keill, — / blissid be his name!—

He has [spokyn?] 1 for oure seyll, / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd,

All this warld aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shall ryn on a route,

Shall be ouerlaide.

306

He saide all shall be slayn / bot oonely we,
Oure barnes, that ar bayn, / and thare wifis thre;
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee.
Therfor with all oure mayn / thank we that fre,
Beytter of bayll.

¹ No word nor gap in E. E. T. S.

Hy vs fast; go we thedir! VXOR. I wote neuer whedir; I dase and I dedir

ffor ferd of that tayll.

315

NOE. Be not aferd; haue done; / trus sam oure gere, That we be ther or none, / without more dere. · 11 FILIUS. It shall be done full sone. / Brether, help to bere. II FILIUS. ffull long shall I not hoyne / to do my devere, Brether Sam.

III FILIUS. Without any yelp, At my myght shall I help. VXOR. Yit for drede of a skelp Help well thi dam.

324

[They go to the Ark; Uxor enters it.]

NoE. Now ar we there / as we shuld be; Do get in oure gere, / oure catall and fe In-to this vessell here, / my chylder fre. VXOR. I was neuer bard ere, / as euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this.

In fasilth, I can not fynd, Which is before, which is behynd. Bot shall we here be pynd,

Noe, as have thou blis? [Exit from Ark.]

333

NoE. Dame, as it is skill, / here must vs abide grace; Therfor, wife, with good will / com into this place. VXOR. Sir, for Iak nor for Gill / will I turne my face, Till I have on this hill / spon a space

On my rok.

Well were he, myght get me! Now will I downe set me; Yit reede I no man let me. ffor drede of a knok.

¹ Here and below MS. has the regular contracted jorms of the Latin ordinal numerals.

Noe. Behold to the heuen, / the cateractes all, Thay are open full euen, / grete and small, And the planettis seuen / left has thare stall; Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar fall

ffull stout

Both halles and bowers, Castels and towres; ffull sharp ar thise showers

That renys aboute;

351

Therfor, wife, haue done; / com into ship fast.

VXOR. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone, / the better will thai last.

I MULIER. Good moder, com in sone, / for all is ouer-cast,

Both the son and the mone. /

II MULIER.

And many wynd blast

ffull sharp;

This floodis so thay rin,

Therfor, moder, come in.

Vxor. In fayth, yit will I spyn;

All in vayn ye carp.

360

III MULIER. If ye like ye may spyn, / moder, in the ship.

NOE. Now is this twyys: com in, / dame, on my frenship.

VXOR. Wheder I lose or I wyn, / in fayth, thi felowship,

Set I not at a pyn. / This spyndill will I slip

Apon this hill

Or I styr oone fote.

Noe. Peter! I traw we 2 dote;

Without any more note,

Come in if ye will.

369

VXOR. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not dry; Into ship with a byr, / therfor, will I hy ffor drede that I drone here. / [Rushes into the ship.]

NOE. Dame, securly,

It bees boght full dere, / ye abode so long by Out of ship.

¹ E. E. T. S. That.

² Qy.: ye.

405

VXOR. I will not, for thi bydyng, Go from doore to mydyng. In fayth, and for youre long taryyng, NOE. Ye shall lik on the whip. 378 Spare me not, I pray the, / bot euen as thou thynk, Thise grete wordis shall not flay me. / Abide, dame, and drynk, NOE. ffor betyn shall thou be / with this staf to thou stynk. Ar strokis good? say me./ [Striking her.] What say ye, Wat Wynk? Vxor. Noe. Speke! Cry me mercy, I say! Therto say I nay. Vxor. Bot thou do, bi this day, NOE. Thi hede shall I breke. 387 VXOR. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely full hoylle, Might I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyll; ffor thi saull, without lese, / shuld I dele penny doyll; So wold mo, no frese, / that I se on this sole Of wifis that ar here, ffor the life that thay leyd, Wold thare husbandis were dede; ffor, as euer ete I brede, So wold I oure syre were. 396 Noe. Yee men that has wifis, / whyls they ar yong, If ye luf youre lifis, / chastice thare tong. Me thynk my hert ryfis, / both levyr and long, To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong; Bot I. As haue I blys, Shall chastyse this. VXOR. Yit may ye mys,

NOE. I shall make the still as stone, / begynnar of blunder! I shall bete the, bak and bone, / and breke all in sonder.

[Fighting ad lib.]

Nicholl Nedy!

VXOR. Out, alas, I am gone! / oute apon the, mans wonder!

NOE. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder!

Bot, wife,

In this hast let vs ho,

ffor my bak is nere in two.

Vxor. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe.

414

I FILIUS. A! whi fare ye thus, / ffader and moder both?

Ye shuld not be so spitus, / standyng in sich a II FILIUS. woth.

III FILIUS. Thise [strifts?] are so hidus, / with many a cold coth.

NOE. We will do as ye bid vs; / we will no more be wroth, Dere barnes!

Now to the helme will I hent,

And to my ship tent.

VXOR. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423

NOE. This is a grete flood, / wife, take hede.

VXOR. So me thoght, as I stode; / we are in grete drede;

Thise wawghes ar so wode. /

Noe.

Help, God, in this nede!

As thou art stere-man good, / and best, as I rede,

Of all.

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

VXOR. This is a perlous case:

Help, God, when we call!

432

NOE. Wife, tent the stere-tre, / and I shall asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.

Vxor. That shall I do ful wysely; / now go thi way,

ffor apon this flood haue we / flett many day

With pyne.

¹ No word nor gap in E. E. T. S.

NOE. Now the water will I sownd: A! it is far to the grownd; This trauell, I expownd, Had I to tyne. **44**I Aboue all hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late Cubettis fyfteyn; 1/bot in a higher 2 state It may not be, I weyn, / for this well I wate, This forty dayes has rayn beyn; / it will therfor abate Full lele. This water in hast Eft will I tast; Now am I agast, It is wanyd a grete dele. 450 Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyt, Both the most and the leest. / Me thynk, bi my wit, Vxor. The son shynes in the eest; / lo, is not youd it? We shuld have a good feest, / were thise floodis flyt, So spytus. NOE. We have been here, all we, Thre hundreth 8 dayes and fyfty. VXOR. Yei, now wanys the see; Lord, well is vs! 459 NOE. The thryd tyme will I prufe/what depnes we bere. VXOR. How 4 long shall thou hufe? / Lay in thy lyne there. NOE. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn here. VXOR. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere; Bot, husband, What grownd may this be? NOE. The hyllys of Armonye. VXOR. Now blissid be he 468 That thus for vs can ordand!

¹ MS. xv.

⁸ MS. ccc.

² E. E. T. S. highter.

⁴ E. E. T. S. Now; corr. by Child.

I see the toppys of hyllys he, / many at a syght; No thyng to let me, / the wedir is so bright. VXOR. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right. Dame, thou 1 counsell me / what fowll best myght NOE. And cowth With flight of wyng Bryng, without taryying, Of mercy som tokynyng Ayther bi north or southe; 477 ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne. Vxor. The ravyn, durst I lay, / will come agane sone; As fast as thou may, / cast hym furth; haue done. He may happyn to-day / com agane or none With grath. Noe. I will cast out also Dowfys oone or two. Go youre way, go, [He sends out the birds.] God send you som wathe! **486** Now ar thise fowles flone / into seyr countre; Pray we fast ichon, / kneland on our kne, To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee To glad vs. VXOR. Thai may not fayll of land, The water is so wanand. Thank we God all-weldand, Noe. That lord that made vs. 495 It is a wonder thyng, / me thynk sothle, Thai ar so long taryyng, / the fowles that we Cast out in the mornyng. /

Cast out in the mornyng. /
VXOR. Syr, it may be
Thai tary to thay bryng. /
NOE. The ravyn is a-hungrye
All-way;

1 E. E. T. S. thi; corr. by Kittredge.

He is without any reson; And he fynd any caryon, As peraventure may befon, He will not away; 504 The dowfe is more gentill, — / her trust I vntew, — Like vnto the turtill, / for she is ay trew. VXOR. Hence bot a litill / she commys. Lew, lew! She bryng ys in her bill / som novels new. Behald! It is of an olif tre A branch, thynkys me. NoE. It is soth, perde, Right so is it cald. 513 Doufe, byrd full blist, / ffayre myght the befall! Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the wall; Full well I it wist, / thou wold com to thi hall. VXOR. A trew tokyn ist, / we shall be sauyd all; ffor why The water, syn she com, Of depnes plom Is fallen a fathom And more, hardely. 522 I FILIUS. Thise floodis ar gone, / fader, behold. II FILIUS. Ther is left right none, / and that be ye bold. III FILIUS. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold. NOE. My childer dere, Sem, Japhet and Cam, With gle and with gam Com go we all sam, We will no longer abide here. 531

VXOR. Here haue we beyn, / Noy, long enogh, With tray and with teyn / and dreed mekill wogh.

Noe. Behald, on this greyn / nowder cart ne plogh Is left, as I weyn, / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyng,

Bot all is away;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of aray,

fflitt has this flowyng.

540

VXOR. Thise floodis not afright / all this warld so wide Has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

Noe. To dede ar that dyght, / prowdist of pryde, — Euer ich a wyght / that euer was spyde

With syn;

All ar thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

Vxor. ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn?

549

Noe. Wyn? No, i-wis, / bot he that myght hase Wold myn of thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace. As he in bayll is blis, / I pray hym in this space, In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we,

With his santis in sight

And his angels bright,

May com to his light:

Amen, for charite.

558

Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.

abababe de la e 1228 c

HEGGE PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. I have expanded curled r and m and . crossed k and U, because the scribe seems to have used them with a definite intention. In the footnotes, H. marks the readings of the edition of the old Shakespeare Society: "Ludus Coventriæ, . . . ed. J. O. Halliwell. London, 1841."

I have chosen to call the plays by the name of the earliest known owner of the MS., for I see no reason to connect them with Coventry, and "so-called Coventry Plays" is a clumsy expression.

[NOAH AND LAMECH.]

NOE. God of his goodnesse and of grace grounde, By whoys gloryous power alle thyng is wrought, In whom alle vertu plentevously 1 is ffounde,

Withowtyn whos 2 wyl may be ryth nought,

Thy seruauntes saue, Lord, fro synful sownde

In wyl, in werk, in dede and in thouht;

Oure welth in woo lete nevyr be founde;

Vs help, Lord, from synne that we be in brought,

Lord God fful of myght!

Noe, seres, my name is knowe; [Addressing the audience.]

13

My wyff and my chyldere here on rowe;

To God we pray with hert ful lowe,

To plese hym in his syght.

In me, Noe, the secunde age Indede be-gynnyth as I 30w say;

¹ MS. plentevously.

² MS. whof; probably for whose.

Afftyr Adam, withoutyn langage,

The secunde fadyr am I, in fay.

But men of levyng be so owt-rage

Bothe be nyght and eke be day,

That, lesse than synne the soner swage,

God wyl be vengyd on vs sum way,

In-dede.

Ther may no man go therowte,

But synne regnyth in every rowte;

In every place rownde a-bowte

Cursydnes doth sprynge and sprede.

VXOR NOE. Alle-myghty God, of his gret grace, Enspyre men with hertely wylle

For to sese of here trespace;

ffor synfulle levyng oure sowle xal spylle.

Synne offendyth God in his face

And a-grevyth oure Lorde ffulle ylle;

It causyth to man ryght grett manace

And scrapyth hym out of lyvys bylle, That blyssyd book.

What man in synne doth alle-wey scleppe, He xal gon to helle ful depp; Than xal he nevyr after creppe 1

Out of that 2 brennyng brook.

I am 30ur wyff, 30ur childeryn these be;

On-to us tweyn it doth longe

Hem to teche in alle degre

Synne to for-sakyn and werkys wronge.

Therfore, sere,8 for loue of me,

Enforme hem wele evyr 4 a-monge

Synne to for-sake and vanyte,

And vertu to ffolwe, that thei ffonge Oure Lord God to plese. **3**9

¹ MS. crepp.

⁸ MS. fere.

² H. the.

⁴ MS. ovyr.

Noe. I warne 30w, childer Drede oure Lord God in he And in no forfete that we no Our Lord for to dysp	vy[n] halle, ne ¹ ffalle	52
CHEM. ² A! dere ffadyr, God for That we xulde do in ony w		
Ony werke of synful dede	0 muyaa	
Oure Lord God that xulde a My name is Chem, 30ur son		
I xal werke aftere 30ur rede;	1 or p//se .	
And also, wyff, the weylle	awvse	
Wykkyd werkys that thou non 8		
Never in no degre.		
Vxor Seem. Forsothe,4 s	ere, be Goddys grace,	
I xal me kepe from alle tres	space	
That xulde offende Goddys	s face, ⁵	
Be help of the Tryn	yte.	65
CHAM. I am Cham, 30ur secui	nde son.6	
And purpose me, be Goddy	_	
Nevyr suche a dede for to don	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	
That xuld 7 agreve God in	syght.	
VXOR CHAM. I pray to God m	ne grawnt this bone,8	
That he me kepe in suche a	ı plyght	
Mornynge, hevenynge, mydday	and none,	
I to affendyn hym day nor	nyght.	
Lord God, I the pra	ıy,	
Bothe wakynge and eke in	slepe,	
Gracyous God, thou me ke	ppe,	
That I nevyr in daunger cr	repe	
On dredfulle domys-	day.	78
IAPHET. Iaphet, thi iijde sone,	is my name;	
I pray to God, wher-so we	be,	
1 MS. no.	⁵ H. fface.	
² H. Shem.	⁶ H. sone.	
8 H. none.	7 H. xulde.	

4 H. fforsothe. 8 Curl over n in MS.

That he vs borwe fro synfulle shame,

And in vertuous 1 levynge evyr-more kepe me.

Vx[OR] IAPHET. I am 30ur wyff and pray the same,

That God vs saue on sonde and se,

With no grevauns that we hym grame;

He grawnt vs grace synne to fle.

Lord God, now here oure bone!

Noe. Gracyous God, that best may,

With herty wyl to the we pray, -

Thou saue us sekyr bothe nyght and day,

Synne that we noon done.

91

[God speaks in heaven.]

DEUS. Ow! what menyht this mys-levyng man,

Whiche myn hand made and byldyd in blysse?

Synne so sore grevyht me, 30,2 in certayn,

I wol be vengyd of this grett mysse.

Myn aungel dere, thou xalt gan

To Noe that my servaunt is;

A shypp to make on hond to tan

Thou byd hym swyth 8 for hym and his,

ffrom drynchyng hem to saue;

ffor, as I am God off myght,

I xal dystroye this wer[1]d downe-ryght;

Here synne so sore grevyht me in syght,

Thei xal no mercy haue.

104

ffecisse hominem nunc penitet 5 me,

That I made man sore doth me rewe;

Myn handwerk to sle sore grevyth me,

But that here synne here deth doth brewe.

Go sey to Noe as I bydde the:

Hym-self, his wyf, his chylderyn 6 trewe,

¹ MS. vertuous.

² H. 3a.

⁸ H. swythe.

⁴ MS. has werd as standard form.

⁵ H. pænitet.

⁶ H. childeryn.

The ixul not drede the flodys fflowe,

The fflod xal harme them nowht;

Of alle ffowlys and bestys thei take a peyre
In shipp 2 to saue, bothe ffoule and ffayere,

ffrom alle dowtys and gret dyspeyre,

This vengeauns or it be wrought.

117

[The angel descends.]

Angelus (ad Noe). Noe! Noe! A shypp loke thou make, And many a chaumbyr thou xalt haue therinne;

Of euery kyndys best a cowpyl thou take

With-in the shypp-bord, here lyvys to wynne;

ffor God is sore grevyd with man for his synne,

That alle this wyde werd xalbe dreynt with flood,

Saff thou and thi wyff xal be kept from this gynne,

And also thi chylderyn with here vertuys good.

125

Noe. How xuld I have wytt a shypp for to make? I am of ryght grett age, v. c. 3ere olde;

It is not for me this werk to vndyr-take;

ffor ffeyntnesse 4 of age my leggys gyn ffolde.

Angelus. This dede ffor to do be bothe blythe and bolde;

God xal enforme the and rewle the ful ryght;

Of byrd and of beste take, as I the tolde,

A peyr in-to the shypp, and God xal the qwyght.

133

Noe. I am ful redy, as God doth me bydde, A shypp for to make be myght of his grace.

[Exit angelus.]

Alas! that ffor synne it xal so be betydde

That vengeauns of flood xal werke this manase.

God is sore grevyd with oure grett tresspas,

That with wylde watyr the werd xal be dreynt.

¹ H. viij.

⁸ H. omits bord.

² H. shypp.

⁴ MS. ffeyynnesse = ffeythnnesse.

A shyppe 1 for to make now lete us hens pas, That God agens us of synne haue no compleynt.

141

Hic transit Noe cum familia sua pro naui; quo exeunte, locum interludij sub-intret statim Lameth conductus ab adolescente et di [cat]²:

LAMETH. Gret mornyng I make and gret cause I haue;

Alas! now I se not, for age I am blynde;

Blyndenes dothe make me of wytt forto rave;

Whantynge of eye-syght in peyn doth me bynde.

Whyl I had syht,8 myht nevyr man fynde

My pere of archerye in alle this werd a-boute,

ffor 3itt schet I nevyr at hert, [h]are, nere hynde,

But yf that he deyd: of this no man haue doute.

149

"Lameth, the good archere" my name was ovyr-alle,

ffor the best archere myn name dede ever sprede;

Record of my boy here, wytnes this he xal,

What merk that were set me, to deth it xuld blede.

ADOLESCENS. It is trewe, mayster, that 3e seyn indede;

ffor that tyme 3e had 3oure bowe hent in honde,

If that 30ur prycke had be half a myle in brede, 3e wolde the pryk han hitte if 3e ny had stonde.

157

LAMETH. I xuld nevyr a ffaylid, what marke that ever were sett.

Whyl that I myght loke, and had my clere syght;

And 3itt, as me thynkyht, no man xuld shete bett

Than I xuld do now if myn hand were sett aryght.

Aspye som marke, boy, — my bowe xal [I] bende wyght, —

And sett myn hand euyn to shete at some best!

And I dar ley a wagour his deth for to dyght.

The marke xal I hitt, my lyff do I hest.

¹ MS. shypp.

⁴ MS. affaylid, H. affayled.

² MS. di ---; H. dicens.

⁵ Supplied by H.

⁸ MS. syht yt myht; H. syht, ther myht.

[The boy sees Cain.]

ADOLESCENS. Vndyr 30n grett busche, mayster, a best do I se; Take me thin hand swyth and holde it ful stylle;

Now is thin hand evyn as euyr it may be;

Drawe up thin takylle 30n best for to kylle.

LAMETH. My bowe xal I drawe ryght with herty wylle;

This brod arwe I shete that best ffor to saylle;

Now, haue at that busche 3on best for to spylle!

A sharppe schote I shote, therof I xal not faylle.

173

CAYM. Out! out! and alas! myn hert is on-sondyr; With a brod arwe I am ded and sclayn.

I dye here on grounde; myn hert is alle to tundyr,

With this brod arwe it is clovyn on twayn.

LAMETH. Herke, boy, cum telle me the trewth in certeyn;

What man is he that this cry doth thus make?

ADOLESCENS. Caym thou hast kyllyd, I telle the ful pleyne; With sharp shetyng his deth hath he take. 181

LAMETH. Haue I slayn Cayme? Alas! what haue I done?

Thou stynkynge lurdeyn, what hast thou wrought?

Thou art the [cause] why I scle hym so sone;

Ther-fore xal I kylle the here, thou skapyst nowght.

Hic Lameth cum arcu suo 1 verberat adolescentem ad mortem, dicente adolescente:

ADOLESCENS. Out! out! I deye here, my deth is now sought.

This theffe with his bowe hath broke my brayn.

Ther may non helpe be, my dethe is me brought;

Ded here I synke down, as man that is sclayn.

189

LAMETH. Alas! what xal I do, wrecche, wykkyd on woolde? God wyl be vengyd ful sadly on me; ffor deth of Caym I xal haue vij folde

More peyn than he had that Abelle dede sle.

These to mennys deth fulle sore bought xal be;

Vpon alle my blood God wylle venge this dede.

Where-fore, sore wepyng, hens wyl I fle,

And loke where I may best my hede sone heyde.

197

Hic recedat Lameth et statim intrat Noe cum naui cantantes.1

Noe. With doolful hert, syenge sad and sore,
Grett mornyng I make for this dredful flood;
Of man and of best is dreynte many a skore.
Alle this werd 2 to spylle these flodys be ful wood;
And alle is for synne of mannys wylde mood
That God hath ordeyned this dredfulle vengeaunce.
In this flood spylt is many a mannys blood;
ffor synfulle levynge of man we haue gret grevauns.

205

Alle this hundryd zere ryght here haue I wrought
This schypp for to make, as God dede byd me;
Of alle maner bestes a copylle is in brought
With-in my shypp-borde on lyve for to be.
Ryght longe God hath soferyd, amendyng to se,
Alle this hundyrd 2 zere God hath shewyd grace.
Alas! fro gret syn man wyl not fle.
God doth this vengeauns for oure gret trespase.

213

Vxor Noe. Alas! for gret ruthe of this gret vengeaunce!
Gret doyl it is to se this watyr so wyde.
But 3it thankyd be God of this ordenaunce,
That we be now savyd on lyve to a-byde.
SEEM. ffor grett synne of lechery alle this doth betyde;
Alas! that evyr 5 suche synne xulde be wrought.
This fflood is so gret on every a syde,6
That alle this wyde werd to care is now brought.

1 See Notes.

² H.; MS. were.

³ MS. vengeauce.

⁴ H. hundryd.

⁵ MS. ovyr.

⁶ MS asyde.

VXOR SEEM. Be-cawse of chylderyn of God that weryn good Dede forfete ryght sore what tyme that thei were Synfully coupellyd 1 to Caymys blood,

Therfore be we now cast in ryght grett care.

CHAM. ffor synful levynge this werde doth for-fare.

So grevous 2 vengeauns myght nevyr man se;

Ovyr alle this werd wyde ther is no plot bare.

With watyr and with flood God vengyd wylle be.

229

VXOR CHAM. Rustynes of synne is cause of these wawys.

Alas! in this fflood this werd xal be lorn;

ffor offens to God, brakyng his lawys,

On rokkys ryght sharp is many a man torn.

IAPHET. So grevous fflodys were nevyr 3ett be-forn;

Alas! that lechery this vengeauns doth gynne.

It were welle bettyr euer to be vn-born Than fforto forfetyn evyr-more in that synne.

237

VXOR IAPHET. Oure Lord God I thanke of his gret grace, That he doth us saue from this dredful payne.

Hym for to wurchipe in euery stede and place

We beth gretly bownde with myght and with mayn.

Noe. XLti days and nyghtes hath lasted this rayn,

And xlti days this grett flood begynnyth to slake.

This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn; Good tydynges to brynge this massage I make.

245

Hic emittat coruum et parum expectans iterum dicat:

This crowe on sum careyn is falle for to ete;

Ther-fore a newe masangere I wylle fforthe now sende.

ffly fforth, thou fayr dove, ovyr these waterys wete,

And aspye afftere sum drye lond oure mornyng to amend.

Hic evolet columba; qua redeunte s cum ramo viridj olive, [dicat Noe:]

Ioye now may we make of myrth that that were frende; A grett olyve bushe this dowe doth us brynge;

¹ MS. compellyd; corr. by Kittredge.

⁸ MS. redeuite.

² MS. grevous.

⁴ H. viride olivæ.

ffor ioye of this tokyn ryght hertyly we tende. Oure Lord God to worchep a songe lete vs synge.

253

Hic decantent hos versus:

Mare vidit, et fugit: Iordanis conuersus est retrorsum. Non nobis, Domine, non nobis: sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

Et sic recedant cum naui.

BROME PLAY.

For this text I have used primarily the edition by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, in Anglia, VII, 316-337, and secondarily the edition (also by Miss Smith) in "A Commonplace Book of the Fifteenth Century . . . Printed from the Original MS. at Brome Hall, Suffolk, by Lady Caroline Kerrison. Edited with notes by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London and Norwich, 1886." In the footnotes, A. indicates the Anglia edition; B., The Boke of Brome; MS. indicates a reading found in the manuscript but relegated to the footnotes by Miss Smith. H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, Anglia, XIII, 361.

As to the MS. Miss Smith says: "The crossed ll and k are constantly used, but for this date (1470 or 1480) it did not seem necessary to treat them otherwise than as ll and k."

[ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.]

ABRAHAM. Fader of heuyn omnipotent,
With all my hart to the I call;
Thow hast 30ffe me both lond and rent,
And my lyvelod thow hast me sent;
I thanke the heyly euer-more of all.

5

Fyrst off the erth thou madyst Adam,
And Eue also to be hys wyffe;
All other creatures 1 of them too cam;
And now thow hast grant to me, Abraham,
Her in thys lond to lede my lyffe.

10

In my age thou hast grantyd me thys,

That thys 30wng chyld with me shall wone;
I love no-thyng so myche, i-wysse,

Excepe 2 thin owyne selffe, der Fader of blysse,

As Ysaac her, my owyne swete sone.

15

¹ B. creatures. Such differences between the two prints I shall not record hereafter.

² B. Except.

I haue dyu <i>er</i> se chyldryn moo,	
The wych I love not halffe so wyll;	
Thys fayer swet chyld he schereys me soo	
In euery place wer that I goo,	
That noo dessece her may I fell.	20
And therfor, Fadyr of heuyn, I the prey	
For hys helth and also for hys grace;	
Now, Lord, kepe hym both nygth and day,	
That neuer dessese nor noo fray	
Cume to my chyld in noo place.	25
Now cum on, Ysaac, my owyne swet 2 chyld;	
Goo we hom and take owr rest.	
Isaac. Abraham, myne owyne fader so myld,	
To folowe 30w I am full prest,8	
Bothe erly and late.	
ABRAHAM. Cume on, swete chyld, I love the best	
Of all the chyldryn that euer I be-gat.	32
[God speaks above.]	
DEUS. Myn angell, fast hey the thy wey,	
And on-to medyll-erth anon thou goo;	
Abrams hart now wyll I asay,	
Wether that he be stedfast or noo.	3 6
Sey I commaw[n]dyd 4 hym for to take	
Ysaac, hys 30wng sonne, that he love so wyll,	
And with hys blood sacryfyce he make,	
Yffe ony off my freynchepe he 5 wyll ffell.	40
Schow hym the wey on-to the hylle	
Wer that hys sacryffyce schall be.	
¹ B. ther for. ² B. swete.	
8 MS. glad; cf. Englische Studien, XIX, 150. 4 A. inserts the n, but it is regularly omitted in this MS.	
- A. moens me n, out a so regularly omitted in this Mo.	

5 A. B. yf before he.

I schall a-say now hys good wyll,

Whether he lovyth better hys chyld or me.

All men schall take exampyll be hym

My commawmentes how they schall kepe.

46

[The angel begins to descend.]

ABRAHAM. Now, Fader of heuyn, that formyd all thyng,
My preyeres I make to the a-zeyn,

For thus day my tonday offenne

For thys day my tender offryng Here mvst I zeve to the, certeyn.

A! Lord God, all-myty Kyng,
Wat maner best woll make the most fayn?

Yff I had ther-of very knoyng,
Yt schuld be don with all my mayne
Full sone anone.2

To don thy plesyng on an hyll, Verely yt ys my wyll, Dere Fader, God in trinyte.

58

THE ANGELL. Abraham, Abraham, wyll thou rest!

Owr Lord comandyth the for to take

Ysaac, thy 30wng sone that thow lovyst best,

And with hys blod sacryfyce that thow make.

62

In-to the lond of V[i]syon 8 thow goo,
And offer thy chyld on-to thy Lord;
I schall the lede and schow all-soo.
Vnto Goddes hest, Abraham, a-cord,

66

And follow me vp-on thys grene.

ABRAHAM. Wolle-com to me be my Lordes sond, And hys hest I wyll not with-stond;

3yt Ysaac, my 30wng sonne in lond,

A full dere chyld to me haue byn.

¹ A. B. lovyd.

² For anone, H. suggests by me, to rhyme with 58.

⁸ Corr. by H.

I had lever, yf God had be plesyd	l,	
For to a for-bore all the good	d that I haue,	
Than Ysaac my sone schuld a be	·	
So God in heuyn my sowll m	• •	75
I lovyd neuer thyng soo mych in	erde,¹	
And now I must the chyld go		
A! Lord God, my conseons ys st	•	
And 3yt, my dere Lord, I am sore		
To groche ony thyng a-zens		80
I love my chyld as my lyffe,		
But 3yt I love my God mych	e mor <i>e</i> ,	
For thow my hart woold make on	y stryffe,	
3yt wyll I not spare for chyld nor	wyffe,	
But don after my Lordes lore	e.	85
Thow I love my sonne neuer so v	vyll,	
3yt smythe of hys hed sone	I schall.	
A! Fader of heuyn, to the I knel	11,	
An hard dethe my son schall fell		
For to honor the, Lord, with	all.	90
THE ANGELL. Abraham! Abr	raham! thys ys wyll seyd,	
And all thys comamentes lok	e that thou kepe;4	
But in thy hart be no-thyng dysn	nayd. ⁵	
ABRAHAM. Nay, nay, for-soth,	I hold me wyll plesyd 6	
To plesse 7 my God to the b	est that I haue.8	95
For thow my hart be heuely sett		
To see the blood of my owy	n dere sone,	
3yt for all thys I wyll not lett,	[Exit angel.]	
But Ysaac, my son, I wyll goo fe		
And cum asse fast as euer w	ve can.	100
¹ MS. erthe.	⁵ H. for MS. dysmasyd.	
² A. ser <i>e</i> .	6 Qy.: a-payd.	
⁸ B. 30wre. ⁴ Qy.: loke thou obay.	⁷ MS. pelsse.⁸ Qy.: may.	
E/11 11.04 004/1	<pre></pre>	

Now, Ysaac, my owyne son dere,	
Wer art thow, chyld? Speke to me.	
YSAAC. My fayer 1 swet fader, I am here,	
And make my preyrys to the Trenyte.	104
ABRAHAM. Rysse vp, my chyld, and fast cum heder,	
My gentyll barn that art so wysse,	
For we to, chyld, must goo to-geder	
And on-to my Lord make sacryffyce.	108
YSAAC. I am full redy, my fader, loo!	
3evyn at 30wr handes I stand rygth here,	
And wat-so-euer 3e byd me doo,	
Yt schall be don with glad cher,	
Full wyll and fyne. 2	
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, my owyn son soo dere,	
Godes blyssyng I 3yffe the, and myn.	115
Hold thys fagot vp-on thi bake,	
And her my-selffe fyer schall bryng.	
YSAAC. Fader, all thys her wyll I packe;	
I am full fayn to do 30wr bedyng.	
ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, my handes I wryng,	
Thys chyldes wordes all to-wond my harte.	121
Now, Ysaac son,8 goo we owr wey	
On-to 30n mownte, with all owr mayn.	
YSAAC. Go we,4 my dere fader, as fast as I may;	
To folow 30w I am full fayn	
All-thow I be slendyr.	
ABRAHAM. A! Lord, my hart brekyth on tweyn,5	
Thys chyldes wordes, they be so tender.	128
[They arrive at the Mount.]	
A! Ysaac, son, a-non ley yt down,	
No lenger vp-on thi backe yt hold,6	

B. fader.
B. Gowe.
A. syne.
MS. tewyn; corr. by A.
B. on.
MS. bere; corr. by Kittredge (cf. v. 116).

For I myst make redy bon	
To honowr my Lord God as I schuld.1	132
YSAAC. Loo, my dere fader, wer yt ys!	
To cher 30w all-wey I draw me ner;	
But, fader, I mervell sore of thys,	
Wy that 3e make thys heur chere;	136
And also, fader, euer-more dred I:	
Wer ys 30wr qweke best that 3e schuld kyll?	•
Both fyer and wood we haue redy,	
But queke best haue we non on this hyll.	140
A qwyke best, I wot wyll, must be ded	
3owr sacryfyce for to make.2	
ABRAHAM. Dred the nowyth, my chyld, I the red	,
Owr Lord wyll send me on-to thys sted	
Summ maner a best for to take,	
Throw hys swet sond.	
YSAAC. 3a, fader, but my hart begynnyth to	quake
To se that scharpe sword in 30wr hond.	
Wy bere 3e 30wr sword drawyn soo?	
Off 30wre conwnauns I haue mych wonder.	
ABRAHAM. A! Fader of heuyn, so 8 I am woo!	
Thys chyld her brekys my harte on-sonder.4	152
YSAAC. Tell me, my dere fader, or that 3e ses,	•
Ber 3e 30wr sword draw[yn] 5 for me?	
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, swet son, pes! pes!	
For i-wys thow breke my harte on thre.	156
YSAAC. Now trewly, sum-wat, fader, ze thynke,	
That 3e morne thus more and more.	
A. suggests that I fere for as I schuld. H. prefers as de	wli were.
² Lines 141, 142 reversed in MS.; corr. by A.	
8 MS. os; corr. by A. 4 A. B. on too; H.'s correction on basis of Chester Play.	.
⁵ Corr. by H. ⁶ B. sum-what.	

ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, thy grace let synke, For my hart was 1 neuer halffe so sore.

160

YSAAC. I preye 30w, fader, that 3e wyll let me that wyt, Wyther schall I haue ony harme or noo.

ABRAHAM. I-wys, swet son, I may not tell the 3yt, My hart ys now soo full of woo.

164

YSAAC. Dere fader, I prey 30w, hyd yt 2 not fro me, But sum of 30wr thowt that 3e tell me.

transaction los point in =

ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac, I must kyll the!

YSAAC. Kyll me, fader? alasse! wat haue I done?

168

Yff I haue trespassyd a-zens zow owt, With a 3ard 3e may make me full myld;

And with 30wr scharp sword kyll me nogth, For i-wys, fader, I am but a chyld.

172

ABRAHAM. I am full sory, son, thy blood for to spyll, But truly, my chyld, I may not chese.

YSAAC. Now I wold to God my moder were her on this 8 hyll! Sche woold knele for me on both hyr kneys To save my lyffe.

And sythyn that my moder ys not here, I prey 30w, fader, schonge 30wr chere, And kyll me not with 30wyr knyffe.

180

For-sothe, son, but 3yf I the kyll, Abraham. I schuld greve God rygth sore, I drede; Yt ys hys commawment and also hys wyll That I schuld do thys same dede.

184

To make my sacryfyce with thy blood.

YSAAC. And ys yt Goddes wyll that I schuld be slayn?

ABRAHAM. 324 truly Vacco

ABRAHAM. 3a,4 truly, Ysaac, my son soo good, And ther-for my handes I wryng.

¹ B. wos.

⁸ A. ys; B. yis = th is.

² A. B. hydygth.

⁴ B. Za.

YSAAC. Now, fader,	azens my Lordes wyll 1	
I wyll neuer groche, lo	owd nor styll;	
He mygth a sent	me a better desteny	
Yf yt had a be hys ple	ecer.2	193
ABRAHAM. For-sothe	e, son, but yf Y 8 ded this dede,	•
Grevosly dyspless	syd owr Lord wyll be.	
YSAAC. Nay, nay, fa	der, God for-bede	
That euer 3e schul	ld greve hym for me.	197
3e haue other chyldry	n, on or too,	
The wyche 3e sch	uld love wyll be kynd.	
I prey 30w, fader, mak	e 3e no woo,	
For, be I onys ded and	d fro 30w goo,	
I schall be sone o	d fro 30w goo, owt of 30wr mynd.	202
Ther-for doo owr Lord		
And wan I am de	ed, than prey for me;	
But, good fader, tell 36	my moder no-thyng,	
Say 4 that I am in a-ne	other cuntre dwellyng.5	
ABRAHAM. A!	Ysaac, Ysaac, blessyd mot thow be!	207
My hart be-gynnyth 6 s	stronly to rysse,	
To see the blood	off thy blyssyd body.	
YSAAC. Fadyr, syn y	t may be noo other wysse,	
Let yt passe ouer	as wyll as I.	2 I I
But, fader, or I goo o	n-to my deth,	
I prey 30w blysse	me with 30wr hand.	
ABRAHAM. Now, Ys	aac, with all my breth	
My blyssyng I 3e	ve the vpon thys lond	
And Godes also	ther-to, i-wys.	
Ysaac, Ysaac, sor	ne, vp thow stond,	
Thy fayer swet	e mowthe that I may kys.	218
¹ <i>Qy</i> .: decre.	•	
² <i>Qy</i> .: wyll.	5 MS. dewllyng; corr. by A.	
8 B. I.	⁶ MS. begynnyd; A. suggests begynnys.	

YSAAC. Now for-wyll, my owyne fader so fyn, And grete wyll my moder in erde.1 But I prey 30w, fader, to hyd my eyne, That I se not the stroke of 30wr scharpe swerd,2 That my fleysse schall defyle. ABRAHAM. Sone, thy wordes make me to wepe 8 full sore; Now, my dere son Ysaac, speke no more. YSAAC. A! my owyne dere fader, were-fore? We schall speke to-gedyr her but a wylle. 227 And sythyn that I must nedysse be ded, 3yt, my dere fader, to 30w I prey, rairing. Smythe but fewe 4 strokes at my hed, And make an end as sone as 3e may, And tery not to longe. ABRAHAM. Thy meke wordes, chyld, make me afray; 5 So, "welawey!" may be my songe, 234 Excepe alonly Godes wyll. A! Ysaac, my owyn swete chyld, 3yt kysse me a-3en vp-on thys hyll! In all thys war[1]d 6 ys non soo myld. 238 YSAAC. Now truly, fader, all thys terrying Yt doth my hart but harme; I prey 30w, fader, make an enddyng. ABRAHAM. Cume vp, swet son, on-to my arme. 242 I must bynd thy handes 7 too, All-thow thow be neuer soo myld. YSAAC. A! mercy, fader! wy schuld 3e do soo? ABRAHAM. That thow schuldyst not let,8 my chyld. 246 ¹ A. B. erthe. ⁵ A. B. afrayed. 6 ward is the regular form of world in this MS. ² A. B. sword. ⁸ B. weep. ⁷ B. hands. ⁴ A. B. feve. 8 A, B, insert [me].

YSAAC. Nay, i-wysse, fader, I wyll not let 30w;	
Do on for me 30wr wyll,	
And on the purpos that 3e haue set 30w	
For Godes love kepe yt forthe styll.	250
I am full sory thys day to dey,	
But 3yt I kepe not my God to greve;	
Do on 30wr lyst for me hardly,	
My fayer swete fader, I 3effe 30w leve.	254
But, fader, I prey 30w euer-more,	
Tell 3e my moder no dell;	
Yffe sche wost yt,1 sche wold wepe full sore,	
For i-wysse, fader, sche lovyt me full wylle,	
Goddes blyssyng mot sche haue!2	259
Now for-wyll, my moder so swete,	
We too be leke no mor to mete.	
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac! son, thou makyst me to gret,	
And with thy wordes thow dystempurst me.	263
YSAAC. I-wysse, swete fader, I am sory to greve 30w,	
I cry 30w mercy of that I haue donne,	
And of all trespasse that euer I ded meve 30w;	
Now, dere fader, for-3yffe me that I have donne.	
God of heuyn be with me!	268
ABRAHAM. A! dere chyld, lefe of thy monys;	
In all thy lyffe thow grevyd me neuer onys;	
Now blyssyd be thow, body and bonys,	
That euer thow were bred and born!	
Thow hast be to me chyld full good.	
But i-wysse, chyld, thow I morne neuer so fast,	
3yt must I nedes here at the last	
In thys place sched all thy blood.	276

¹ A. B. wostyt.

² H. suggests have mot sche, to rhyme with 263.

Ther-for, my dere son, here schall thou lye.

On-to my warke I must me stede,

I-wysse I had as leve my-selffe to dey—

Yff God wyll be 1 plecyd wyth my dede—

And myn owyn body for to offer.

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, morne 3e no more,

3owr wepyng make 2 my hart sore,

As my owyn deth that I schall suffer.

284

30wr kerche, fader, a-bowt my eyn 3e wynd!

ABRAHAM. So I schall, my swettest chyld in erde.

YSAAC. Now 3yt, good fader, haue thys in mynd,

And smyth me not oftyn with 30wr scharp swerd,

But hastely that yt be sped.

Here Abraham leyd a cloth on Ysaaces face, thus seyyng:

ABRAHAM. Now fore-wyll, my chyld, so full of grace. YSAAC. A! fader, fader, torne downgward my face, For of 30wr scharpe sword I am euer a-dred.

292

ABRAHAM. To don thys dede I am full sory,
But, Lord, thyn hest I wyll not with-stond.
YSAAC. A! Fader of heuyn, to the I crye,
Lord, reseyve me in-to 5 thy hand.

296

ABRAHAM. Loo! now ys the tyme cum certeyn
That my sword in hys necke schall bite.

A! Lord, my hart reysyth ther-ageyn,
I may not fynd yt 8 in my harte to smygth,
My hart wyll not now ther-too.

3yt fayn I woold warke my Lordes wyll;
But thys 30wng innosent lygth so styll,
I may not fynd yt 8 in my hart hym to kyll.

O! Fader of heuyn! what schall I doo?

305

¹ B. omits be.

² H. maketh.

8 A. B. erthe.

4 A. B. sword.

5 A. omits to.

6 MS. synke; corr. by H.

⁷ B. the ageyn.

8 A. B. fyndygth.

1 B. drew.

² B. the.

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, wy tery 3e so, And let me ley thus longe on this hethe? Now I wold to God the stroke were doo! Fader, I prey 30w hartely, schorte me of my woo, And let me not loke thus after my degth. 310 ABRAHAM. Now, hart, wy wolddyst not thow breke on thre? 3yt schall th[o]u not make me to my God on-myld. I wyll no lenger let for the, For that my God a-grevyd wold be; Now hoold tha stroke, my owyn dere chyld. 315 Her Abraham draw 1 hys stroke and the 2 angell toke the sword in hys hond THE ANGELL. I am an angell, thow mayist se blythe, That fro heuyn to the ys senth. Owr Lord thanke the an C sythe For the kepyng of hys commawment. 319 He knowyt this wyll and also thy harte, That thow dredyst hym above all thyng; And sum of thy hevynes for to departe A fayr ram 3ynder I gan brynge; 323 He standyth teyed, loo! a-mong the breres. Now, Abraham, a-mend thy mood, For Ysaac, thy 30wng son that her ys, Thys day schall not sched hys blood; 327 Goo, make thy sacryfece with 30n 8 rame. Now for-wyll, blyssyd Abraham, For on-to heuyn I goo now hom; The way ys full gayn. Take vp thy son soo free. [Exit.]332 ABRAHAM. A! Lord, I thanke the of thy gret grace, Now am I yeyed 4 on dyuers wysse;

8 A. 30u.

4 Qy: for ethed = eased.

A-rysse vp, Ysaac, my dere sunne, a-rysse; A-rysse vp, swete chyld, and cum to me. Condinate
336

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, wy smygth 3e nowt? 1
A! smygth on, fader, onys with 30wr knyffe.

ABRAHAM. Pesse, my swet son,² and take no thowt,⁸
For owr Lord of heuyn hath grant thi lyffe
Be hys angell now,

341

weak-

That thou schalt not dey this day,4 sunne, truly.

YSAAC. A! fader, full glad than wer I,

I-wys, fader, I sey, i-wys,

Yf thys tale wer trew.

ABRAHAM. An hundyrd tymys, my son fayer of hew,
For joy thi mowth 5 now wyll I kys.

347

YSAAC. A! my dere fader, Abraham, Wyll not God be wroth that we do thus?

ABRAHAM. Noo, noo! har[de]ly, my swyt son,
For 3yn same rame he hath vs sent 6
Hether down to vs.7

352

3yn best schall dey here in thi sted, In the worthschup 8 of owr Lord a-lon; Goo, fet hym hethyr, my chyld, in-ded.

YSAAC. Fader, I wyll goo hent hym be the hed, And bryng 30n best with me a-non. ec. 4 357

[Isaac catches the ram.]

A! scheppe, scheppe, blyssyd 9 mot thou be,
That euer thow were sent down heder!
Thow schall thys day dey for me,
In the worchup of the holy Trynyte.

Price (2001)

¹ MS. not 3yt; corr. by H.

² A. B. sir.

⁴ B. dey.

⁸ H. proposes dowt.

⁵ B. mowt.

⁶ H. proposes: For he hath sent us 3yn same rame.

⁷ Qy.: Noo, noo, swyt son, for 3yn same rame He hath sent hether down to vs.

⁸ MS. worpschup; corr. by A.

⁹ B. blessed.

Now cum fast and goo we to-geder

To my Fader of heuyn.¹
Thow thou be neuer so jentyll and good,

3yt had I leuer thow schedyst thi blood,

I-wysse, scheppe, than I.

366

Loo! fader, I have browt here full smerte

Thys jentyll scheppe, and hym to 30w I 3yffe;
But, Lord God, I thanke the with all my hart,

For I am glad that I schall leve

And kys onys my dere moder.

ABRAHAM. Now be rygth myry, my swete chyld,

For thys qwyke best that ys so myld

Here I schall present be-fore all other.

374

YSAAC. And I wyll fast be-gynne to blowe;
Thys fyer schall brene a full good spyd.
But, fader, wyll I stowppe downe lowe,
3e wyll not kyll me with 3owr sword, I trowe?
ABRAHAM. Noo, har[de]ly, swet son, haue no dred,
My mornyng ys past.

382

YSAAC. 3a! but I woold *that* sword wer in a gled,⁴ For, i-wys, fader, yt make me full yll a-gast.

Here Abraham mad hys offryng, knelyng and seyyng thus:

ABRAHAM. Now, Lord God of heuen in Trynyte, All-myty God omnipotent,
My offeryng I make in the worchope of the,
And with thys qweke best I the present.

Lord, reseyve thow myn intent,

As [thow] art God and grownd of owr grace.

¹ Qy.: To my fader in hy.

² As two lines in A. B., the first ending here. From here my numbering is one line behind Miss Smith's.

⁸ B. ye.

[God speaks from above.]

Deus. Abraham, Abraham, wyll mot thow sped,
And Ysaac, thi 30wng son the by!

Trvly, Abraham, for thys dede
I schall mvltyplye 30wres botheres sede
As thyke as sterres be in the skye,
Bothe more and lesse;
And as thyke as gravell in the see,
So thyke mvltyplyed 30wr sede schall be;
Thys grant I 30w for 30wr goodnesse.

Off 30w schall cume frowte gret [won],
And euer be in blysse with-owt 3ynd.

For 3e drede me as God a-lon
And kepe my commawmentes eueryschon,
My blyssyng I 3effe, wer-so-euer 3e wend.¹

402

397

ABRAHAM. Loo! Ysaac, my son, how thynke 3e
Be thys warke that we haue wrogth?
Full glad and blythe we may be,
A3ens the wyll of God that we grucched nott,
Vp-on thys fayer hetth.
YSAAC. A! fader, I thanke owr Lord euery dell,
That my wyt servyd me so wyll
For to drede God more than my detth.

410

ABRAHAM. Why! dere-wordy son, wer thow a-dred? Hardely, chyld, tell me thy lore.

YSAAC. 3a! be my feyth, fader, now haue 2 I red,

I wos neuer soo afrayd be-fore
As I haue byn at 3yn hyll.
But, be my feyth, fader, I swere
I wyll neuer-more cume there
But yt be a-3ens my wyll.

¹ A. B. goo; corr. by H. ² A. B. hath.

ABRAHAM. 3a! cum on with me, my owyn swet sonn, And hom-ward fast now let vs goon.

YSAAC. Be my feyth, fader, ther-to I grant, I had neuer so good wyll to gon hom,

And to speke with my dere moder.

ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, I thanke the, For now may I led hom with me Ysaac, my 30wnge sonn so fre, —

The gentyllest chyld a-bove all other, 1

Thys may I wyll a-voee.

428

Now goo we forthe, my blyssyd sonn.

YSAAC. I grant, fader, and let vs gon,

For be my trowthe wer I at home,

I wold neuer gon owt vnder that forme.

I pray God 3effe vs grace euer-mo, And all thow that we be holdyng to.

434

[Exeunt. Enter Doctor.]

DOCTOR. Lo! sovereyns and sorys, now haue we schowyd Thys solom story 2 to grete and smale;

It ys good lernyng to lernd and lewyd

And the wysest of vs all,

Wyth-owtyn ony berryng.

For thys story schoyt 30we [her]

How we schuld kepe to owr po[we]re

Goddes commawments with-owt grochyng.

442

Trowe 3e, sores, and God sent an angell

And commawndyd 30w 30wr chyld to slayn,8

Be 30wr trowthe ys ther ony of 30w

That eyther wold groche or stryve ther-ageyn? How thyngke 3e now, sorys, ther-by?

¹ MS. erthe; corr. by A.

² A. B. have hath schowyd after story; corr. by H.

⁸ A. B. to smygth of 30wr chyldes hed; corr by H.

I trow ther be iij or iiij or moo.

And thys women that wepe so sorowfully
Whan that hyr chyldryn dey them froo,
As nater woll and kynd,—
Yt ys but folly, I may well awooe,
To groche a-zens God or to greve zow,
For ze schall neuer se hym myschevyd, wyll I know,
Be lond nor watyr, haue thys in mynd;

455

And groche not a-zens owr Lord God
In welth or woo, wether that he zow send,
Thow ze be neuer so hard be-stad;
For when he wyll, he may yt a-mend,
Hys comawmentes trevly 2 yf ze kepe with goo[d] hart,
As thys story hath now schowyd zow be-for[n]e,4
And feytheffully serve hym qwyll ze be qvart,
That ze may plece God bothe euyn and morne.
Now Jesu, that weryt the crown of thorne,
Bryng vs all to heuyn blysse!
Finis.

¹ woll twice in MS.

⁸ So A. B.

² B. treuly.

⁴ Corr. by H.

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The fragmentary condition of the first piece, Isaac, is due to the loss of two leaves of the MS. at this place.

[ISAAC.]

21:26-[ISAAC.] Com nere, son, and kys me,

That I may feyle the smell of the.

The smell of my son is lyke

To a feld with flouris, or hony bike.

Where art thou, Esaw, my son?

IACOB. Here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

ISAAC. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,

God of heuen & I gif the:

God gif the plente grete

Of wyne, of oyll, and of whete;

And graunt thi childre all.

To worship the, both grete and small;

Who-so the blyssys, blyssed be he;

Who-so the waris, wared be he.

Now has thou my grete blyssyng,

Loue the shall all thyne ofspryng;

Go now wheder thou has to go.

IACOB. Graunt mercy, sir, I will do so.

Recedet Iacob. [Esau advances.]

Haue ete, fader, of myn huntyng, And gif me sythen your blyssyng.

20

IO

ISAAC. Who is that?

Esaw. · I, youre son,

Esaw, bryngis you venyson.

ISAAC. Who was that was right now here

And broght me bruet of a dere?

I ete well, and blyssyd hym;

And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.

Esaw. Alas! I may grete and sob.

ISAAC. Thou art begylyd thrugh Iacob

That is thyne awne german brother.

Esaw. Haue ye kepyd me none other

Blyssyng then ye set hym one?

ISAAC. Sich another haue I none;

Bot God gif the to thyn handband

The dew of heuen & frute of land;

Other then this can I not say.

Esaw. Now, alas and walo-way!

May I with that tratoure mete,

My faders dayes shall com with grete,

And my moders also;

May I hym mete, I shall hym slo.

[Esau retires. Rebecca advances.]

REBECCA. Isaac, it were my deth
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of Heth;
I will send hym to Aran,
There my brothere dwellys, Laban;
And there may he serue in peasse
Till his brothers wrath will seasse.
Why shuld I apon a day
Loyse both my sonnes? better nay.
ISAAC. Thou says soth, wife; call hym heder,
And let vs tell hym where & wheder
That he may fle Esaw,
That vs both hetis bale to brew.

¹ E. E. T. S. brother's.

30

40

REBECCA. Iacob, son! thi fader & I Wold speke with the; com, stand vs by!

[Jacob advances.]

Out of contry must thou fle,
That Esaw slo not the.
IACOB. Whederward shuld I go, dame?
REBECCA. To Mesopotameam;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
That dwellys besyde Iordan streme;
And ther may thou with hym won,
To Esaw, myne other son,
fforget, and all his wrath be dede.
IACOB. I will go, fader, at youre rede.
ISAAC. Yei, son, do as thi moder says;
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

Et osculatur.

IACOB. Haue good day, sir and dame!
ISAAC. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame!
REBECCA. And gif the grace good man to be,
And send me glad tythingis to 1 the.

79

60

Explicit Isaac.

II.

[JACOB.]²

IACOB. Help me, Lord, Adonay,
And hald me in the right way
To Mesopotameam!
ffor I cam neuer or now where I am;
I cam neuer here in this contre.
Lord of heuen, thou help me!
ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,
Sore bonys & warkand feete.

¹ Qy.: fro.

² E. E. T. S. Sequitur Iacob.

⁸ Qy.: change now where to where now for metre.

The son is downe, what is best?
Her purpose I all nyght to rest;
Vnder my hede this ston shal ly;
A nyghtis rest take will I.

Jus Spuch. 10

[He sleeps. God appears and speaks.]

DEUS. Iacob, Iacob, thi God I am, Of thi forfader Abraham, And of thi fader Isaac. I shall the blys for thare sake. This land that thou slepys in I shall the gif, and thi kyn; I shall thi seede multyply, As thyk as powder on erth may ly; The kynd of the shall sprede wide, ffrom eest to west on euery syde, ffrom the south vnto the north, -All that I say, I shall forth, — And all the folkis of thyne ofspryng, Shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng. Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede! I shall the clethe, I shall the fede; Whartfull shall I make thi gate; I shal the help erly and late; And all in qwart shall I bryng the Home agane to thi countre. I shall not fayll, be thou bold, Bot I shall do as I haue told.

30

20

Hic vigilet.

IACOB. A! Lord, what may this mene? What haue I herd in slepe, and sene? That God leynyd hym to a stegh And spake to me, it is no leghe! And now is here none othere gate Bot Godis howse and heuens yate.

Lord, how dredfull is this stede! Ther I layde downe my hede, In Godis lovyng I rayse this stone, And oyll will I putt theron. Lord of heuen, that all wote, Here to the I make a hote: If thou gif me mete and foode, And close to body, as I behoued, And bryng me home to kyth and kyn By the way that I walk in, Without skathe and in quarte, I promyse to the with stedfast hart, As thou art Lord and God myne And I Iacob, thi trew hyne, This stone I rayse in sygne to-day Shall I hold holy kyrk for ay; And of all that newes me Rightwys tend shall I gif the.

[An interval of about twenty years.]

Hic egrediatur Iacob de Aran in terram nativitafis sue.

[IACOB.] A! my Fader, God of heuen,
That saide to me thrugh thi steven,
When I in Aran was dwelland,
That I shuld turne agane to land
Ther I was both fed and borne,
Warnyd thou me, Lord, beforne,
As I went toward Aran
With my staff, and passyd Iordan;
And now I com agane to kyth
With two ostes of men me with.
Thou hete me, Lord, to do well with me,
To multyplye my seede as sand of see;
Thou saue me, Lord, thrugh vertew,
ffrom veniance of Esaw,

1 Qy.: omit Lord.

50

70

That he slo not, for old greme, These moders with there barne-teme.

RACHELL. Oure anguysh, sir, is many-fold,

Syn that oure messyngere vs told

That Esaw wold you slo,

With foure hundreth men and mo.

IACOB. ffor soth, Rachell, I have hym sent

Of many beestis sere present.

May tyde he will oure giftis take,

And right so shall his wrath slake.

Where ar oure thyngis, ar thay past Iordan?

Lya. Go and look, sir, as ye can.

ar R's speech but as reportion, musicules

80

not in Bible-Hic scrutetur superlectile, et luctetur angelus cum eo.

The day spryngis; now lett me go.

IACOB. Nay, nay, I will not so

Bot thou blys me or thou gang;

If I may, I shall hold the lang.

In tokynyng that thou spekis with me DEUS.

I shall toche now thi thee,

That halt shall thou euermore,

Bot thou shall fele no sore.

What is thy name, thou me tell?

IACOB. Iacob.

DEUS. Nay, bot Israell.

Syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,

To men of erth thou must be stythe.

IACOB. What is thy name?

Whi askis thou it? Deus.

'Wonderfull,' if thou wil wyt.

IACOB. A, blys me, Lord!

I shall the blys, DEUS.

And be to the full propyce,

And gyf the my blyssyng for ay;

As lord and he that all may,

I shall 1 grayth thi gate,

1 Qy.: insert goodly.

90

And full well ordeyn thi state.

When thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal full well saynyd be.
And look thou trow well my sayes;
And farewell now, the day dayes.

IACOB. Now haue I a new name, Israell;
This place shall [hight] Fanuell,
ffor I haue seyn in this place
God of heuen face to face.

RACHELL. Iacob, lo! we haue tythand
That Esaw is here at hand.

Hic dividit turmas in tres partes.

IACOB. Rachell, stand thou in the last eschele,

ffor I wold thou were sauyd wele;

Call Ioseph and Beniamin,

And let theym not fro the twyn.

If it be so that Esaw

Vs before all to-hew,

Ye that ar here the last

Ye may be sauyd if ye fle fast.

as Species of the services 120

Et vadat Iacob osculand[o] Esaw; venit Iacob, flectit genua exorando Deum; et leuando, occurrit illi Esaw in amplexibus.

IACOB. I pray the, Lord, as thou me het, Thou 2 saue me and my gete.
ESAW. Welcom, brother, to kyn and kyth, Thi wife and childre that comes the with.
How has thou faren in far land?
Tell me now som good tythand.
IACOB. Well, my brother Esaw,
If that thi men no bale me brew.

130

IIO

Dicit seruis suis.

Esaw. Wemo! felows, hold youre hend, Ye se that I and he ar frend,

1 Supplied by E. E. T. S.

² MS. that.

And frenship here will we fulfill,

Syn that it is Godis will.

IACOB. God yeld you, brothere, that it so is
That thou thi hyne so wold kys.

ESAW. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,
I shall the tell all anothere:
Thou art my lord thrugh destyny.

Go we togeder, both thou and I,
To my fader and his wife,
That lofys the, brother, as thare lyfe.

140

Explicit Iacob.

CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

Reprinted from "The Chester Plays. Reëdited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling, Part I, E. E. T. S., 1892." I have printed only MS. Harl. 2124, because, although written in 1607, it represents, I believe, a more primitive form of this play than the other MSS. The Duke of Devonshire's MS. (written by Edward Gregorie, 1591) was not collated by Deimling; consequently I do not know which version of our play it presents, but Pollard's partial collation seems to indicate that it would agree with the others. Only occasionally have I recorded the readings of the other MSS. For convenience I have used Deimling's symbols; thus, H.= Harl. 2124 (partly written by James Miller, 1607), B.= Bodley 175 (written by Wm. Bedford, 1604), W.= Brit. Mus., Addit. 10,305 (written by George Bellin, 1592), h.= Harl. 2013 (written by George Bellin, 1600). D. indicates Deimling's text, which agrees with H., unless otherwise specified. I have made no changes without notification, except in punctuation, capitals, and mode of indicating stanza-structure.

Pagina Quinta de Mose et Rege Balaak et Balaam Propheta. The Cappers.

DEUS. Moyses, my servaunte life and dere,
And all the people that be here,
You wott in Egipte when you were,
Out of thralldome I you broughte.
I wyll, you honour no God saue me,
Ne mawmentrye none make yee,
My name in vayne nym¹ not yee,

For that me lykes naughte.

I will, you hold your holy daye,
And worshipp also, by all waye,
Father and mother all that you maye,
And slaye no man no-where.

¹ H. myn; B. W. h. nam.

Fornication you shall flee;
No mens goods steale yee;
Ne in no place abyde ne bee
Falce wytnes for to beare.

16

Your neigheboures 1 wyves covettes noughte,
Servant ne good that he hath boughte,
Oxe ne asse, in deede ne thoughte,
Nor any-thinge that is his,
Ne wrongefullie to haue his thinge
Agayne his will and his lykinge.
In all these doe my byddinge,
That you doe not amisse.

24

Tunc princeps Sinagogæ statuet eum in loco et quasi pro populo loquatur ad Dominum et Moysen.

Princeps Sinagogæ. Ah! good Lord, much of mighte,
Thou comes with so great lighte!
We bene so afraide of this sighte,
No man dare speake ne see;
God is so grym with us to deale,
But Moyses, master, with us thou mele,—
Els we dyen many and feele,
So afrayde bene all wee.

32

Tunc Moyses stans super montem loquatur ad populum.

Moyses. Gods folke, drede you noughte;
To prove you with, God hath this wrought,
To make you afrayd in deede and thoughte,
Aye for to avoyde synne.
By this sight you may now see
That he is pereles of postye;
Therfore his teachinge look done yee,
Thereof that you not blyn.

¹ D. neightboures.

² H. eu; D. prints eum, but suggests eo; Zupitza suggested se.

⁸ MS. looke; corr. by D.

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah! highe Lord, God almighte, That Moyses shynes wondrous bright! T I may no way for great lighte Now looke upon hym. And horned he semes in our sighte! Exodus, 34. 29. Sith he came to the hyll, dight Our lawe he hase, I hope, aright, For was he never so grym. 48 Moyses. You, Gods folke of Israell, Hearkens to me that loven heale; anall saye.

In dayes boldelye worches all,

The seaventh Sabaoth you shall call;

That daye for ought that may befall

Hallowed shalbe aye.

That doth not the In her God bade you sholde doe, everye deale, 56 That doth not this deede deade shall be. First fruytes to God offer yee, For so hym-selfe bade. Gould and silver offers also, Purple, bisse, and other moe, To hym that shall save you from woe And helpe you in your neede. 64 Lordinges, this comaundment EXPOSITOR. Was of the Old Testamente, And yet is used with good entent With all that good bene. This storye all if we shold fong, To playe this moneth it were to longe;

72

Also we read in this storie, God in the Mownt of Synai

Wherfore most frutefull there amonge

We taken, as shall be sene.

Toke Moises these comaundmentis verelye,
Wrytten with his owne hande
In tables of ston, as reade I;
But when men honoured mawmentry,
He brake them in anger hastelye,
For that he wold not wonde.

80

But afterward sone, leeve ye me,
Other tables of stone made he,
In which God bade wrytten shold be
His wordes that were before,
The which tables shryned were
After as God can Moyses leare;
And that shryne to them was deare
Thereafter evermore.

88

Tunc Moyses descendet de monte, et ex altera parte montis dicet rex Balaac equitando.

BALAACK REX. I, Balaack, king of Moab land,
All Israell and I had in 1 hand,
I am so wroth, I wold not wond
To slaye them, ech wighte;
For their God helpes them stiflye
Of other landes to haue mastrye,
That it is bootles, witterlie,
Against them for to fighte.

96

What nation soever dose them noye,
Moyses prayes anone in hye,
Therefore haue they sone the victorie
And other men 2 haue the worse,
Therfore how will I wroken be,
I am bethought, as mot I the!
Balaam I will shall come to me
That people for to curse,

¹ D. I had it in my; B. W. h. and I hand in.

² D. has they after men.

For sworde ne knife may not avayle

These ilke shroes for to assaile;

That foundes to fight he shall faile,

For sicker is hym no boote.

All nations they doe any,

And my-selfe they can destroie,

As ox that gnawes biselie

The grasse right to the roote.

[Cast up.]1

[Fluryske.]1

112

Who-so Balaam blesses, i-wis,2

Blessed sickerlie that man is;

Who-so he curses, fareth amisse:

Such loos over all hase he.

Therfore goe fetch hym, bachler,

That he may curse the people here;

For, sicker, on them in no manner

Mon we not wroken be.

Numbers, 22. 6.

I 20

MILES. Syr, on your errand I will gone;

Yt shall be well done, and that anone,

For he shall wreak you on your fone,

The people of Israell.

BALAACK. Yea, looke thou het hym gold gret wone,

And riches for to lyve upon,

To destroy them if he can,

The freakes that be so fell.

128

Tunc ibit ad Balaam.

MILES. Balaam, my lorde greetes well thee

And prayes the right sone at hym to be,

To curse the people of Iudy,

That do hym great anoye.

BALAAM. Forsooth, I tell the, bacheler,

That I may have no power

But if Gods will were;

That shall I witt in hye.

¹ Not in H.; supplied from the other MSS.

² D. I wis.

¹ [Tunc ibit Balaam ad consulendum Dominum in oratione, et sedens ² dicat Deus.

Balaam prayeth to God one his knees.]

DEUS (in supremo loco). Balaam, I comaund the, King Balaak his bydding that thou flee;
That people that is blessed of me
Curse thou not by no waye.
BALAAM. Lord, I must doe thy byddinge,
Thoughe it be to me unlykeing;
For, truly, much wynninge

144

DEUS. Thoughe the folke be my foe,
Thou shalt haue leaue thydder to goe,
But looke that thou doe right soe
As I haue thee taughte.
BALAAM. Lord, it shall be done in height,
This asse shall beare me aright.
Goe we together anone, sir knight,
For now leave I haue coughte.

I might have had to-daye.

152

Tunc equitabunt versus regem, et eundo dicat Balaam:

Now, by the law I leve upon,
Sith I haue leaue for to gone,
They shalbe cursed every one,
And I ought wyn maye.
If Balaak hold that he has heighte
Gods hest I set at light;
Warryed they shalbe this night
Or that I wend awaye.

160

Tunc angelus obuiabit Balaam cum gladio extracto in manu, et stabit asina.

Goe forth, Burnell, goe forth, goe! What the dyvell! my asse will not goe; Served she me never soe.

¹ Not in H.; supplied from the other MSS.

² B. scedens; W. sedentes; h. omits.

What sorrow so her dose nye?
Rise up, Burnell! make thee bowne,
And helpe to beare me out the towne;
Or, as brok I my crowne,
Thou shalt full sore abye!

168

Tunc percutiet asinam, et loquetur aliquis in asina.

ASINA. Maister, thou dost evell, witterly,
So good an ass as me to nye,
Now hast thou beaten me thry
That beare thee thus aboute.

BALAAM. Burnell, whye begiles thou me,
When I haue most nede to the?

ASINA. That sight that I before me see
Makes me downe to lowte.

176

Am I not, master, thyne owne ass,
That ever before ready was
To beare the whether thou woldest pas?
To smyte me now yt is shame.
Thou wottest well, master, pardy,
Thou haddest never ass like to me,
Ne never yet thus served I thee;
Now I am not to blame.

184

Tunc Balaam videns angelum evaginatum gladium habentem, adorans dicat:

BALAAM. Ah! Lord, to thee I make avowe,¹
I had no sight of thee erre now;
Lyttle wist I it was thou
That feared my asse soe.
ANGELUS. Why hast thou beaten thy asse thry?
Now I am comen thee to nye,
That changes thy purpose falcelye,
And woldest be my foe.

And the ass had not downe gone,

I wold haue slayne the here anone.

BALAAM. Lord, haue pittye me upon,

For sinned I haue sore!

Is it thy will that I forth goe?

ANGELUS. Yea; but looke thou doe this folk no woe

Otherwise then God bade thee tho

And saide to thee before.

200

Tunc Balaam et miles ibunt, Balaack venit in obuiam.

BALAACK. Ah! welcome, Balaam, my frend!

For all myne anguish thou shalt end,

If that thy will be to wend,

And wreake me of my foe.

BALAAM. Nought may I speake, so haue I win,

But as God puttes me in,

To forby all and my kin;

Therfore, sure, me is woe.

208

BALAACK. Come forth, Balaam, come with me!

For on this hill, so mot I thee,

The folke of Israell thou shalt see;

And curse them, I thee praye.

Thou shalt haue riches, golde and fee,

And I shall aduance thy dignytye,

To curse men, —cursed they may be

That thou shalt see to-day.

216

Tunc adducens secum Balaam in montem et ad australem partem respiciens dicat ut sequitur.1

BALAAM. How may I curse them in this place,

The people that God blessed hase?

In them is both might and grace,

And that is alwayes seene.

1 This stage direction seems to indicate that a speech of Balaac's has dropped out,—perhaps the stanza contained in the other version:

Lo! Balaam, thou seest here Godis people all in feare,

Wytnes I may none beare
Against God that thus 1 can were
His people that no man may deare
Ne troble with no teene.

224

I saye these folkes shall haue their will,
That no nation shall them gryll;
The goodnes that they shall fulfill
Nombred may not be;
Their God shall them kepe and save.
No other repreve shall they non 2 have;
But such death as they shall haue
I praye God send me.

232

BALAACK. What the devill 8 eyles the, poplart? Thy speach is not worth a fart,
Doted I wot well thou art,
For woodlie thou has wrougt.
I bade thee curse them, every one,
And thou blest them, blood and bone;
To this north syde thou shalt anon,
For here thy deed is nought.

240

Tunc adducet eum ad borealem partem.

BALAAM. Herken, Balaack, what I say; God may not gibb by no waye, That he saith, is veray, For he may not lye.

Cittie, castell, and river;

Looke now how likes thie.

Curse them now at my prayer,

As thou wilte be to me full dere

And in my realme most of power

And greatest under me.

_ Tunc Balaam versus austrum: dicat Balaham:

¹ D. this. ² So B. W. h.; H. has may I not. ⁸ D. devilles.

To bless his folk he me sent; Therfore I saie, as I am kent:

That in this land, verament,

Is used no mawmentry;

Numbers, 23. 19. 248

To Iacobs blood and Israell God shall send ioy and heale; And as a lyon in his weale

Christ shalbe haunsed hye,

And rise also in noble araye

As a prynce to wyn great paye,

Overcome his enemyes, as I say,

And them boundly bye.

Numbers, 24. 9.

BALAACK. What the devill is this? Thou cursest them naught, Nor blessest them nether, as me thought.

BALAAM. Syr kinge, this I thee beheight

Or that I come here.

BALAACK. Yet shalt thou to an-other place,

Ther Gods power for to embrace.

The dyvell geve the hard grace

But thou doe my prayer!

264

256

Ad occidentalem partem.

BALAAM. Ah! Lord, that here is fayre wonning,

Halls, chambers of great lyking,

Valleyes, woodes, grass springing,

Fayre yerdes 1 and eke river!

Numbers, 24. 5, 6.

I wot well God made all this

His folk to lyue in ioye and blisse.

That warryeth them, warried is;

That blesseth 2 them, to God is deare.

272

BALAACK. Popelard! thou preachest as a pie;

The deuil of hell thee destroy!

I bade thee curse myne enemye;

Therfore thou came me to.

¹ D. yordes.

² D. blessest.

Now hast thou blessed them here thry, For thou meanes me to nye.

BALAAM. So tould I the before twye,

I might none other doe.

280

BALAACK. Out! alas! what dyvell ayles thee?

I have het thee gold and fee

To speake but wordes two or three,

And thou makes much distance.

Yet once I will assay thee,

If any boote of bale will be;

And if thou falcely now faile me,

Mahound geue thee mischance!

288

Tunc Balaam ad cælum respiciens prophetando:

BALAAM. Orietur Stella ex Iacob, et exurget Homo de Israell, et confringet omnes duces alienigenarum,¹ et erit omnis terra possessio² eius.

Now one thinge I will tell you all,

Numbers, 24. 18.

Hereafter what shall befall:

A starre of Iacob springe shall,

A man of Israell;

He shall overcome and haue in band All kinges, dukes of strang land, And all the world haue in his hand,

As lord to dight and deale.

296

[The other prophets enter, attended by the Expositor.]8

Esayas. I saye a mayden meeke and mylde Shall conceave and beare a childe, Cleane, without workes wilde,

To wyn mankinde to wayle;

¹ D. alieginarum.

² D. professio, but suggests possessio.

⁸ It is, however, possible — even likely — that all were present on the stage from the deginning.

Butter and hony shall be his meate,
That he may all evill forgeat,
Our soules out of hell to get,
And called Emanuell.

Isaiah, 7. 14 ff.

304

Exposition. Lordinges, these wordes are so veray That exposition, in good faye,

None needes, but you know may

This word Emanuell.

Emanuell is as much to saye

As "God with us night and day";

Therfore that name for ever and aye

To his sonne cordes wondrous 1 well.

312

EZECHIELL. ² Vidi portam in domo Domini clausam et dixit angelus ad me, "Porta hæc non aperietur sed clausa erit" et ct. Ezechiel capitulo 2.

I, Ezechiell, sothlie see

Ezekiel, 44. 2.

A gate in Gods house on hye;

Closed it was, no man came nye;

Then told an angell me:

"This gate shall no man open, i-wis,

For God will come and goe by this,

For him-self it reserved is,

None shall come there but hee."

320

EXPOSITOR. By this gate, lords, verament,
I understand in my intent
That way the Holy Ghost in went
When God tooke flesh and bloode
In that sweet mayden Mary.
She was that gate, witterly,
For in her he light graciouslie
Mankind to doe good.

¹ Qy.: omit wondrous.

² In D. this precedes EZECHIELL.

⁸ D. I wis.

IHEREMIA. Deducant 1 oculi mei lacrimas per diem et noctem, et non taceant; contritione magna contrita est virgo filia populi mei et plaga et ct.

My eyes must run and sorrow aye Without ceasing, night and daye,

Ierem. 14. 17.

For my daughter, soth to saye, Shall suffer great anye;

And my folke shall doe, in faye,

Thinges that they ne know may

To that mayden, by many waye,

And her sonne, sickerlie.

336

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophesie, i-wis,2

Touches the Passion nothing amisse,

For the prophet see well this

What shall come, as I reade:

That a childe borne of a maye

Shall suffer death, sooth to saye;

And they that mayden shall afray,

Haue vengeance for that deede.

344

IONAS. Clamaui de tribulacione mea ad Dominum et exaudiuit; de ventre inferi clamavi et exaudisti vocem meam et proiecisti me.

I, Ionas, in full great any

Ion. 2. 2.

To God I prayed inwardlie,

And he me hard through his mercy

And on me did his grace.

In myddes the sea cast was I

For I wrought inobedyentlie,

But in a whalles bellye

Three dayes saved I was.

352

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, what this may signifie Christ expoundes apertelie,

As we reade in the Evangely

That Christ him-self can saie:

¹ D. Deducunt.

² D. I wis.

Right as Ionas was dayes three
In wombe of whall, so shall he be
In earth lyinge, as was he,
And rise the third daye.

360

DAUID. De summo cælo egressio eius, et occursus eius ad sum[m]um eius. Psal.

I, Davyd, saie that God almighte

Psalm, 18. 7.

From the highest heaven to earth will light,

And thidder againe with full might,

Both God and man in feare;

And after come to deeme the righte.

May no man shape them¹ of his sight

Ne deeme 2 that to mankind is dighte,

But all then must apeare.

368

EXPOSITOR. Lordes, this speach is so veray

That to expound it to your pay,

It needes nothing in good faye,

This speach is so expresse.

Each man by it knowe may

That of the Ascention, soth to saie,

David prophesied in his daye,

As yt rehearsed was.

376

IOELL. Effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem, et prophetabunt filij vestri.

I, Ioell, saie this sickerlye:

Ioel, 2. 28.

That my Ghost send will I

Upon mankinde merciably

From heaven, sitting in see;

Then shold [y]our childre prophesie,

Ould men meet swevens,8 wytterly,

Yong se sightes that therby

Many wise shall be.

384

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophet speakes here In Gods person, as it were,

¹ Kittredge suggests scape then. ² Qy.: doome. ⁸ H. sweens; corr. by D.

And prophesies that he will apeare
Ghostlie to mankinde.
This signes non other, in good faye,
But of his deede on Whitson-day,

Sending his Ghost, that we ever may On hym haue sadlie mynd.

392

Mich. 5. 2; Matth. 2. 6.

MICHEAS. ¹ Tu, Bethlem, terra Iuda, nequaquam minima es in principibus Iuda; ex te enim exiet Dux qui reget populum meum Israell.

I, Micheal, through my mynde Will saye that man shall sothlie finde That a childe of kinges kinde

In Bethlem shall be borne,

That shall be duke to dight and deale,
And rule the folke of Israell,

Also wyn againe mankindes heale,

That through Adam was lorne.

400

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, two thinges apertlie
You may see in this prophesie:
The place certifies thee sothlie
Where Christ borne will be;
And after his ending, sickerlie,
Of his deedes of great mercy,
That he shold sit soveraynly

408

Moe prophetis, lordinges, we might play, But yt wold tary much the daye; Therfore six, so he to say, Are played in this place.

Are played in this place.

Twoo speakes of his Incarnation,
Another of Christe[s] Passion,
The fourth of the Resurrection.

In heauen, thereas is he.

¹ H. seems to have In; corr. by D.

²D. points out that a line is missing in MS.

The fifte speakes expressie

How he from the highest heavenlye
Light into earth us to forby,

And after thydder steigh

With oure kinde to heaven-blisse.

More loue might he not shew, i-wis,¹

But right there-as hym-selfe is

He haunshed our kinde on high.

424

The sixt shewes, you may see,
His Goste to man send will he,
More stidfast that they shalbe
To loue God evermore.
Thus that beleve 2 that leven we
Of Gods deedes that had pittye
One man, when that he made them free,
Is prophesied here before.

432

BALAACK. Goe we forth! it is no boote
Longer with this man to moote;
For God of Iewes is crop and roote,
And lord of heaven and hell.
Now see I well no man on lyue
Gaynes with him for to stryve;
Therefore here, as mot I thryue,
I will no longer dwell.

440

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, much more matter
Is in this story then you see here;
But the substance, without were,
Is played you beforne.
And by these prophesies, leav you me,
Three kinges, as you shall played see,
Presented at his Nativitye
Christ, when he was borne.

448

Finis paginæ quintæ.

¹ D. I wis.

² D. beleven.

HEGGE PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii; see p. 31, above. H. denotes the readings of Halliwell's edition. P. denotes the readings of Pollard, who printed the first 139 lines in "English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes, ed. A. W. Pollard, Oxford, 1890 (2d ed. 1895)." K. denotes the readings of Kölbing, Englische Studien, XXI, 166. The few unnoted variants are confined, I think, to cases in which my copyist did not regard the curl or stroke as sufficient to indicate final -c.

[THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.]

CONTEMPLACIO. ffowre thowsand sex vndryd foure 3ere, I telle,

Man ffor his offens and ffowle foly

Hath leyn 2 yeres in the peynes of helle,

And were wurthy to ly therin endlesly;

But thanne xulde perysche 30ur grete mercye.8

Good Lord, haue on man pyte,

Haue mende of the prayour seyd by Ysaie:

Lete mercy meke thin hyest mageste.

Wolde God thou woldyst breke thin hefne myghtye,

And com down here in-to erth

And levyn zeres thre and threttye,

Thyn famyt ffolke with thi fode 4 to fede.

To staunche their 5 thryste lete thi syde blede;

ffor erste 6 wole not be mad redempcion.

Cum vesyte 7 vs in this tyme of nede; Of thi careful creatures, Lord, haue compassyon.8

1 K. omits zere.

² MS. loyn.

8 H. mercy.

4 H. ffode.

5 MS. thi.

⁶ H. P. erst.

⁷ H. vysite; P. vesite.

8 A curl over on.

8

A! woo to vs wrecchis that wrecchis be, ffor God hath addyd ssorwe 2 to sorwe. I prey the, Lord, thi sowlys a com se, How thei ly and sobbe bothe eue and morwe.4 With thi blyssyd blood from balys 5 hem borwe, Thy careful creaturys cryenge in captyvyte; A! tary not, gracyous Lord, tyl it be to-morwe! The devyl hath dysceyved hem be his iniquite. 24 "A!" quod Ieremye, "who xal gyff wellys to myn eynes That I may wepe bothe day and nyght To se oure bretheryn in so longe peynes?" Here myschevys a-mende may thi meche myght. As grett as the se, Lord, was Adamys contryssyon ryght. ffrom oure hed is falle 6 the crowne; Man is comeryd in synne; I crye to thi syght, Gracyous Lord! gracyous Lord! gracyous Lord, come downe! 32 VIRTUTES. Lord, plesyth 7 it thine hy3 domynacion On man, that thou made, to have pyte! Patryarchys and prophetys han mad supplycacion; Oure offyse is to presente here prayeres to the. Aungelys, archaungelys, we thre That ben in the fyrst ierarchie, ffor man to thin hy mageste "Mercy! mercy!" we crye. . 40 The aungel, Lord, thou made so gloryous, Whos synne hath mad hym a devyl in helle, He mevyd man to be so contraryous. Man repentyd; and he in his obstynacye doth dwelle. Hese grett males, good Lord, repelle, And take man on-to thi grace; Lete thi mercy make hym with aungelys dwelle, **48** Of Locyfere to restore the place. 8 P. sowles. ² H. ssorowe. ¹ K. strikes out wrecchis. 4 H. P. morewe; both eue & morwe is written in another hand over the ⁵ MS. babys; corr. by H. cancelled words: ffor syknes & sorwe.

7 K. plese.

6 H. P. ffalle.

PATER.	Propter miseriam inopum
	Et gemitum pauperum
	Nunc exurgam.1

ffor the wretchydnes of the nedy
And the porys lamentacion

Now xal I ryse that am almyghty.

Tyme is come of reconsyliacion;

My prophetys with prayers have made supplicacion, My contryte creaturys crye alle for comforte,

All myn aungellys in hefne, with-owte cessacion, They crye that grace to man myght exorte.

59

VERITAS. Lord, I am thi dowtere, Trewth,

Thou wylt 2 se I be not lore;

Thyn vnkynde creatures to save were rewthe;

The offens of man hath grevyd the sore.

Whan Adam had synnyd, thou seydest yore

That he xulde deye and go to helle;

And now to blysse hym to restore—

Twey contraryes mow not to-gedyr dwelle.

67

Thi 8 Trewthe, Lord, xal leste with-owtyn ende;

I may in no wyse ffro the go.

That wretche 4 that was to the so vnkende,

He may not haue to moche 5 wo.

He dyspysyd the and plesyd thi ffo.

Thou art his creatour and he is thi creature;

Thou hast lovyd Trewthe, it is seyd, evyr-mo;

Ther-fore in peynes lete hym evyr-more endure.

75.

MISERICORDIA. O ffadyr of Mercy, and God of Comforte, That counselle 6 us in eche trybulacion,

Lete 30ur dowtere, Mercy, to 30w resorte;

And on man, that is myschevyd, haue compassyon.

¹ MS. exergam; corr. by H.

⁴ H. P. wrecche.

² H. P. wilt.

⁵ H. P. meche.

⁸ H. P. Thy.

⁸ K. emends to counsellest.

Hym grevyth fful gretly his transgressyon;	
Alle hefne and erthe crye ffor Mercy;	
Me semyth ther xuld be non excepcion,	
Ther prayers ben offeryd so specyally.	83
Trewthe 1 sseyth she hath evyr be, than.	
I graunt it wel; she hath be so.	
And thou seyst endlesly that Mercy thou hast kept ffor man; Than, mercyabyl Lorde, kepe us bothe to!	
Thu seyst, Veritas mea et Misericordia mea cum ipso;	
Suffyr not this sowlys than in sorwe to slepe;	
That helle hownde that hatyth the — byddyth 2 hym ho!	
Thi love, man, no lengere lete hym kepe.	91
IUSTICIA. Mercy, me merveylyth 8 what 30w movyth!	
3e know wel I am 30ur systere, Ryght-wysnes.	
God is ryghtful 4 and ryghtffulnes lovyth;	
Man offendyd hym that is endles;	
Therfore his endles punchement may nevyr sees.	
Also he forsoke his Makere that made hym of clay,	
And the devyl to his mayster he ches.	
Xulde he be savyd? Nay, nay!	99
As wyse as is God he wolde a be;	
This was the abhomynabyl presumpcion.	
It is seyd—3e know wel this of me—	
That the Ryghtwysnes of God hath no diffynicion;	
Therffore lette 5 this be oure conclusyone:	
He that sore synnyd, ly stylle in 6 sorwe.	
He may nevyr make a seyth be 7 resone;	
Whoo myght thanne thens hym borwe?	107
MISERICORDIA. Systyr Ryghtwysnes, 3e are to vengeable.	
Endles synne God endles may restore;	
Above alle hese werkys God is mercyabyl.	

¹ MS. Threwthe.

⁵ H. P. late.

² K. emends to bydde.

⁶ A stroke over n.

⁸ H. mervelyth.

⁷ H. proposes subtyl for seyth be.

⁴ H. P. ryghtfful.

Thow he for-sook God be syn	ne, be feyth he for-sook	-
hym never the more;	•	
And thow he presumyd nevyr	so sore,	
3e must consyder the frelnes of ma	inkende.	
Lerne, and 3e lyst, — this is	Goddys lore, —	
The Mercy of God is with-owtyn e		115
Pax. ² To spare 30ur speches, sys	steres, it syt;	
It is not onest, in Vertuys to 1	ben dyscencion.	
The Pes of God ovyr-comyth alle	wytt. ्	
Thow 8 Trewth and Ryght seg	y grett resone,	
3ett Mercy seyth best to my p	oleson;	
ffor yf mannys sowle xulde abyde i	in helle,	
Be-twen God and man evyr x	ulde be dyvysyon,	
And than myght not I, Pes, dwelle.		
There-fore me semyth best, 3e thus	acorde,	
Than hefne and erthe 3e xul		
Putt bothe 30ur sentens in oure Lo		
And in his hy3 wysdam lete h		
This is most syttynge,4 me xu	<u> </u>	
And lete se how we ffowre may all		
That mannys sowle it 5 xulde	•	
Or that ony of vs ffro othere xulde	_ •	131
VERITAS. In trowthe, here-to I co	onsente; 6	
I wole prey oure Lorde it may		
IUSTICIA. I, Rygtwysnes,7 am we		
ffor in hym is very equyte.	·	
MISERICORDIA. And I, Me	ercy, ffro this counsel wole	е
not fle,		
Tyl Wysdam hath seyd I xal ses.		
PAX. Here is God now; her	e is Vnyte;	
Hefne and erth is plesyd with Pes	•	139
	[They appear before the Son	
¹ H. P. Lerne; MS. Lorne.	4 H. fyttynge.	
² A stroke over AX.	⁵ K. strikes out it.	
8 H. Thou.	(da) concenta	
⁶ Qy.: I, Trowthe, herevnto I (or ⁷ H. P. Ryghtwysnes.	do) consente.	j

FFILIUS. I thynke the thoughtys of Pes, and nowth of Wykkydnes!

This I deme to ses 30ur contraversy: —

If Adam had not deyd, peryschyd had Ryghtwysnes,

And also Trewthe had be lost ther-by, -

Trewth and Ryght wolde chastyse ffoly;

3iff a-nother deth come not, Mercy xulde perysche;

Than Pes were exyled ffynaly:1

So tweyn dethis must be, 30w fowre to cherysche.

147

But he that xal deye, 3e must knawe

That in hym may ben non iniquyte,

That helle may holde hym be no lawe,

But that he may pas at hese lyberte.

Qwere swyche on is, provyde 2 and se,

And hese deth for mannys deth xal be redempcion;

Alle hefne and erth seke now 3e.

Plesyth it 30w this connclusyon?

155

[They seek; and, returning, say:]

VERITAS. I, Trowthe, haue sowte the erthe with-owt and with-inne.

And in sothe ther kan non be founde

That is of o day byrth with-owte synne,

Nor to that deth wole be bounde.

MISERICORDIA. I, Mercy, haue ronne the hevynly regyon rownde,

And ther is non of that charyte

That ffor man wole suffre a deddly wounde;

I can nott wete how this xal be.

163

IUSTICIA. Sure 8 I can fynde non sufficyent, ffor servauntys vnprofytable we be eche on; Hese 4 love nedyth to be ful ardent

That for man to helle wolde gon.

¹ H. ffynyaly.

⁸ In MS. this looks like Oure.

² MS. H. his prevyde. ⁴ MS. He; H. Hes.

PAX. That God may do, is non but on;

Therfore — this is be hys avyse —

He that 3aff this counselle, lete hym 3eve the comforte alon,

ffor the conclusyon in hym of alle these lyse.

171

inesting 4.7

That is to seyn, peyne I must suffre sore.2

A counsel of the Trinite must be had,

Whiche of vs xal man restore.

PATER. In 30ur wysdam, son, man was mad thore,

And in wysdam was his temptacion;

Therfor, sone, sapyens 3e must ordeyn here-fore,

And se how of man may be salvacion.8

179

FILIUS. ffadyr, he that xal do this must be both God and man.

Lete me se how I may were that wede;

And sythe in my wysdam he be-gan,

I am redy to do this dede.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS. I, the Holy Gost, of 30w tweyn do procede;

This charge I wole take on me;

I, Love, to 30ur lover xal 30w lede:

This is the assent of oure Vnyte.

· 187

MISERICORDIA. Now is the loveday mad of us fowre fynialy;

Now may we leve in pes, as we were wonte;

Misericordia et Veritas obviauerunt sibi,

Iusticia et Pax osculate 4 sunt.

191

Et hic osculabunt pariter omnes.

PATER. ffrom vs, God, aungel Gabryel, thou xalt be sende
Into the countre of Galyle, —

The name of the cyte Nazareth is kende, —

¹ H. mad.

⁸ H. salvation.

² MS. fore; corr. by H.

⁴ H. osculatæ.

To a mayd; weddyd to a man is she,	
Of whom the name is Ioseph, se,	
Of the hous of Davyd bore.	
The name of the mayd ffre	
Is Mary, that xal al restore.	199
FFILIUS. Say that she is with-owte wo and ful of grace, And that I, the Son of the Godhed, of here xal be bore. Hyze the, thou were there a-pace, Ellys we xal be there the be-ffore, I have so grett hast to be man thore In that mekest and purest virgyne. Sey here, she xal restore Of 30w aungellys the grett ruyne.	207
or you dangery's the great ray not	207
SPIRITUS SANCTUS. And if she aske the how it myth be,	
Telle here, I, the Holy Gost, xal werke al this;	
Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure Vnyte.	
In tokyn, here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is	
Qwyk with childe in here grett age, i-wys.	
Sey here, to vs is no-thynge impossyble.	
Here body xal be so ful-fylt with blys	
That she xal sone thynke this sownde credyble.	215
GABRIEL. In thyn hey inbassett,2 Lord, I xal go,	
It xal be do with a thought;	
Be-holde now, Lord, I go here to,	
I take my fflyth 8 and byde nowth.	219
[Gabriel descends to Mary.]	
Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!	
Heyl, fful of grace, God is with the!	
Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu!	
Here this name Eva is turnyd Ave;	
That is to say, with-owte sorwe ar 3e now.	224
Thow sorwe in 30w hath no place,	
3ett of ioy, lady, 3e nede more;	

² H. inbasset.

¹ H. before.

8 H, flyth.

Therfore I adde and sey "ful of grace,"

ffor so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.

3ett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sore;

Therfore I sey "God is with the,"

Whiche xal kepe 30w endlesly thore.

So amonge alle women blyssyd are 3e.

232

MARIA. A! mercy, God! this is a mervelyous herynge;
In the aungelys wordys I am trobelyd her;
I thynk, 'how may be this gretynge?'
Aungelys dayly to me doth aper,
But not in the lyknes of man; that is my fer;
And also thus hyzly to comendyd be,
And am most vn-wurthy.¹ I can not answere;
Grett shamfastnes and grett dred is in me.

240

256

GABRYEL. Mary, in this take 3e no drede,
ffor at God grace ffownde haue 3e,
3e xal conceyve in 3our wombe, indede,
A childe, the sone of the Trynyte.
His name of 3ow Iesu clepyd xal be;
He xal be grett, the son of the Hyest, clepyd of kende;
And of his ffadyr Davyd the Lord xal 3eve hym the se,
Reynyng in the hous of Iacob, of whiche regne xal be non 2
ende.

248

MARIA. Aungel, I sey to 30w:

In what manere of wyse xal this be?

ffor knowyng of man I haue non now;

I haue evyr-more kept, and xal, my virginyte.

I dowte not the wordys 3e hau[e] 8 seyd to me,

But I aske how 4 it xal be do.

GABRYEL. The Holy Gost xal come fro above to the, And the vertu of hym Hyest xal schadu the so;

¹ H. unwirthy.

⁸ H. han.

² MS. illegible.

⁴ H. says how is omitted in MS.

Therfore that Holy Gost of the xal be bore, He xal be clepyd the Son of God sage.

And se, Elyzabeth, zour cosyn thore, She hath conseyvid a son in hyre age; This is the sexte monyth of here passage, —

Of here that clepyd was bareyn;

No-thynge is impossyble to Goddys vsage.

They thynkyth longe to here what 3e wyl seyn.

264

Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restynge, and Mary be-holdyth kym, and the aungel seythe: Tutui Bilie -

Mary, com of and haste the,

And take hede in thyn entent

How 1 the Holy Gost, — blyssyd he be! —

A-bydyth thin answere and thin assent.

Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyte

The Secunde Persone, verament,

Is mad man by fratirnyte²

With-inne thi-self, in place present.

272

fferther-more, take hede this space

How 1 alle the blyssyd spyrytys of vertu

That are in hefne by-ffore Goddys face,

And alle the gode levers and trew

That are here in this erthely place,

Thyn owyn kynrede — the sothe ho knew, —

And the chosyn sowlys this tyme of grace

That are in helle and byde ther rescu,

280

As Adam, Abraham and Davyd, in-fere, And many othere of good reputacion,

That thin answere desyre to here

And thin assent to the Incarnacion,

In whiche thou standyst as preserver,8

Of alle man-kende savacion.

¹ MS. H. Whow. ² H. fraternyte. ⁸ MS. persevere.

Gyff me myn answere now, lady dere, To alle these creatures comfortacion. 288 With alle mekenes I clyne to this a-corde, Bowynge down my face with alle benyngnyte. Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde; Aftyr thi worde be it don to me! GABRYEL. Gramercy, my lady ffre! Gramercy of 30ur answere on hyght! Gramercy of 30ur grett humylyte! Gramercy, 3e lanterne off 1 lyght! 296 Here the Holy Gost discendit with iij bemys to Our Lady, the Sone of the Godhed next 2 with iij bemys to the Holy Gost, the Fadyr Godly with iij bemys to the Sone; and so entre alle thre to here bosom; and Mary seyth: MARIA. A! now I ffele in my body be Parfyte God and parfyte man, Havyng al 8 schappe of chyldly carnalyte. Evyn al at onys, thus God be-gan; 300 Nott takynge ffyrst o membyr and sythe a-nother, But parfyte childhod 3e haue anon. Of 30ur hand-mayden now 3e haue mad 30ur modyr, With-owte peyne, in fflesche and bon. Thus conceyved nevyr woman non That evyr was beynge in this lyff; O myn hyest ffadyr, in 30ur trone, It is worthy, 30ur Son — now my son — haue a prerogatyff! 308 I can not telle what ioy, what blysse, Now I fele in my body. Aungel Gabryel, I thank 30w for thys; Most mekely recomende me-to my Faderes mercy! To have be the modyr of God fful lytyl wend I. Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se, Now sche hath conseyvid as 3e dede specyfy.

¹ H. of.

Now blyssyd be the hy3 Trynyte!

² MS. nest; H. vest.

8 H. alle.

GABRYEL. ffare-weyl, turtyl, Goddys dowtere dere! ffare-wel, Goddys modyr, I the honowre! ffare-wel, Goddys sustyr and his pleynge fere! ffare-wel Goddys chawmere and his bowre! 320 MARIA. ffare-wel, Gabryel, specyalye! ffare-wel, Goddys masangere expresse! I thank 30w for 30ur traveyl hye; Gramercy of 30ur grett goodnes, 324 And namely of 30ur comfortabyl massage! ffor I vndyrstande, by inspyracion, That 3e knowe by syngulere prevylage Most of my sonys Incarnacion. I pray 30w take it in-to vsage, Be a-custom ocupacion, To vesyte me ofte be mene passage; 30ur presence is my comfortacion. 332 At 30ur wyl, lady, so xal it be. 3e gentyllest of blood and hyest of kynrede That reynyth in erth in ony degre, Be pryncypal incheson of the Godhede, 336 I comende me on-to 30w, thou trone of the Trinyte, O mekest mayde, now the modyr of Iesu; Qwen of hefne, lady of erth, and empres of helle be 3e; Socour to alle synful that wole to 30w sew; Thour 1 30ur body beryth the babe 2 oure blysse xal renew: To 30w, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende,8 And, as I began, I ende, with an "Ave!" new, Enionyd hefne and erth; with that I ascende. 344

Aue, Maria, gratia plena!

Dominus tecum, uirgo serena! 5

Angeli cantando istam sequenciam.

¹ H. Thoro.

² Qy. Thour the babe your body beryth; but Kittredge assumes ellipsis of that after body, which seems better.

⁸ Qy. me comende.

⁴ H. Enjoynd.

⁶ MS. sesena.

Edite Hint in Change

TOWNELEY PLAYS.

For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The notes marked K. are from Kölbing's papers in Englische Studien, XVI, 278 ff. and XXI, 162 ff.

This play is preceded in the MS. by another on the same subject, which was perhaps played in alternation with this. At the end of the first the MS. has "Explicit Vna pagina pastorum," followed by "Incipit Alia eorundem."

[THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY.]

[Enter First Shepherd alone.]

I.1 PASTOR. Lord, what! these weders ar cold!/and I am yll happyd;

I am nere-hande dold, / so long haue I nappyd;
My legys thay fold, / my fyngers ar chappyd;
It is not as I wold, / for I am al lappyd
In sorow,

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest, now in the west.

Wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd-day nor morow!

Bot we sely shepardes 2/ that walkys on the moore, In fayth, we are nere-handys/8 outt of the doore; No wonder, as it standys, / if we be poore, ffor the tylthe of oure landys/lyys falow as the floore, As ye ken.

¹ MS. Primus; similarly below.

² Qy. husbandys; cf. 22.

⁸ K. inserts ay.

We ar so hamyd, ffor-taxed and ramyd, We ar mayde hand-tamyd With thyse gentlery men.

18

Thus thay refe vs oure reste, / Oure Lady theym wary! These men that ar lord-fest / thay cause the ploghe tary. That men say is for the best, / we fynde it contrary; Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte 1 to myscary On lyfe.

Thus hold thay vs hunder, Thus thay bryng vs in blonder; It were greatte wonder And euer shuld we thryfe.

27

² ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes, Wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says! Dar noman hym reprefe, / what mastry he mays; And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says, No letter.

He'can make purveance, With boste and bragance, And all is thrugh mantenance Of men that are gretter.

36

Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po, He must 8 borow my wane, / my ploghe also; Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go. Thus lyf we in payne, / anger, and wo, By nyght and day. He must have if he langyd,

If I shuld forgang it; I were better be hangyd

45

Then oones say hym nay.

¹ E. E. T. S.

² K. wishes to reverse the order of this stanza and the next.

⁸ K. wishes to read will.

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk / in maner of mone.
To my shepe wyll I stalk / and herkyn anone;
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone
ffull soyne.

ffor I trowe, perde,

Trew men if thay be,

We gett more compane

Or it be noyne.

54

[Enter Second Shepherd soliloquizing.]

II. PASTOR. Benste and Dominus!/what may this bemeyne? Why fares this warld thus? / Oft haue we not sene! Lord, thyse weders are spytus / and the weders full kene; And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne, No ly.

Now in dry, now in wete,

Now in snaw, now in slete;

When my shone freys to my fete,

It is not all esy.

63

Bot as far as I ken, / or yit as I go,
We sely wedmen / dre mekyll wo;
We have sorow then and then, / it fallys oft so.
Sely Capyle, oure hen, / both to and fro
She kakyls;
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,²
Wo is hym is of 8 oure cok,
ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

These men that ar wed / haue not all thare wyll; When they ar full hard sted, / thay sygh full styll; God wayte thay ar led / full hard and full yll; In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther-tyll.

¹ Qy. winters for this weders, or windes for the other; cf. 1. 128.

² E. E. T. S.

⁸ Qy. omit is of.

This tyde,
My parte haue I fun,
I know my lesson.
Wo is hym that is bun,
ffor he must abyde.

81

Bot now late in oure lyfys—/ a meruell to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see;
What that destany dryfys, / it shuld so be!—
Som men wyll have two wyfys, / and som men thre,
In store;

Som ar wo that has any;
Bot so far can I,
Wo is hym that has many,
ffor he felys sore.

90

Bot, yong men, of wowyng, 1 / for God that you boght, Be well war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght: "Had I wyst" is a thyng / it seruys of noght.

Mekyll styll mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght, And grefys.

With many a sharp showre;

ffor thou may cach in an owre

That shall [savour] 2 fulle sowre

As long as thou lyffys.

99

ffor, as euer red I pystyll, / I haue oone to my fere,
As sharp as a thystyll, / as rugh as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystyll, / with a sowre-loten chere;
Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, / she couth syng full clere
Hyr pater noster.

She is as greatt as a whall;
She has a galon of gall;
By hym that dyed for vs all,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

108

1 But Kittredge suggests that it is equivalent to yong men a-wowyng.

² The word in brackets is illegible in the MS; supplied by E.E.T.S.

I. PASTOR. God looke ouer the raw! / ffull defly ye stand.

II. PASTOR. Yee, the dewill in thi maw, / so tariand!

Sagh thou awro of Daw? /

I. PASTOR.

Yee, on a ley-land

Hard I hym blaw; / he commys here at hand,

Not far;

Stand styll.

II. PASTOR. Qwhy?

I. PASTOR. ffor he commys, hope I.

II. PASTOR. He wyll make vs both a ly

Bot if we be war.

[Enter Third Shepherd soliloquizing.]

III. PASTOR. Crystys crosse me spede / and Sant Nycholas! Ther-of had I nede, / it is wars then it was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the warld pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyll as glas,

And slythys.

This warld fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyll, now in wo,

And all thyng wrythys.

Was neuer syn Noe floode / sich floodys seyn,

Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn;

Som stamerd, som stod, / in dowte, as I weyn;

Now God turne all to good ! / I say as I mene,

ffor ponder:

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys all downe,

And that is a wonder.

135

117

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure catell to kepe,
We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.
Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys; / I se shrewys pepe.

1 Originally slepys; altered in red ink.

Ye ar two all 1 wyghtys; / I wyll gyf my shepe A turne.

Bot full yll haue I ment; As I walk on this bent, I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

A, sir, God you saue, / and master myne!

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somwhat to dyne.

I. PASTOR. Crystys curs, my knaue, / thou art a ledyr hyne!

II. PASTOR. What! the boy lyst rave? / Abyde vnto syne; We haue mayde it.

Yll thryft on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late,

Yit is he in state

To dyne, if he had it.

153

III. PASTOR. Sich seruandys as I, / that swettys and swynkys, Etys oure brede full dry, / and that me forthynkys; We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-men wynkys;

Yit commys full lately / both dyners and drynkys.

Bot nately

Both oure dame and oure syre,

When we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs full lately.

162

Bot here my trouth, master, / for the fayr that ye make,

I shall do therafter, — / wyrk as I take;

I shall do a lytyll, sir, / and emang euer lake;

ffor yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake In feyldys.

Wherto shuld I threpe?

With my staf can I lepe,

And men say "Lyght chepe

Letherly for-yeldys."

171

1 Kittredge suggests tall.

I. PASTOR. Thou were an yll lad / to ryde on wowyng With a man that had / bot lytyll of spendyng.

II. PASTOR. Peasse, boy, I bad; / no more iangling,

Or I shall make the full rad, / by the heuens 1 kyng! With thy gawdys. - In remote

Wher ar oure shepe, boy? We skorne.

III. PASTOR. Sir, this same day at morne

I thaym left in the corne,

When thay rang lawdys;

180

Thay have pasture good, / thay can not go wrong.

I. PASTOR. That is right. By the roode! / thyse nyghtys ar long!

Yit I wold, or we yode, / oone gaf vs a song.....

II. PASTOR. So I thought as I stode, / to myrth vs emong. III. PASTOR. I grauntt.

I. PASTOR. Lett me syng the tenory.

II. PASTOR. And I the tryble so hye.

III. PASTOR. Then the meyne fallys to me;

Lett se how ye chauntt.2

189

Tunc intrat Mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.

MAK. Now, Lord, for thy naymes sevyn,8/that made both moyn & starnes

Well mo then I can neuen, / thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys; I am all vneuen; / that moves oft my harnes.

Now wold God I were in heuen, / for there 4 wepe no barnes So styll.

I. PASTOR. Who is that, pypys so poore?

MAK. Wold God ye wyst how I foore!

Lo, a man that walkys on the moore,

And has not all his wyll!

198

Mak, where has thou gon 5? / tell vs tythyng. II. PASTOR.

Is he commen? Then ylkon / take hede to his III. PASTOR. thyng.

¹E. E. T. S. heuen's.

² The song was probably sung, but it is not given in the MS.

⁸ MS. vij.

⁴ MS. the.

Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.

MAK. What! ich be a yoman, / I tell you, of the king; The self and the same, / sond from a greatt lordyng, And sich.

ffy on you! goyth hence Out of my presence!

I must haue reuerence:

Why, who be ich?

207

- 1. PASTOR. Why make ye it so qwaynt? Mak, ye do wrang.
- II. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye lang.
- III. PASTOR. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyll myght hym hang!
- MAK. Ich shall make complaynt / and make you all to thwang

At a worde,

And tell euyn how ye doth.

I. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde!

216

- II. PASTOR. Mak, the dewill in youre ee! / a stroke wold I leyne you.
- III. PASTOR. Mak, know ye not me?/by God, I couthe teyn you.

MAK. God looke you all thre! / me thoght I had sene you, — Ye ar a fare compane. /

I. PASTOR.

Can ye now mene you?

II. PASTOR. Shrew, iape!

Thus late as thou goys,

What wyll men suppos?

And thou has an yll noys

Of stelyng of shepe.

¹ MS. teyle; but the letters le have been written over the original by a later hand.

MAK. And I am trew as steyll, all men waytt! Bot a sekenes I feyll / that haldys me full haytt, My belly farys not weyll, / it is out of astate.

III. PASTOR. Seldom lyys the dewyll / dede by the gate.

MAK. Therfor

ffull sore am I and yll

If I stande stone styll;

I ete not an nedyll

Thys moneth and more.

234

I. PASTOR. How farys thi wyff? by my hoode, / how farys sho?

MAK. Lyys walteryng, by the roode, / by the fyere, lo! And a howse full of brude / she drynkys well to;

Yll spede othere good / that she wyll do

Bot so!

Etys as fast as she can,

And ilk yere that commys to man

She bryng ys furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

243

Bot were I not more gracyus / and rychere be far,¹
I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar;

Yit is she a fowll dowse / if ye com nar;

Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war

Then ken I.

Now wyll ye se what I profer?—

To gyf all in my cofer

To-morne at next to offer

Hyr hed-mas penny.

252

II. PASTOR. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this shyre:

I wold slepe, if I takyd / les to my hyere.

III. PASTOR. I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a fyere.

I. PASTOR. I am wery for-rakyd, / and run in the myre.

Wake thou!

II. PASTOR. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by, ffor I must slepe truly.

III. PASTOR. As good a mans 1 son was I As any of you.

261

Bot, Mak, com heder! betwene / shall thou lyg downe.

MAK. Then myght I lett you, bedene, / of that ye wold
rowne,2

No drede.

ffro my top to my too,

Manus tuas commendo,

Poncio Pilato....

Cryst crosse me spede!

268

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,
ffor he might aby the bargan, / if it were told,

At the endyng.

Now were tyme for to reyll; Bot he nedys good counsell That fayn wold fare weyll,

And has bot lytyll spendyng.

277

Bot abowte you a serkyll / as rownde as a moyn,⁴
To I haue done that I wyll, / tyll that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styll / to that I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyll / of good wordys a foyne
On hight:

¹ E. E. T. S. man's.

² E. E. T. S. notes that two lines are missing and refers to a similar stanza (No. 15) in the first Shepherds' Play. In both cases lines have been lost, I think.

⁸ From this point on, Pollard's numbering is 11 ahead of E. E. T. S., possibly because he miscounted the stanzas by one and did not notice that the immediately preceding stanza contains only 7 lines.

⁴ K. corrects the spelling of these four rhyme-words by omitting y.

Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,
Outt go youre een, fordo your syght;

Bot yit I must make better shyft
And it be right.

286

Lord, what! thay slepe hard! / that may ye all here. Was I neuer a shepard, / bot now wyll I lere; If the flok be skard, / yit shall I nyp nere. How! drawes hederward! / Now mendys oure chere ffrom 1 sorow.

A fatt shepe I dar say!
A good flese dar I lay!
Eft-whyte when I may,
Bot this will I borow.

[Mak goes home.] 295

How, Gyll, art thou in? / gett vs som lyght.

VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the nyght?

I am sett for to spyn; / I hope not I myght

Ryse a penny to wyn. / I shrew them on hight

So farys!

A huswyff that has bene To be rasyd thus betwene!

Here may no note be sene ffor sich small charys.

304

MAK. Good wyff, open the hek! / seys thou not what I bryng?

VXOR. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in, my swetyng!

MAK. Yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.

VXOR. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.

MAK. Do way;

I am worthy my mete,

ffor in a strate can I gett

More then thay that swynke and swette

All the long day.

[He shows her the sheep.]

Thus it fell to my lott, / Gyll, I had sich grace.

VXOR. It were a fowll blott / to be hanged for the case.

MAK. I have skapyd, Ielott, / oft as hard a glase.

VXOR. Bot so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last

MAK. Well knowe I the token,

Bot let it neuer be spoken.

Bot com and help fast.

322

I wold he were slayn, / I lyst well ete;

This twelmo[n]the 1 was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

Vxor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete—

Then myght I be tane; / that were a cold swette! Mak.

Go spar

The gaytt doore.

Vxor.

Yis, Mak,

. ffor and thay com at thy bak —

MAK. Then myght I by, for all the pak,

The dewill of the war.

331

Vxor. A good bowrde haue I spied, / syn thou can none;

Here shall we hym hyde / to thay be gone, —

In my credyll abyde, — / lett me alone,

And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

MAK. Thou red;

And I shall say thou was lyght

Of a knaue childe this nyght.

Now well is me day bright, Vxor.

That euer was I bred!

340

This is a good gyse / and a far cast;

Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last!

I wote neuer who spyse: / agane go thou fast.

MAK. Bot I com or thay ryse, / els blawes a cold blast! I wyll go slepe.

1 Corr. by K.

[Mak returns to the shepherds, and resumes his place.]

Yit slepys all this meneye,

And I shall go stalk preuely,

As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

[Sleeps.] 349_

I. PASTOR. Resurrex a mortruis! / Haue hald my hand.

Iudas carnas dominus! / I may not well stand:

My foytt slepys, by Ihesus, 1/ and I water fastand.

I thoght that we layd vs / full nere Yngland.

II. PASTOR. A ye!

Lord, what! I have slept weyll;

As fresh as an eyll,

As lyght I me feyll

As leyfe on a tre.

358

III. PASTOR. Benste be here-in!/so my [body]² qwakys,

My hart is outt of skyn, / what-so it makys.

Who makys all this dyn? / So my browes blakys.

To the dowore wyll I wyn. / Harke felows, wakys!

We were fowre:

Se ye awre of Mak now?

I. PASTOR. We were vp or thou.

II. PASTOR. Man, I gyf God a-vowe,

Yit yede he nawre.

367

III. PASTOR. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.

I. PASTOR. So are many hapt / now, namely within.

III. PASTOR.8 When we had long napt, / me thoght with

a gyn

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

II. PASTOR.4 Be styll;

Thi dreme makys the woode;

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

I. PASTOR. Now God turne all to good,

If it be his wyll!

¹ MS. ihc.

² Kittredge; E. E. T. S. [hart?].

⁸ E. E. T. S. II. PASTOR.

⁴ E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR.

II. PASTOR. Ryse, Mak; for shame! / thou lygys right lang.

MAK. Now Crystys holy name / be vs emang!
What is this, for Sant Iame? / I may not well gang!
I trow I be the same. / A! my nek has lygen wrang
Enoghe,

Mekill thank! syn yister euen.

Now, by Sant Strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of-sloghe:

385

I thought Gyll began to crok / and trauell full sad, Welner at the fyrst cok, / of a yong lad ffor to mend oure flok. / Then be I neuer glad; I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede!

A house full of yong tharnes,1

The dewill knok outt thare harnes!

Wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyll brede!

394

I must go home, by youre lefe, / to Gyll, as I thoght.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll noght;

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght. [Exit.]

III. PASTOR. Go furth, yll myght thou chefe! / Now wold I we soght,

This morne,

That we had all oure store.

I. PASTOR. Bot I will go before;

Let vs mete.

II. PASTOR. Whore?

III. PASTOR. At the crokyd thorne.

403

MAK. Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shall I stand?

VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the wenyand!

¹ E. E. T. S. tharmes.

MAK. A, Gyll, what chere? / it is I, Mak, youre husbande.

Vxor. Then may we se 1 here / the dewill in a bande, Syr Gyle;

Lo, he commys with a lote

As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note

A hand-lang while.

412

MAK. Wyll ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a glose?

And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

VXOR. Why, who wanders, who wakys, / who commys, who gose?

Who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose? And than,

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde.

ffull wofull is the householde

That wantys a woman.

42I

Bot what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdys, Mak?

MAK. The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd my bak,

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe all the pak.

I hope thay wyll nott be well payde / when thay thare shepe lak,

Perde.

Bot how-so the gam gose, To me thay wyll suppose,

And make a fowll noyse,

And cry outt apon me.

430

Bot thou must do as thou hyght. /

Vxor.

I accorde me thertyll,

I shall swedyll hym right / in my credyll.

If it were a gretter slyght, / yit couthe I help tyll.

I wyll lyg downe stright; / com hap me.

¹ E. E. T. S. be; emend. by Kittredge.

MAK.

I wyll.

Vxor. Behynde!
Com Coll and his maroo,

Thay will nyp vs full naroo.

MAK. Bot I may cry out haroo, The shepe if thay fynde.

439

VXOR. Harken ay when thay call; / thay will com onone.

Com and make redy all / and syng by thyn oone;

Syng lullay thou shall, / for I must grone

And cry outt by the wall / on Mary and Iohn,

ffor sore.
Syng lullay on fast

When thou heris at the last;

And bot I play a fals cast,

Trust me no more.

448

III. PASTOR. A, Coll, good morne! / Why slepys thou nott?

I. PASTOR. Alas, that euer was I borne! / we haue a fowll blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

III. PASTOR.

Mary, Godys forbott!

- II. PASTOR. Who shuld do vs that skorne? / that were a fowll spott.
 - I. PASTOR. Som shrewe.

I haue soght with my dogys

All Horbery Shrogys,

And of feftyen 1 hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe.

457

III. PASTOR. Now trow me, if ye will; / by Sant Thomas of Kent,

Ayther Mak or Gyll / was at that assent.

I. PASTOR. Peasse, man, be still! / I sagh when he went;

Thou sklanders hym yll; / thou aght to repent

Goode spede.

II. PASTOR. Now as euer myght I the, If I shuld euyn here de,

I wold say it were he

That dyd that same dede.

466

III. PASTOR. Go we theder, I rede, / and ryn on oure feete. Shall I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.

I. PASTOR. Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyll I mete.

II. PASTOR. I wyll rest in no stede / tyll that I hym grete, My brothere.

Oone I will hight:

Tyll I se hym in sight

Shall I neuer slepe one nyght

Ther I do anothere.

475

III. PASTOR. Will ye here how thay hak? / Oure syre lyst croyne.

I. PASTOR. Hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of toyne; Call on hym.

II. PASTOR. Mak! / vndo youre doore soyne.

MAK. Who is that spak / as it were noyne On loft?

Who is that? I say.

111. PASTOR. Goode felowse, were it day.

MAK. As far as ye may,

Good, spekys soft,

484

Ouer a seke womans 1 heede / that is at mayll-easse;

I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

Vxor. Go to an othere stede, / I may not well qweasse.

Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese

So hee!

I. PASTOR. Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,

How fare ye, I say?

MAK. Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?

Now how fare ye?

493

Ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit; I shall make you a fyre / if ye will syt.

¹ E. E. T. S. woman's.

A nores wold I hyre, / thynk ye on yit; Well qwytt is my hyre, — / my dreme this is itt, — A seson.

I haue barnes, if ye knew, Well mo then enewe, Bot we must drynk as we brew, And that is bot reson.

502

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode; / me thynk that ye swette.

II. PASTOR. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode / drynke nor mette.

MAK. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?/ III. PASTOR. Yee, oure shepe that

we gett

Ar stollyn as thay yode; / oure los is grette.

MAK. Syrs, drynkys!

Had I bene thore,

I. PASTOR. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore, And that vs forthynkys.

II. PASTOR. Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye. III. PASTOR. Ayther ye or youre spouse, / so say we.

MAK. Now if ye haue suspowse / to Gill or to me, Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

Who had hir.

If I any shepe fott,

Aythor cow or stott, —

And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott

Here syn she lade hir, -

520

As I am true and lele, / to God here I pray That this be the fyrst mele / that I shall ete this day. I. PASTOR. Mak, as haue I ceyll, / avyse the, I say; He lernyd tymely to steyll / that couth not say nay.

Vxor. I swelt!

Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!

Ye com to rob vs, for the nonys.

MAK. Here ye not how she gronys?

Youre hartys shuld melt.

529

VXOR. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! / negh hym not thor.

MAK. Wyst ye how she had farne, / youre hartys wold be sore.

Ye do wrang, I you warne, / that thus commys before

To a woman that has farne / — bot I say no more!

• Vxor. A, my medyll!

I pray to God so mylde,

If euer I you begyld,

That I ete this chylde

That lygys in this credyll.

538

MAK. Peasse, woman, for Godys payn, / and cry not so:

Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me full wo.

II. PASTOR. I trow oure shepe be slayn. / What finde ye two?

III. PASTOR. All wyrk we in vayn; / as well may we go.

Bot hatters,

I can fynde no flesh,

Hard nor nesh,

Salt nor fresh,

Bot two tome platers.

547

Whik catell bot this, / tame nor wylde,

None, as haue I blys, / as lowde as he smylde.

VXOR. No, so God me blys / and gyf me ioy of my chylde!

I. PASTOR. We have merkyd amys; / I hold vs begyld.

II. PASTOR. Syr, don.

Syr, Oure Lady hym saue!

Is youre chyld a knaue?

MAK. Any lord myght hym haue,

This chyld to his son;

When he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.

III. PASTOR. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele!

Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?

MAK. So fare fall there lyppys!/

I. PASTOR.

Hark now, a le!

MAK. So God thaym thank,

Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,

And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay,

He made all the garray,

With the greatt shank.

565

II. PASTOR. Mak, freyndys will we be, / ffor we ar all oone.

MAK. We! now I hald for me, / for mendys gett I none.

ffare-well all thre! / all glad were ye gone. [The shepherds go out.]

III. PASTOR. ffare wordys may ther be, / bot luf is ther none This yere.

I. PASTOR. Gaf ye the chyld any-thyng?

II. PASTOR. I trow, not oone farthyng.

III. PASTOR. ffast agane will I flyng,

Abyde ye me there.

[Goes back to the house.] 574

Mak, take it to no grefe, / if I com to thi barne.

MAK. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowll has thou farne.

III. PASTOR. The child will it not grefe, / that lytyll day-starne.

Mak, with youre leyfe, / let me gyf youre barne
Bot sex 1 pence.

MAK. Nay, do way; he slepys.

III. PASTOR. Me thynk he pepys.

MAK. When he wakyns he wepys;

I pray you go hence.

[The other shepherds come back.] 583

person d.

III. PASTOR. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, / and lyft vp the clowtt.

[Seeing the sheep.]

What the dewill is this? / he has a long snowte.

1 MS. vj.

1. PASTOR. He is merkyd amys; / we wate ill abowte.

II. PASTOR. Ill spon weft, iwys / ay commys foull owte. Ay, so!

He is lyke to oure shepe!

II. PASTOR. How, Gyb! may I pepe?

I. PASTOR. I trow, kynde will crepe Where it may not go.

592

II. PASTOR. This was a qwantt gawde / and a far cast.

It was a hee frawde. /

III. PASTOR. Yee, syrs, wast.

Lett bren this bawde, / and bynd hir fast.

A! fals skawde, / hang at the last!

So shall thou.

Wyll ye se how thay swedyll

His foure feytt in the medyll?

Sagh I neuer in a credyll

A hornyd lad or now.

601

MAK. Peasse byd I! what, / lett be youre fare!

I am he that hym gatt, / and yond woman hym bare.

Jan 19 Miles

I. PASTOR. What dewill shall he hatt? / Mak? Lo God, Makys ayre!

II. PASTOR. Lett be all that. / Now God gyf hym care, I sagh.

Vxor. A pratty childe is he

As syttys on a womans kne;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

610

III. PASTOR. I know hym by the eere-marke; / that is a good tokyn.

MAK. I tell you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse was brokyn; Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

I. PASTOR. This is a fals wark; / I wold fayn be wrokyn;
Gett wepyn!

Vxor. He was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself;

1 E. E. T. S. waman's.

When the clok stroke twelf Was he forshapyn.

Maniforni (B

619

II. PASTOR. Ye two ar well feft / sam in a stede.

I. PASTOR. 1 Syn thay manteyn there theft, / let do thaym to dede.

MAK. If I trespas eft, / gyrd of my heede!

With you will I be left. /

III. PASTOR.2

Syrs, do my reede:

ffor this trespas

We will nawther ban ne flyte,

ffyght nor chyte,

Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas.

628

[They toss Mak in a sheet.]

[I. PASTOR.] Lord, what! I am sore, / in poynt for to bryst. In fayth, I may no more; / therfor wyll I ryst.

II. PASTOR. As a shepe of sevyn 8 skore / he weyd in my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay-whore / me thynk that I lyst.

III. PASTOR. Now I pray you,

Lyg downe in this grene.

I. PASTOR. On these thefys yit I mene.

III. PASTOR. Wherto shuld ye tene?

Do 4 as I say you?

637

Angelus cantat "Gloria in exelsis"; postea dicat:

ANGELUS. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd! / for now is he borne That shall take fro the feynd / that Adam had lorne:

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne;

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

He behestys,

At bedlem go se,

¹ E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR; see Notes.

² E. E. T. S. I. PASTOR.

⁸ MS. vij.

⁴ E. E. T. S. So.

The soll he come of many

Ther lygys that fre In a cryb full poorely Betwyx two bestys.

646

This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit I hard.1 It is a meruell to neuyn, / thus to be skard.

II. PASTOR. Of Godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

All the wod on a leuyn / me thoght that he gard Appere.

III. PASTOR. He spake of a barne

In Bedlem, I you warne.

I. PASTOR. That betokyns youd starne; Let vs seke hym there.

655

II. PASTOR. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not how he

Thre brefes to a long? / Yee, mary, he hakt it;

Was no crochett wrong, / nor no-thyng that lakt it.

I. PASTOR. ffor to sung us among / right.

I. PASTOR. ffor to syng vs emong, / right as he knakt it, I can.

II. PASTOR. Let se how ye croyne;

Can ye bark at the mone?

III. PASTOR. Hold youre tonges, haue done!

Hark after, than! I. PASTOR.

664

II. PASTOR. To Bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang;

I am full fard / that we tary to lang.

III. PASTOR. Be mery and not sad, / of myrth is oure sang,

Euer-lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

Withoutt noyse.

I. PASTOR. Hy we theder for-thy, —

If we be wete and wery, —

To that chyld and that lady!

We have it not to lose.

673

1 That euer yit I hard was originally he spake vpward, from 1. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink. K. changes a quant stevyn to the qwantest stevyn; but why not change that euer to as euer, if emendation must be made?

II. PASTOR. We fynde by the prophecy — / let be youre dyn —

Of Dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn, Thay prophecyed by clergy / that in a vyrgyn

Shuld he lyght and ly, / to slokyn oure syn

And slake it,

Oure 1 kynde from wo;

ffor Isay sayd so:

Ecce 2 virgo

Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

682

III. PASTOR. ffull glad may we be / and abyde that day

That lufly to se, / that all myghtys may.

Lord, well were me / for ones and for ay,

Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say

To that chylde.

Bot the angell sayd,

In a cryb wos he layde,

He was poorly arayd,

Both mener 8 and mylde.

691

I. PASTOR. Patryarkes that has bene / and prophetys beforne,

Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.

Thay ar gone full clene; / that have thay lorne.

We shall se hym, I weyn, / or it be morne,

To tokyn.

When I se hym and fele,

Then wote I full weyll

It is true as steyll

That prophetys haue spokyn:

700

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere, ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

II. PASTOR. Go we now, let vs fare; / the place is vs nere.

¹ K. inserts To kepe, or To fre, before Oure.

² E. E. T. S. Citè; corr. by K.

⁸ K. suggests meke.

III. PASTOR. I am redy and yare; / go we in-fere To that bright.

Lord, if thi wyll it 1 be,

We ar lewde all thre:

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle
To comforth thi wight.

709

[They enter the stable.]

I. PASTOR. Hayll, comly and clene! / hayll, yong child! Hayll, Maker,² as I meyne! / of a madyn so mylde! Thou has waryd, I weyne, / the warlo so wylde; The fals gyler of teyn, / now goys he begylde.

Lo, he merys;

Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!

A wel fare 8 metyng!

I haue holden my hetyng.

Haue a bob of cherys!

718

II. PASTOR. Hayll, sufferan Sauyoure, / ffor thou has vs soght!

Hayll, frely foyde and floure, / that all thyng has wroght!

Hayll, full of fauoure, / that made all of noght!

Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght

To my barne.

Hayll, lytyll tyne mop!

Of oure crede thou art crop:

I wold drynk on thy cop,

Lytyll day-starne!

727

III. PASTOR. Hayll, derlyng dere, / full of godhede! I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede. Hayll! swete is thy chere! / My hart wold blede To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,

With no pennys.

¹ E. E. T. S. wylles.

² K. inserts born.

⁸ E. E. T. S. welfare.

Hayll! put furth thy dall!

I bryng the bot a ball:

Haue and play the with-all,

And go to the tenys.

736

MARIA. The Fader of heuen, / God omnypotent,
That sett all on seuen, / his Son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full euen, / thrugh myght as he ment;
And now he is borne.

He kepe you fro wo!
I shall pray hym so.
Tell, furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne.

745

I. PASTOR. ffarewell, lady, / so fare to beholde, With thy childe on thi kne!/

II. PASTOR.

Bot he lygys full cold.

Lord, well is me! / now we go, thou behold.

III. PASTOR. ffor sothe, all redy! / it semys to be told Full oft.

I. PASTOR. What grace we have fun!

II. PASTOR. Com furth, now ar we won.

III. PASTOR. To syng ar we bun:

Let take on loft!

754

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

taisitualuci.

only finn

COVENTRY CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

Reprinted from "A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries Anciently performed at Coventry . . . by Thomas Sharp. Coventry, 1825." In the notes S. indicates such of Sharp's readings as I have changed. The date of the MS. is given at the end of the play.

It will aid the reader if he bears in mind that in this play w and v are often interchanged, and that such words as *holy*, *home* are sometimes spelt *wholle*, *whom*. In general, the sound will be a better guide to the meaning than the spelling. The is a frequent spelling for *they*, and occurs occasionally for *them*; in such cases I have added a letter in brackets to aid the reader.

[THE PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.]

ISAYE. The Sofferent thatt seithe evere seycrette,

He saue you all and make you perfett and stronge,

And geve us 2 grace with his marce forto mete!

For now in grett mesere mankynd ys bownd;
The sarpent hathe gevin vs soo mortall a wonde
That no creature ys abull vs forto reyles
Tyll thye right vncion of Jvda dothe seyse.

Then schall moche myrthe and joie in-cresse;
And the right rote in Isaraell sprynge,
Thatt schall bryng forthe the greyne off whollenes;
And owt of danger he schall vs bryng
In-to thatt reygeon where he ys kyng
Wyche abowe all othur far dothe a-bownde,
And thatt cruell Sathan he schall confownde.

Where-fore I cum here apon this grownde

To comforde eyuere 8 creature off birthe;

² S. gevenus.

8 S. eyerue.

7

¹ Qy. sounde.

For I, Isaye the profet, hathe founde

Many swete matters whereof we ma make myrth

On this same wyse;

For, thogh that Adam be demid to deythe With all his childur, asse Abell and Seythe, Yett Ecce virgo consepeet, —

Loo, where a reymede schall ryse!

23

Be-holde, a mayde schall conseyve a childe

And gett vs more grace then eyuer men had, And hir meydin-[h]od nothing defylid.

Sche ys deputyd to beare the Sun, Almyghte God.

Loo! sufferntis, now ma you be glad, For of this meydin all we ma be fayne;

For Adam, that now lyis in sorrois full sade,

Hir gloreose birth schall reydeme hym ageyn

From bondage and thrall.

Now be myrre eyuere mon,¹
For this dede bryffly in Isaraell schalbe done,

And before the Fathur in trone,

Thatt schall glade vs all.

36

More of this matter fayne wolde I meve,

But lengur tyme I haue not here for to dwell.

That Lorde that ys marcefull his marce soo in vs ma preve For to sawe owre sollis from the darknes of hell;

And to his blys

He vs bryng

Asse he ys

Bothe lord and kyng, And shall be eyuerlastyng, In secula seculorum, amen!²

46

Mainie, et d'anisie

¹ A curl over n.

² These six lines (41-46) as two in S., the first ending with king.

[Exit Isaiah; enter Gabriel to Mary.]	
GABERELL. Hayle, Mare, full of grace!	
Owre Lord God ys with the; 1	
Aboue all wemen 2 that eyuer wasse,	
Lade, blesside mote thow be!	50
MARE. All-myght Fathur and King of blys,	
From all dysses thou saue me now!	
For inwardely my spretis trubbuld ys,	
Thatt I am amacid and kno nott how.	54
GABERELL. Dred the nothyng, meydin, of this;	
From heyvin a-bowe hyddur am I sent	
Of ambassage from that Kyng of blys	
Unto the, lade and vergin reyuerent!	
Salutyng the here asse most exselent,	
Whose vertu aboue all othur dothe abownde.	
Wherefore in the grace schalbe founde;	
For thow schalt conseyve apon this grownd	
The Second Persone of God in trone;	
He wylbe borne of the alone;	
With-owt sin thou schalt hym see.8	
Thy grace and thi goodnes wyl neyuer be gone,	
But eyuer to lyve in vergenete.	67
MARE. I marvell soore how thatt mabe.	
Manus cumpany knev I neyuer yett,	
Nor neyuer to do, kast I me,	
Whyle thatt owre Lord sendith me my wytt.	71
GABERELL. The Wholle Gost in the schall lyght,	
And schado thy soll soo with vertu	
From the Fathur thatt ys on hyght.	
These wordis, turtill, the[y] be full tru.	75
— ———————————————————————————————————	

¹ Lines 47, 48 as one in S.

² Curl over n.

⁸ Lines 64, 65 as one in S.

•	
This chylde that of the schalbe borne	
Ys the Second Persone in Trenete;	
He schall saue that wase forlorne	
And the fyndis powar dystroie schall he.	79
These wordis, lade, full tru the[y] bene,	
And furthur, lade, here in thy noone lenage	
Be-holde Eylesabeth, thy cosyn clene,	
The wyche wasse barren and past all age,	83
	-3
And now with chyld sche hath bene	
Syx monethis and more, asse schalbe sene;	
Where-for, discomforde the not, Mare!	
For to God onpossibull nothyng mabe.	87
MARE. Now, and yt be thatt Lordis wyll	
Of my bodde to be borne and forto be,	
Hys hy pleysuris forto full-fyll	
Asse his one hande-mayde I submyt me.	91
GABERELL. Now blessid be the tyme sett	\
That thou wast borne in thy degre!	
For now ys the knott surely knytt,	
And God conseyvide in Trenete.	95
Now fare-well, lade off myghtis most!	
Vnto the God-hed I the be-teyche.	
MARE. Thatt Lord the gyde in eyuere cost,	
And looly he leyde me and be my leyche!	99
Here the angell departyth, and Joseff cumyth in and seyth:	
Here the angell departyth, and Joseff cumyth in and seyth:	
Josoff. Mare, my wyff so dere,	
How doo ye, dame, and whatt chere	,
Ys with you this tyde?	
MARE. Truly, husebonde, I am here	
Owre Lordis wyll forto abyde.	401

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS. 123

JOSOFF. What! I troo thatt we be all schent! Sey, womon; who hath byn here sith I went, To rage wyth thee?

MARE. Syr, here was nothur man 1 nor mans eyvin, But only the sond of owre Lorde God in heyvin.

JOSOFF. Sey not soo, womon; for schame, ley be!

IIO

Ye be with chyld soo wondurs grett,
Ye nede no more therof to tret
Agense all right.
For sothe, this chylde, dame, ys not myne.

Alas, that eyuer with my nynee
I suld see this syght!

116

Tell me, womon; whose ys this chyld?

MARE. Non but youris, husebond soo myld,
And thatt schalbe seyne, [ywis].

Josoff. But myne? allas! alas! why sey ye soo?

Wele-awey! womon, now may I goo,
Be-gyld as many a-nothur ys.

122

MARE. Na, truly, sir, ye be not be-gylde, Nor yet with spott of syn I am not defylde; Trust yt well, huse-bonde.

JOSOFF. Huse-bond, in feythe! and that acold! A! weylle-awey, Josoff, as thow ar olde!

Lyke a fole now ma I stand

And truse.2

But, in feyth, Mare, thou art in syn;
Soo moche ase I haue cheyrischyd the, dame, and all thikyn,

Be-hynd my bake to serve me thus!

132

All olde men, insampull take be me,—
How I am be-gylid here may you see!—
To wed soo yong a chyld.

¹ Curl over n.

² Lines 128, 129 as one in S.

Now fare-well, Mare, I leyve the here alone,—
[Wo] worthe the, dam, and thy warkis ycheone!—
For I woll noo-more be be-gylid¹
For frynd nor fooe.²
Now of this ded I am soo dull,
And off my lyff I am soo full,
No farthur ma I goo.³

142

[Lies down to sleep; to him enters an angel.]

I. ANGELL. Aryse up, Josoff, and goo whom ageyne Vnto Mare, thy wyff, that ys so fre.
To comford hir loke that thow be fayne,
 For, Josoff, a cleyne meydin ys schee:
Sche hath conseyvid with-owt any trayne
 The Seycond Person in Trenete;
Jhesu schalbe hys name, sarten,
 And all thys world sawe schall he;
 Be not agast.⁶

Josoff. Now, Lorde, I thanke the with hart full sad, For of these tythyngis I am soo glad

That all my care awey ys cast;

Wherefore to Mare I woll in hast.

155

[Returns to Mary.]

A! Mare, Mare, I knele full loo;
Forgeve me, swete wyff, here in this lond!
Marce, Mare! for now I kno
Of youre good gouernance and how yt doth stond.

159

Thogh 6 thatt I dyd the mys-name,
Marce, Mare! Whyle I leve,
Wyll I neyuer, swet wyff, the greve
In ernyst nor in game.5
MARE. Now, that Lord in heyvin, sir, he you forgyve!

¹ S. be gylid be.

² 138, 139 as one in S.

⁸ Lines 141, 142 as one in S.

⁴ S. Angell j; so below for both angels and shepherds.

⁵ These two lines as one in S. 6 S. Thoght.

And I do for-geve yow in hys name For evermore, 1	
JOSOFF. Now truly, swete wyff, to you I sey the same.	167
But now to Bedlem must I wynde And scho my-self, soo full of care; And I to leyve you, this grett, behynd,— God wott, the whyle, dame, how you schuld fare.	171
MARE. Na, hardely, husebond, dred ye nothyng; For I woll walke with you on the wey. I trust in God, all-mighte kyng, To spede right well in owre jurney.	175
Josoff. Now I thanke you, Mare, of your goodnes That ye my wordis woll nott blame; And syth that to Bedlem we schall vs dresse, Goo we to-gedur in Goddis wholle name.	179
[They set out, and travel a while.]	
Now to Bedlem have we leygis three; The day ys ny spent, yt drawyth toward nyght; Fayne at your es, dame, I wold that ye schulde be, For you grone 2 all werely, yt semyth in my syght.	183
MARE. God haue marcy, Josoffe, my spowse soo dere; All profettis herto dothe beyre wyttnes, The were tyme now draith nere That my chyld wolbe borne, wyche ys Kyng of blis.	187
Vnto sum place, Josoff, hyndly me leyde, Thatt I moght rest me with grace in this tyde. The lyght of the Fathur ouer hus both spreyde, And the grace of my sun with vs here a-byde!	191
Josoff. Loo! blessid Mare, here schall ye lend, Cheff chosyn of owre Lorde and cleynist in degre; And I for help to towne woll I wende. Ys nott this the best, dame? whatt sey ye?	TOP
¹ Lines 165, 166 as one in S. ² S. groue; possibly for growe?	195

MARE. God haue marce, Josoff, my huse-bond soo meke!

And hartely I pra you, goo now fro me.

Josoff. That schalbe done in hast, Mare so swete!

The comford of the Wholle Gost leyve I with the.

199

I 27

Now to Bedlem streyght woll I wynd

To gett som helpe for Mare soo free.

Sum helpe of wemmen God may me send,

That Mare, full off grace, pleysid ma be.

203

[In another part of the place a shepherd begins to speak.]

I. PASTOR. Now God, that art in Trenete,
Thow sawe my fellois and me!
For I kno nott wheyre my scheepe nor the[y] be,
Thys nyght yt ys soo colde.
Now ys yt nygh the myddis of the nyght;
These wedurs ar darke and dym of lyght,
Thatt of them can hy haue noo syght,
Standyng here on this wold.

What hoo! fellois! hoo! hooe! hoo!

2I I

But now to make there hartis lyght,

Now wyll I full right

Stand apon this looe,

And to them cry with all my myght,

Full well my voise the[y] kno:

217

[Two other shepherds appear (in the street).]

II. PASTOR. Hark, Sym, harke! I here owre brothur on the looe;

This ys hys woise, right well I knoo;
There-fore toward hym lett vs goo,
And follo his woise a-right.

See, Sym, se, where he doth stond!

I am ryght glad we haue hym fond!

Brothur, where hast thow byn soo long,
And hit ys soo cold this nyght?²

¹ Lines 213, 214 as one in S.

² S. And this nyght hit ys soo cold.

I. PASTOR. E! fryndis, ther cam a pyrie of wynd with a myst suddenly,1

Thatt forth off my weyis went I

And grett heyvenes then 2 made I

And wase full sore afryght.8

Then forto goo wyst I nott whyddur,

But trawellid on this loo hyddur and thyddur;

I wasse so were of this cold weddur

Thatt nere past wasse my might.

233

III. PASTOR. Brethur, now we be past that fryght,

And hit ys far with-in the nyght,

Full sone woll spryng the day-lyght,

Hit drawith full nere the tyde.

Here awhyle lett vs rest,

And repast owreself of the best;

Tyll thatt the sun ryse in the est

Let vs all here abyde.

24 I

There the scheppardis drawys furth there meyte and doth eyte and drynk; and asse the[y] drynk, the[y] fynd the star, and sey thus:

III. PASTOR. Brethur, loke vp and behold!

Whatt thyng ys yondur thatt schynith soo bryght?

Asse long ase eyuer I have wachid my fold,

Yett sawe I neyuer soche a syght

In fyld.4

A ha! now ys cum the tyme that old fathurs hath told,

Thatt in the wynturs nyght soo cold

A chyld of meydyn 5 borne be he wold

In whom all profeciys schalbe fullfyld.

I. PASTOR. Truth yt ys with-owt naye, Soo seyd the profett Isaye,

Thatt a 6 chylde schuld be borne of a made soo bryght

¹ Curl over n.

⁴ Lines 245, 246 as one in S.

² S. in.

⁵ Curl over n.

⁸ S. afrayde.

⁶ S. has I.

In wentur ny the schortist dey

Or elis in the myddis of the nyght.

255

II. PASTOR. Loovid be God, most off myght,
That owre grace ys to see thatt syght;
Pray we to hym, ase hit ys right,
Yff thatt his wyll yt be,
That we ma haue knoleyge of this syngnefocacion
And why hit aperith on this fassion;
And eyuer to hym lett vs geve lawdacion,
In yerthe whyle thatt we be.

263

There the angelis syng "Glorea in exselsis Deo."

III. PASTOR. Harke! the[y] syng above in the clowdis clere!

Hard I neyuer of soo myrre a quere.

Now, gentyll brethur, draw we nere

To here there armonye.

I. PASTOR. Brothur, myrth and solas ys cum hus among;

For be the swettnes of ther songe,

Goddis Sun ys cum, whom we have lokid for long,

Asse syngnefyith thys star that we do see.

II. PASTOR. "Glore, glorea in exselsis," that wase ther songe;

How sey ye, fellois, seyd the[y] not thus?

1. PASTOR. Thatt ys welseyd; now goo we hence

To worschipe thatt chyld of hy manyffecence,

And that we ma syng in his presence

"Et in tarra pax omynibus."

277

There the scheppardis syngis "Ase I owt Rodde," 1 and Josoff seyth:

Josoff. Now, Lorde, this noise that I do here,

With this grett solemnete,

Gretly amendid hath my chere;

I trust hy nevis schortly wolbe.

There the angellis syng "Gloria in exsellsis" ageyne.

MARE. A! Josoff, husebond, cum heddur anon;
My chylde ys borne that ys Kyng of blys.

Josoffe. Now welcum to me, the Makar of mon,
With all the omage thatt I con;

Thy swete mothe here woll I kys.

286

MARE. A! Josoff, husebond, my chyld waxith cold, And we haue noo fyre to warme hym with.

Josoff. Now, in my narmys I schall hym fold, Kyng of all kyngis be fyld and be fryth;

He myght haue had bettur, and hymselfe wold,

Then the breythyng of these bestis to warme hym with

Then the breythyng of these bestis to warme hym with. 292

MARE. Now, Josoff, my husbond, fet heddur my chyld,
The Maker off man and hy Kyng of blys.

Josoff. That schalbe done anon, Mare soo myld,

For the brethyng of these bestis hath warmyd [hym]

well, i-wys.

296

[Angels appear to the shepherds.]

I. ANGELL. Hyrd-men 1 hynd,

Drede ye nothyng²

Off thys star thatt ye do se;

For thys same morne

Godis Sun ys borne 8

In Bedlem of a meydin fre.

302

II. ANGELL. Hy you thyddur in hast;

Yt ys hys wyll ye schall hym see

Lyinge in a cribbe of pore revpaste,

Yett of Davithis lyne cumon 1 ys hee.

306

[The shepherds approach and worship the Babe.]

I. PASTOR. Hayle, mayde-mothur and wyff soo myld! Asse the angell seyd, soo haue we fonde.

¹ Curl over n.

² Lines 297, 298 as one in S.

⁸ Lines 300, 301 as one in S.

I have nothyng to present with thi chylde	
But my pype; hold, hold, take yt in thy hond;	
Where-in moche pleysure that I have fond;	
And now, to oonowre thy gloreose byrthe,	
Thow schallt yt haue to make the myrthe.	313
II. PASTOR. Now, hayle be thow, chyld, and thy dame!	
For in a pore 1 loggyn here art thow leyde,	
Soe the angell seyde and tolde vs thy name;	
Holde, take thow here my hat on thy hedde!	
And now off won thyng thow art well sped,	
For weddur thow hast noo nede to complayne,	
For wynde, ne sun, hayle, snoo and rayne.	320
III. PASTOR. Hayle be thow, Lorde ouer watur and landis!	
For thy cumyng all we ma make myrthe.	•
Haue here my myttens to pytt on thi hondis,	
Othur treysure haue I non to present the with.	324
MARE. Now, herdmen hynd,	
For youre comyng	
To my chylde schall I prae,	
Asse he ys heyvin kyng,	
To grant you his blessyng,	
And to hys blys that ye may wynd	
At your last day.	331
There the scheppardis syngith ageyne and goth forthe of the place; and the ij. profettis cumyth in and seyth thus:	
I. PROFETA. Novellis, novellis	
Of wonderfull mervellys,8	
Were hy and defuce vnto the hervng!	

Asse scripture tellis,

These strange novellis

To you I bryng.4

¹ S. apore.

² For this song, see p. 152.

⁸ Lines 332, 333 as one in S.

⁴ Lines 335, 337 as one in S.

 II. PROFETA. Now hartely, sir, I desyre to knoo, Yff hytt wolde pleyse you forto schoo, Of what maner a thyng. I. PROFETA. Were mystecall vnto youre heryng, — Of the natevete off a kyng. 	342
II. PROFETA. Of a kyng? Whence schuld he cum? I. PROFETA. From thatt reygend ryall and mighty mancion,	
The sede seylesteall and heyvinly vysedome,	
The Second Person and Godis one Sun,	
For owre sake now ys man be-cum.	347
This godly spere Desendid here 2	
Into a vergin clere.	
Sche, on-defyld 8	
Be whose warke obskevre	
Owre frayle nature	
Ys now begilde 5	
II. PROFETA. Why, hathe sche a chylde?	35 5
I. PROFETA. E! trust hyt well;	
And neuer the las 6	
Yet ys sche a mayde evin asse sche wasse,	
And hir sun the kyng of Isaraell.	35 9
II. PROFETA. A wondur-full marvell	
How that ma be, 7	
And far dothe exsell	
All owre capasete:	
How that the Trenete,	
Of soo hy regallete, 7	
Schuld jonyd be 8	
Vnto owre mortallete!	367
¹ Curl over m. ⁵ Lines 353, 354 as one in S.	•
² Lines 348, 349 as one in S. ⁶ Lines 356, 357 as one in S.	
⁸ Lines 350, 351 as one in S. ⁷ This and the preceding line as one 8 S. be jonyd.	in S.

I. PROFETA. Of his one grett marce, As ye shall se the exposyssion,1 Throgh whose vmanyte All Adamus progene 1 Reydemyd schalbe owt of perdyssion. 372 Syth man 2 did offend, Who schuld amend 1 But the seyd mon 2 and no nothur? For the wyche cawse he Incarnate wold be 1 And lyve in mesere asse manus one brothur. 378 II. Profeta. Syr vnto the devite, I beleve parfettle,1 Onpossibul to be there ys nothyng; How be yt this warke Vnto me ys darke¹ In the opperacion or wyrkyng. I. PROFETA. Whatt more reypriff Ys vnto belyff Then 2 to be dowtyng? 8 387 II. PROFETA. Yet dowtis oftymus hathe derevacion. I. PROFETA. Thatt ys be the meynes of comenecacion 2 Of trawthis to have a dev probacion Be the same dowts reysoning. II. PROFETA. Then to you thys won thyng: Of whatt nobull and hy lenage ys schee Thatt myght this verabull 4 prencis modur be? 394 1. Profeta. Ondowtid sche ys cum of hy parrage, Of the howse of Davith and Salamon the sage; And won off the same lyne joynid to hir be mareage;

¹ This and the preceding line as one in S.

² Curl over n.

⁴ Qy. renable, see Notes.

⁸ Lines 385-387 as one in S.

Of whose trybe
We do subscrybe ¹
This chy[l]dis lenage.²

400

- II. PROFETA. And why in thatt wysse?
- I. PROFETA. For yt wasse the gysse

 To conte the parant on the manys lyne,

 And nott on the feymy[ny]ne,

Amonst vs here in Isaraell.

II. PROFETA. Yett can I nott aspy be noo wysse How thys chylde borne schuldbe with-ow[t] naturis prejudyse.

I. PROFETA. Nay, no prejvdyse vnto nature, I dare well sey;

For the kyng of nature may

Hawe all at his one wyll.8

Dyd not the powar of God

Make Aronis rod

Beyre frute in on day?4

413

- II. PROFETA. Truth yt ys in-ded.
- I. PROFETA. Then loke you and rede.
- II. PROFETA. A! I perseyve the sede

Where apon thatt you spake. 5

Yt wasse for owre nede

That he frayle nature did take,5

And his blod he schuld schede

Amens forto make 5

For owre transegression;

Ase yt ys seyd in profece

That of the lyne of Jude 5

Schuld spryng a right Messe,

Be whom all wee

Schall 6 haue reydemcion,5

427

I. PROFETA. Sir, now ys the tyme cum,

And the date there-of run,

Off his Natevete.

¹ S. subscryve.

an and the second in Second

² Lines 398-400 as one in S.

³ Lines 409, 410 as one in S.

⁴ Lines 411-413 as one in S.

⁵ This and the preceding line as one in S.

⁶ S. schalld.

⁷ Curl over n.

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.	135
II. PROFETA. Yett I beseke you hartele That ye wold schoo me how 1	
Thatt this strange nowelte	
Were broght vnto you.1	434
I. Profeta. This other nyght soo cold Hereby apon a wolde Scheppardis wachyng there fold, In the nyght soo far To them aperid a star, And eyuer yt drev them nar; Wyche star the[y] did behold Bryghter, the[y] sey, M folde Then the sun so clere In his mydday spere,	
And the[y] these tythyngis tolde.	445
II. PROFETA. What, seycretly? I. PROFETA. Na, na, hardely; The[y] made there-of no conseil; For the[y] song ase lowde Ase eyuer the[y] cowde,	
Presyng the kyng of Isaraell.	451
II. PROFETA. Yett do I marvell In what pyle or castell These herdmen ² dyd hym see.	13
I. PROFETA. Nothur in hallis nor yett in bowris Borne wold he not be, Nothur in castellis nor yet in towris	
That semly were to se;	458
But att hys Fathurs wyll, The profeci to full-fyll, Be-twyxt an ox and and an as Ihesu, this kyng, borne he was.	
Heyvin he bryng us tyll!	463
1 This and the preceding line as one in S. 2 Curl over n.	

II. Profeta. Sir, a! but when these sheppardis had seyne hym there,

In-to whatt place did the[y] repeyre?

I. PROFETA. Forthe the[y] went and glad the[y] were,
Going the[y] did syng;

With myrthe and solas the[y] made good chere For joie of that new tything;

469

And aftur, asse I hard the[m] tell, He reywardid them full well: He graunt them hevyn *the*r-in to dwell;

In ar the[y] gon with joie and myrthe, And there songe hit ys "Neowell."

474

There the profettis gothe furthe and Erod cumyth in, and the messenger.

Nonceose. Faytes pais, dñyis, baronys de grande reynowme!

Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance!⁸
Pays, gentis homos,⁴ companeonys petis egrance!⁵
Je vos command dugard treytus ⁶ sylance.
Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese presance!⁷
Que nollis ⁸ persone ese non fawis perwynt ⁹ dedfferance,
Nese ¹⁰ harde de frappas; ¹¹ mayis gardus to to ¹² paceance, —

In reading this proclamation I have had the aid of both Professor Kittredge and Professor Sheldon. As this aid, however, was given a year or two ago in the form of a pretty lively oral discussion of the most perplexing of the difficulties, and as I unfortunately neglected to take any notes at the time, I find myself unable, except in one or two cases, to remember to which of the two each suggestion belongs. Of course they are not responsible for any mistakes that may appear here. I have printed the text with no change except in punctuation. The footnotes deal with all difficulties that seem beyond the scope of even a beginner in French.

² Sheldon suggests that this is the pl. of O.F. dame, damne, influenced by the spelling of some form of Lat. dominus.

11 frapper.

⁹ Kittredge: ici non fasse point.

12 gardez tote.

⁸ puissance.

⁸ nulle.

⁴ The second o is probably only a careless form of e.

⁵ et grands.

⁶ de garder trestous.

¹⁰ Ne se.

⁷ roi seit ici present.

Mayis gardus 1 voter seneor to cor 2 reyuerance; Car elat vottur Roie to to puysance.8 Anon de leo, pase tos! je vose cummande, E lay Roie erott la grandeaboly vos vmport.⁵

485

137

ERODE. Qui statis 6 in Jude et Rex Iseraell, And the myghttyst conquerowre that eyuer walkid on ground;

For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin and hell, And of my myghte powar holdith vp this world rownd. Magog and Madroke, bothe the[m] did I confownde, And with this bryght bronde there bonis I brak on-sunder, Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wonder.

492

I am the cawse of this grett lyght and thunder; Ytt ys throgh my fure that the[y] soche noyse dothe make.

My feyrefull contenance the clowdis so doth incumbur That oftymus for drede ther-of the verre yerth doth quake.

Loke, when I with males this bryght brond doth schake, All the whole world from the north to the sowthe I ma them dystroie with won worde of my mowthe!

499

To revcownt vnto you myn innevmerabull substance, — Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell; For all the whole Orent ys vnder myn obbeydeance, And prynce am I of purgatorre and cheff capten of hell; And those tyraneos trayturs be force má I compell? Myne enmyis⁸ to vanquese and evyn to dust them dryve, And with a twynke of myn iee not won to be lafte alyve.

¹ A preposition before the indirect object seems unnecessary.

⁸ Sheldon: Car il est votre roi tout puissant.

⁴ A (= au) nom de lui (Sheldon suggests loi instead of lui).

⁵ Sheldon suggests that the line properly ends with grand (modifying Erott and rhyming with 484),—diable vos emporte! being merely an unattached pleasantry addressed to the audience.

⁶ Qui statis is in red in S.

⁷ Curl over m.

⁸ Curl over n.

Behold my contenance and my colur, Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of the dey. Where can you have a more grettur succur Then to behold my person that ys soo gaye? My fawcun and my fassion, with my gorgis araye,— He thatt had the grace all-wey ther-on to thynke, Lyve he myght all-wey with-owt othur meyte or drynke.
And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dothe a-bownde Throgh-owt this world in all reygeons abrod, Reysemelyng the fauer of thatt most myght Mahownd; From Jubytor be desent and cosyn to the grett God, And namyd the most reydowndid king Eyrodde, Wyche thatt all pryncis hath under subjection And all there whole powar vndur my protection.
And therefore, my hareode, here, callid Calcas, Warne thow eyuer[e] porte thatt noo schyppis a-ryve, Nor also aleond stranger throg my realme pas, But the[y] for there truage do pay markis fyve. Now spede the forth hastele, For the[y] thatt wyll the contrare Apon a galowse hangid schalbe, And, be Mahownde, of me the[y] gett noo grace!
Noncios. Now, lord and mastur, in all the hast Thy worethe wyll ytt schall be wroght, And thy ryall cuntreyis schalbe past In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght.
ERODE. Now schall owre regeons through-owt be soght In eyuer[e] place bothe est and west; Vff any katyffis to me be broght.

39

Here Erod goth awey and th	e iij Kyngis speykyth in the strete.	
I. Rex. Now blessid be God For yondur a feyre bryght	•	
Now ys he comon vs a-monge		
Asse the profet 2 seyd that	it yt schuld be.	54 3
A seyd ⁸ there schuld a babe b	•	
Comyng of the rote of Jes		
To sawe mankynd that wasse	•	,
And truly comen now ys l	ne.	547
Reyuerence and worschip to hy	ym woll I do	
Asse God and man, thatt		
All the profettis acordid and se		
_	od mankynd schuld be boght.	551
He grant me grace,		
Be yonder star that I see,		
And in-to thatt place		
Bryng me ⁵		
Thatt I ma hym worschipe	e with umellete	
And se hys gloreose face.		557
II. REX. Owt off my wey I de	me thatt I am.	
For toocuns of thys cuntre	•	
Now, God, thatt on yorth madi	•	
Send me sum knoleyge wh	•	r61
		561
Yondur, me thynke, a feyre, br		
The wyche be-tocunyth the	e byrth of a chyld	
Thatt hedur ys cum to make m	an fre ;	
He borne of a mayde, and	l sche nothyng defyld.	565
To worschip thatt chyld ys myr	n in-tent :	
Forth now wyll I take my		
I trust sum cumpany God hath		
For yonder I se a kyng lab	•	569
	• •	209
_	Lines 552, 553 as one in S.	
	Es amoudo	
⁸ S. Aseyd.	⁶ S. amayde.	

To-warde hym now woll I ryde. Harke! cumly kyng, I you pray, In-to whatt cost wyll ye thys tyde,	
Or weddur lyis youre jurney? I. Rex. To seke a chylde ys myne in-tent Of whom the profetis hathe ment; The tyme ys cum, now ys he sent, Be yondur star here ma [you] ¹ see. II. Rex. Sir, I prey you, with your lysence, To ryde with you vnto his presence; To hym wyll I offur frank-in-sence, For the hed of all Whole Churche schall he be.	573 581
III. REX. I ryde wanderyng in veyis wyde, Ouer montens and dalis; I wot not where I am. Now, Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche gyde	
Thatt I myght haue knoleyge of thys cuntreys name. A! yondur I se a syght, be semyng all afar, The wyche be-tocuns sum nevis, ase I troo; Asse me thynke, a chyld peryng in a stare. I trust he be cum that schall defend vs from woo.	5 85 5 89
To kyngis yondur I see, And to them woll I ryde Forto haue there cumpane; I trust the[y] wyll me abyde.2 Hayle, cumly kyngis augent!8 Good surs, I pray you, whedder ar ye ment?	5 95
Wyche be-tocuns yonder star, asse ye ma see. II. Rex. To hym I purpose thys present. III. Rex. Surs, I pray you, and thatt ryght vmblee, With you thatt I ma ryde in cumpane. [? All.] To all-myghte God now prey we	
Thatt hys pressiose persone we mase. 1 Supplied by S. 2 Lines 590-593 as two in S. 8 Qy. and gent.	602

Here Erode cumyth in ageyne and the messengere seyth:

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde most off myght!

Thy commandement ys right;

In-to thy land ys comyn this nyght

iij kyngis and with them a grett cumpany.

EROD. Whatt make those kyngis in this cuntrey?

Noncios. To seke a kyng and a chyld, the[y] sey.

ERODE. Of whatt age schuld he bee?

Noncios. Skant twellve deyis old fulle.

610

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne?

Noncios. E, syr, soo the[y] schode me, thys same dey in the morne.

EROD. Now, in payne of deyth, bryng them me beforne;

And there-fore, harrode, now hy the in hast,

In all spede thatt thou were dyght

Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be past;

Loke thow bryng them all iij before my syght;

617

And in Jerusalem 1 inquere more of that chyld.

But I warne the that thy wordis be mylde,

For there must 2 thow hede and crafte wey[lde]

How to for-do his powere; and those iij kyngis shalbe begild. 621

Noncios. Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng

To sarve the ase my lord and kyng;

For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng

With lyght hart and fresche gamboldyng

Alofte here on this molde!

ERODE. Then sped the forthe hastely,

And loke that thow beyre the eyvinly;

And also I pray the hartely

Thatt thow doo comand me

Bothe to yong and olde.8

¹ S. Jerusalen.

² S. mast.

⁸ Lines 629-631 as two in S., the first ending with doo.

[The messenger goes to the kings.]

Nuncios. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre degre; Erood, kyng of these cuntreyis wyde, Desyrith to speyke with you all thre, And for youre comyng he dothe abyde.

635

I. Rex. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght bayne.

Hy us, brethur, vnto thatt lordis place;

To speyke with hym we wold be fayne;

Thatt chyld thatt we seke, he grant us of his grace!

639

[They go to Herod.]

Nuncios. Hayle, lorde with-owt pere!

These iij kyngis here have we broght.

ERODE. Now welcum, syr kyngis, all in-fere;

But of my bryght ble, surs, bassche ye noght!

643

Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,
A star hathe gydid you into my land,
Where-in grett harting 1 ye haue fonde
Be reysun of hir beymus bryght.
Wherefore I pray you hartely
The vere truthe thatt ye wold sertefy,
How long yt ys surely
Syn of that star you had furst syght.

651

I. Rex. Sir kynge, the vere truthe to sey
And forto schoo you ase hit ys best,
This same ys evin the xijth dey
Syth yt aperid to vs to be west.

655

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to sey, But with hart and wyll kepe ye your jurney And cum whom by me this same wey,

Of your nevis thatt I myght knoo.

¹ S. harie.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre And with grett conquorde bankett with me, And thatt chyld myself then woll I see And honor hym also.	663
II. Rex. Sir, youre commandement we woll fullfyll And humbly abaye owreself there-tyll. He thatt weldith all thyng at wyll The redde way hus teyche, Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in pes! ERODE. Yes, and walke softely eyvin at your one es;	669
Youre pase-porte for a C deyis Here schall you haue of clere cummand, Owre reme to labur any weyis Here schall you haue be spesschall grante.	673
Humbly of you owre leyve we take. ERODE. Then adev, sir kyngis all thre; And whyle I lyve, be bold of me! There ys nothyng in this cuntre But for youre one ye schall yt take.	679
[Exeunt the three kings.]	
Now these iij kyngis ar gon on ther wey; On-wysely and on-wyttely haue the[y] all wroghte. When the[y] cum ageyne, the[y] schall dy that same dey,	
And thus these vyle wreychis to deyth the[y] schalbe bro Soche ys my lykyng. He that agenst my lawis wyll hold, Be he kyng or keysar neyuer soo bold,	ght,—
I schall them cast in-to caris cold And to deyth I schall them bryng.	688
There Erode goth his weyis and the iij kyngis cum in ageyne.	
I. REX. O blessid God, moche ys thy myght! Where ys this star thatt gawe vs lyght?	600
vi nere ya tina star matt gawe va rygnt:	690

² Qy. show.

¹ Qy. there-to.

II. REX. Now knele we downe here in this presence, Be-sekyng that Lord of hy mangnefecens 1 That we ma see his hy exsellence Yff thatt his swet wyll be.2 694 III. REX. Yondur, brothur, I see the star, Where-by I kno he ys nott far; Therefore, lordis, goo we nar Into this pore place. 698 There the iij kyngis gois in to the jesen, to Mare and hir child. I. Rex. Hayle, Lorde thatt all this worlde hath wroght! Hale, God and man to-gedur in-fere! For thow hast made all thyng of noght, Albe-yt thatt thow lyist porely here; A cupe-full 8 golde here I haue the broght In toconyng thow art with-owt pere. Hayle be thow, Lorde of hy mangnyffecens!4 II. REX. In toconyng of preste[h]od and dyngnete of offece To the I offur a cupe full off in-sence, For yt be-hovith the to haue soche sacrefyce. 708 Hayle be thow, Lorde longe lokid fore! III. REX. I have broght the myre for mortalete, In to-cunyng thow schalt mankynd restore To lyff be thy deyth apon 5 a tre. 712 God haue marce, kyngis, of yowre goodnes; Be the gydyng of the godhed hidder are ye sent; The provyssion off my swete sun your weyis whom 6 reydres, And gostely reywarde you for youre present! 716 [As the kings go away, they say:]

Syr kyngis, aftur owre promes Whome be Erode I myst nedis goo.

² S. wylbe.

¹ S. maugnefecens.

⁸ S. inserts [of].

⁴ S. maugnyffecens.

⁵ Curl over n.

⁶ Curl over m.

II. REX. Now truly, brethur, we can noo las, But I am soo for-wachid I wott not wat to do. III. REX. Ryght soo am I; where-fore I you pray, Lett all vs rest vs awhyle upon this grownd. I. REX. Brethur, youer seying ys right well vnto my pay.	720
The grace of thatt swet chylde saue vs all sownde!	724
[While they sleep, the angel appears.]	
Angellus. Kyng of Tawrus, Sir Jespar, Kyng of Arraby, Sir Balthasar, Melchor, Kyng of Aginare, To you now am I sent.	
For drede of Eyrode, goo you west whom; In-to those parties when ye cum downe, Ye schalbe byrrid with gret reynowne;	
The Wholle Gost thus knoleyge hath sent. [Exil.]	732
I. Rex. Awake, sir kyngis, I you praye, For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme. II. Rex. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,	
For he reyherssid owre names playne.	736
III. Rex. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west For drede of Eyrodis fawls be-traye.I. Rex. Soo forto do yt ys the best;	
The child that we haue soght, gyde vs the wey!	740
Now fare-well, the feyrist, of schapp so swete! And thankid be Jhesu of his sonde, That we iij to-geder soo suddenly schuld mete,	
Thatt dwell soo wyde and in straunge lond,	744
And here make owre presentacion Vnto this kyngis son clensid soo cleyne And to his moder for ovre saluacion; Of moche myrth now ma we meyne,	
Thatt we soo well hath done this obblacion.	749
¹ S. berthur. ² S. far wachid.	

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS. 145

II. Rex. Now farewell, Sir Jaspar, brothur, to yoeu, Kyng of Tawrus the most worthe;

Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow;

And I thanke you bothe of youre good cumpany

Thatt we togeddur haue had.

He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,

I thanke hym now and eyuer I wyll;

For now may we goo with-owt yll,

And off owre offerynge be full glad.1

758

III. REX. Now syth thatt we myst nedly goo
For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,
Now fare-well brothur, and brothur also,
I take my leve here at you bothe
This dey on fete.²
Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne

And offur 8 to Mare in hir jeseyne,

He geve vs grace in heyvin a-gayne

All to-geyder to mete!

767

[They go out, and Herod and his train occupy the pageant.]

Nuncios. Hayle, kyng, most worthist in wede!

Hayle, manteinar of curtese through all this world wyde!

Hayle, the most myghtyst that eyuer bestrod a stede!

Ha[y]ll, most monfullist mon in armor man to abyde!

Hayle, in thyne hoonowre!

Thesse iij kyngis that forthe were sent

And schuld haue cum ageyne before the here present,

Anothur wey, lorde, whom the[y] went,

Contrare to thyn honowre.

776

ERODE. A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owt!!

Hath those fawls traytvrs done me this ded?

I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!

¹ S. fayne.

² S. fote.

³ S. offurde.

⁴ The contraction here is really that for er, but it has already occurred about a dozen times in words like togeder.

⁵ Corr. by S.

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.	147
Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glede! I rent! I rawe! and now run I wode!	
A! thatt these velen trayturs hath mard this my mode!	
The[y] schalbe hangid yf I ma cum them to!	783
Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also.	
E! and thatt kerne of Bedlem, he schalbe ded	
And thus schall I for-do his profece.	785
How sey you, sir knyghtis? ys not this the best red,	
Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,	
Wyth sworde to be slayne?	
Then schall I, Erod, lyve in lede,	
And all folke me dowt and drede,	
And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse and mede; Thereto wyll the[y] be full fayne.	792
Thereto wyn the [y] be run rayne.	19-
I. MYLES. My lorde kyng, Erode be name,	
Thy wordis agenst my wyll schalbe;	
To see soo many yong chylder dy ys schame, Therefore consell ther-to gettis thou non of me.	796
Therefore consent ther-to gettis thou non or me.	790
II. MYLES. Well seyd, fello, my trawth I plyght.	
Sir kyng, perseyve right well you may,	
Soo grett a morder to see of yong frute Wyll make a rysyng in thi noone cuntrey. ERODE. A rysyng? Owt! owt!	800
	0
ERODE. A rysyng? Owt! owt!	901
There Erode ragis ageyne and then seyth thus:	
Owt! velen wrychis, har apon you I cry!	
My wyll vtturly loke that yt be wroght,	
Or apon a gallowse bothe you schall dy,	0
Be Mahownde most myghtyste, that me dere hath boght.	805
1. MYLES. Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede!	
Your wyll nedefully in this realme myste be wroght;	
All the chylder of that age dy the[y] myst nede;	0
Now with all my myght the[y] schall be vpsoght.	809

であったか。

II. MYLES. And I woll sweyre here apon your bryght swerde,¹
All the chylder thatt I fynd, sclayne the[y] schalbe;
Thatt make many a moder to wepe and be full sore aferde²
In owre armor bryght when the[y] hus see.

813

ERODE. Now you have sworne, forthe that ye goo,
And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey and nyght,
And then wyll I for fayne trypp lyke a doo.
But whan the[y] be ded I warne you bryng [t]ham be-fore
my syght.

817

[Herod and his train go away, and Joseph and Mary are, while asleep, addressed by an angel.]

ANGELLUS. Mare and Josoff, to you I sey,
Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght:
Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygype forth goo ye the wey

Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygype forth goo ye the wey And with you take the King, full of myght,

For drede of Eroddis rede!

Josoff. A-ryse up, Mare, hastely and sone;
Owre Lordis wyll nedys myst be done,
Lyke ase the angell vs bad.

825

MARE. Mekely, Josoff, my none spowse,

Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre;

Att Evgvp 8 to sum cun 8 off howse

Att Eygyp 8 to sum cun 8 off howse, God grant hus grace saff to cum there!

829

Here the wemen cum in wythe there chyldur, syngyng them; and Mare and Josoff goth awey cleyne.

I. Womon. I lolle my chylde wondursly swete, And in my narmus I do hyt kepe,

Be-cawse thatt yt schuld not crye.

II. WOMAN. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem, so meke,
He saue my chyld and me from velany!

834

III. WOMAN. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull chylde!

That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the and me!

¹ S. sworde.

⁸⁻⁸ S. sum tocun; emend. by Kittredge.

² Two lines in S.

⁴ For the song, see p. 151.

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.	149
For Erode hath sworne with wordis wyld Thatt all yong chyldur sclayne the[y] schalbe.	838
I. MYLES. Sey ye, wyddurde, wyvis, whydder ar ye a-wey? What beyre you in youre armus nedis myst we se.	
Yff the[y] be man-chyldur, dy the[y] mvst this dey, For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst be.	842
II. MYLES. And I in handis wonys them 2 hent, Them forto sley noght woll I spare; We myst full-fyll Erodis commandement, Elis be we asse trayturs and cast all in care.	. 846
I. Woman. Sir knyghtis, of youre curtessee, Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre, But on my chyld haue pytte For my sake in this styde;	84 6
For a sympull sclaghtur yt were to sloo Or to wyrke soche a chylde woo,	
That can noder speyke nor goo, Nor neuer harme did.	854
II. WOMAN. He thatt sleyis my chyld in syght, Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght, Be he skwyar or knyght, I hold hym but lost.	
Se, thow fawls losyngere, A stroke schalt thow beyre me here	
And spare for no cost. III. Woman. Sytt he neyuer soo hy in saddull, But I schall make his braynis addull, And here with my pott-ladull With hym woll I fyght. I schall ley on hym a[s] thogh 8 I wode were, With thys same womanly geyre; There schall noo man steyre,	861
Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght. 1 Curl over n. 2 Curl over m. 8 S. athog.	869

I. MYLES. Who hard eyuer soche a cry
Of wemen thatt there chyldur haue lost,
And grettly reybukyng chewaldry
Throgh-owt this reme in eyuere 1 cost,
Wyche many a mans lyff ys lyke to cost?
For thys grett wreyche that here ys done
I feyre moche wengance ther-off woll cum.

876

II. MYLES. E! brothur, soche talis may we not tell;
Where-fore to the kyng lett vs goo,
For he ys lyke to beyre the perell,
Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.
Yett must the [y] all be broght hym to

With waynis and waggyns fully fryght;
I tro there wolbe a carefull syght.

883

[They go to Herod.]

- 1. Myles. Loo! Eyrode, kyng, here mast thow see How many M' thatt we haue slayne.
- II. MYLES. And nedis thy wyll full-fyllid must be; There ma no mon sey there-ageyne.

887

[Enter Nuntius.]

Nuncios. Eyrode, kyng, I schall the tell,
All thy dedis ys cum to noght;
This chyld ys gone in-to Eygipte to dwell.
Loo! sir, in thy none land what wondurs byn wroght! 891

Erod. Into Eygipte? alas, for woo!

Lengur in lande here I canot abyde;
Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo,
Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde,
Them for to sloo.

Now all men hy fast
In-to Eygipte in hast!
All thatt cuntrey woll I tast,
Tyll I ma cum them to.

PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS. 151

Fynes lude de taylars and scharmen.

Tys 1 matter / nevly correcte be Robart Croo / the xiiijth dey of marche / fenysschid in the yere of owre lorde god / MCCCCC & xxxiiijte / then beyng mayre mastur Palmar / also mastris of the seyd fellyschipp Hev Corbett / Randull Pynkard and / John Baggeley.

Theise Songes / belonge to / the Taylors and Shearemens Pagant. / The first and the laste the Shepheards singe / and the second or middlemost the Women singe.

THOMAS MAWDYCKE / die decimo tertio Maij anno domini millessimo quingentesimo nonagesimo primo. / Praetor fuit ciuitatis Couentriæ D. Mathaeus² Richardson, tunc Consules / Johanes Whitehead et Thomas Crauener.

Song I.

As I out rode this enderes night,
Of thre ioli sheppardes I saw a sight,
And all a-bowte there fold a star shone bright;

They sange terli terlow; So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow. Rag(129

_

Song II.

Lully, lulla, thow littell tine child, By by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyne child, By by, lully, lullay!

1 S. T[h]ys.

² S. Mathaens.

O sisters too, How may we do 1 For to preserve this day This pore yongling

For whom we do singe 1 By by, lully, lullay?

Herod, the king, In his raging,1

Chargid he hath this day His men of might

In his owne sight 1

All yonge children to slay,-

That wo is me,

And ever morne and may²

For thi parting

Nether say nor singe,1

Pore child, for thee,1

By by, lully, lullay.

Song III.

Doune from heaven, from heaven so hie, Of angeles ther came a great companie,8 With mirthe and ioy and great solemnitye, The[y] sange terly terlow, So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow.

1 This and the preceding as one line in S.

12

18

² S. say; corr. by Kittredge.

⁸ Curl over m.

YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

Reprinted from "York Plays . . . ed. [Miss] Lucy Toulmin Smith, Clarendon Press, 1885." In the footnotes, Y. indicates this edition, which, unless the contrary is stated, represents the MS.; Ha. indicates J. Hall's review, Englische Studien, IX, 484 ff.; He. indicates "Studien zu den York Plays, von O. Herttrich. Breslau, 1886"; Ho. indicates F. Holthausen's emendations, Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, LXXXV, 411 ff., LXXXVI, 280 ff., and "Philologische Studien; Festgabe für Eduard Sievers, Halle, 1896," 30 ff.; K. indicates E. Kölbing's emendations, Englische Studien, XX, 179 ff.; T. indicates the corresponding play in the Towneley cycle, but its readings are only occasionally recorded.

[THE RESURRECTION.]

[Enter Pilatus, Cayphas, and Anna with attendants.]

Pil. Lordingis, listenys nowe vnto me, I comaunde 30u, in ilke degre;
Als domesman chiffe in this contre,
For counsaill kende,
Atte my bidding 30u awe to be
And baynly bende.

6

And, sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergye,

Of youre counsaill late here in hye,

By oure 1 assente sen we dyd dye

Ihesus this day,

That we 2 mayntayne — and stand therby —

That werke all-way.

12

CAYPH. 3is, sir, that dede schall we mayntayne; By lawe it was done all be-dene,

A	
3e wotte youre-selue, with-outen wer Als wele as we.	ie,
His sawes are nowe vppon hym sen	•
And ay schall be.	c, 18
And ay schan be.	
Anna. The pepull, sir, in this san	ne steede
Be-fore 30u saide with a hole hede	
That he was worthy to be dede,	
And therto sware.	
Sen all was rewlid by right[w]is 2 re	de,
Nevyn it nomore.	24
	·
PIL. To neuyn me thinketh it nedf	ull thyng;
Sen he was hadde to beriyng,	•
Herde we nowthir of olde ne 3ing	
Tithynges ⁸ be-twene.	
CAYPH. Centurio, sir, will tidingis	bringe 4
Of all be-dene.	30
We lefte hym there for man moste	wise,
If any rebelles 5 wolde ought rise	
Oure rightwise dome for to dispise	
Or it offende,	
To sese thame till the nexte assise	
And than make ende.	36
[Enter Cents	rio.]
CENT. [To himself.] A! blissid	Lorde Adonav.
What may thes meruayles signifie	
That her was schewed so oppinly	
Vn-to oure sight	
This day whanne that the man gune	e dye
That Ihesus highte?	42
1 77	
	thynges; <i>corr. by</i> Ho. rybaldes.
4 Y. bringe thidingis; Ho. bringe	•

Itt is a misty thyng to mene;	
So selcouth a sight was neuere sene,	
That 1 oure princes and prestis be-dene	
Of this affray	
I woll go weten, with-outen wene,	
What thei can saye.	ֈ8
[He salutes Pilate and the priests.]	
God saue 30u, sirs, on ilke a side!	
Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide	
With mekill mirthe myght 3e abide	
Both 2 day and nyght!	
PIL. Centurio, welcome this tide,	
Oure comely knyght!	54
3e haue bene miste vs here 8 among.	
CENT. God giffe you grace grathely to gang!	
PIL. Centurio, [o]ure frende full lang,	
What is your will?	
CENT. I drede me that 3e haue done wrang	
And wondir ill.	်ဝ
CAYPH. Wondir ill? I pray the, why?	
Declare it to this company.	
CENT. So schall I, sirs, telle 30u trewly,	
With-owten trayne:	
The rightwise mane thanne mene I by	
That 3e haue slayne.	56
PIL. Centurio, sesse of such sawe.	
Thou arte a lered man in the lawe,	
And if we schulde any witnes drawe	
Vs to excuse,	
To mayntayne vs euermore the 4 awe	
And nost reffuse.	72
¹ K. inserts to.	
² Y. Boght; corr. by K. The whole line is in a later hand than the	
rest of the MS.	

4 Ho. reads ye.

⁸ K. reads here vs.

CENT. To mayntayne trout!	he is wele worthi;	
I saide 30u, whenne I sawe h	ym dy,	
That he was Goddis sone Al	myghty	
That hanged 1 thore		
3itt saie I soo, and stande th	·	
For-euermore.	•	78
Саурн. 3a, sir, such reasou	ıns may 3e rewe.	
3e schulde noght neueyn such	h note enewe ²	
But 3e couthe any tokenyngis	s trewe	
Vnto vs tell.		
CENT. Such woundirfull cas	s neuere 3it 3e knewe	
As now befell.	, ,	84
Anna. We pray the, tell vs	of what thyng.	
CENT. All elementis, both of		
In ther maneres thai made m	nornyng	•
In ilke a stede;		
And knewe, be countenaunce	e, that ther kyng	
Was done to dede.	• •	90
The sonne for woo he waxed	l all wanne;	
The mone and sterres of sch	ynyng blanne;	
The erthe tremeled and also	manne 8	
Be-gan to speke;	• *	
The stones that neuer was st	tered or thanne	
Gune 4 a-sondir bre		96
And dede-men rose, both gre	ete and small.	
PIL. Centurio, be-ware with	ı-all!	
3e wote oure clerkis the clips	sis thei call	
Such sodayne sight		
Both sonne and mone that se	esonne ⁵ schall	
Lak of ther light.		102
1 Y. hangeth; corr. by K.	4 Qy. omit Gune.	\ 1
² T. has notes newe.	⁵ Ho. sesoune.	

8 T. And erthe it tremlyd as a man; qy. And erthe it tremeled as the man.

CAYPH. 3a, and if dede men rose bodily,

That myght be done thurgh so[r]cery;

Therfore we sette no thyng therby,

To be abaiste.

CENT. All that I tell, for trewthe schall I Euermore traste.

108

For 2 this ilke werk that 3e did wirke Nought allone the sonne was mirke, But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke That witte I wolde.

PIL. Swilke tales full sone will make vs irke And thei be talde.

114

Anna. Centurio, such speche withdrawe; Of all thes wordes we haue none awe.

CENT. Nowe, sen 3e sette noght be my sawe, Sirs, haue gode day!

God 8 graunte you grace that 3e may knawe The soth alway.

120

Anna. With-drawe the faste, sen thou the dredis,

For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis. [Exit Centurio.]

PIL. Such wondir reasouns as he redis Was neuere beforne.

CAIPH. To neven this noote no more vs nedis, Nowthere even ne morne.

126

Therfore loke nomanne make ille 4 chere.

All this doyng may do no dere;

But to be-ware 3itt of more were

That folke may fele,

We pray you, sirs, of thes sawes sere Avise 30u wele.

¹ Corr. by K.; but socery occurs often.

² Y. In; T. Not for.

⁸ Supplied by K.

⁴ Y. ilke; corr. by Ho.

And to this tale takes hede in hye, For Iesu saide even opynly A thyng that greues all this Jury, And riste so may,— That he schulde rise vppe bodily With-in¹ the thirde day.	138
And be it so, als motte I spede,	
His lattar deede is more to drede	
Than is the firste, if we take hede	
Or tente therto.	
To neuyn this noote me thynke maste nede	
And beste to do.	144
Anna. 3a, sir, all if 2 that he saide soo,	
He has no myght to rise and goo.	
But if his menne stele hym vs froo	
And bere away,	
That were tille us and other moo	
A foule [a]ffraye; 8	150
For thanne wolde thei saie, euere-ilkone,	
That he roose by hym-selffe allone;	
Therfore latte hym be kepte anone	
With knyghtes hende,	
Vnto thre daies be comen and gone	
And broght till ende.	156
PIL. In certayne, sirs, right wele 3e saie;	
For this ilke poynte nowe [to]4 purvaye,	
I schall ordayne, if that 5 I may,	
He schall not ryse,	
Nor none schalle wynne hym thens away	
On no-kyns wise.	162
 1 Kittredge suggests On. 2 Y. if all. K. T. enffraye. K.; Y. if; Ho. it if. 	4 Y.

[He speaks to the soldiers.]

Sir knyghtis, that are in dedis dowty,
Chosen for chiffe of cheualrye,
As we ay in youre force affie
Bothe day and nyght,
Wendis and kepis Jesu body
With all youre myghte;

168

And for thyng that euere be maye Kepis hym wele to the thirde day, And latis noman take hym away Oute of that stede; For, and thei do, suthly I saie,

3e schall be dede.

174

I. MILES. Lordingis, we saie 30u for certayne,
 We schall kepe hym with myght 8 and mayne;
 Ther schall no traitoures with no trayne
 Stele hym vs froo.

Sir knyghtis, takis gere that moste may gayne, And lates vs goo.

180

II. MIL. 3is, certis, we are all redy bowne; We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne.

[The soldiers go to the Sepulchre.]

On ilke a side latte vs sitte doune

Now all in-fere,

And fownde 4 we schall to 5 crake his croune,

Whoso comes here.

186

[The soldiers sit down and fall asleep.]

Tunc "Iesu resurgente." 6

1 K. prefixes Ye.

8 Y. myghtis; corr. by K.

² Y. takis; corr. by Ho.

4 K.; Y. sone.

5 Om. Y.

⁶ Miss Smith says: "The marginal note in later hand here, 'tunc angelus cantat Resurgens.' See lines 383-386." This is supported by T., which has: "Tunc cantabunt angeli 'Jesus resurgens.'"

[Enter the three Marys going to the Tomb.]

I.	Mar.	. Allas! to dede I wolde be dig	ght,
S	oow o	in worlde 1 was neuere wight;	
M	i soro	owe is all for that sight	

That I gune see,

Howe Criste, my maistir, moste of myght, Is dede fro me.

192

Allas, that I schulde se his pyne,
Or yit that I his 2 liffe schulde tyne!
Of ilke a myscheue he is 8 medicyne
And bote of all,

Helpe and halde to ilke a hyne
On hym wolde call.4

198

II. MAR. Allas! who schall my balis bete, Whanne I thynke on his woundes wete? Jesu, that was of loue so swete

And neuere did ill,

Es dede and grauen vnder the grete With-outen skill.

204

III. MAR. With-owten skill the Jewes ilkone That louely lorde has newly slone,⁵
And trespasse did he neuere none

In no-kyn steede.

To whome nowe schall I make my mone, Sen he is dede?

210

I. MAR. Sen he is dede, my sisteres dere,Wende we will on mylde manere,With oure a-noynementis faire and clere

That we have broght,

To noynte his wondis, on sides sere

That Jewes hym wroght.

¹ Y. werke; T. warld; pointed out by He.

² Ho. my.

⁸ Ho. T. was.

⁴ MS. that on hym on wolde call; corr. by Y.

⁵ K. T.; Y. slayne.

II. MAR.¹ Goo we same, my sisteres free. Full sare² vs longis his corse to see, But I wotte noght howe beste may be; Helpe haue we none, And who schall nowe here of vs thre Remove the stone?	222
III. MAR. That do we noght but we wer moo,	
For it is huge and heuy also.	
I. MAR. Sisteris! a 30nge child, as we goo	
Makand mornyng,	
I see it sitte wher we wende to,	
In white clothyng.	22 8
II. MAR. Sisters, sertis, it is noght to hide, The heur stone is putte beside!	
III. MAR. Sertis, for thyng that may be-tyde	
Nere will we wende,	
To layte that luffely and with hym bide	
That was oure ffrende.	234
[They approach nearer the Sepulchre.]	
Angel. 3e mournand women in youre thought,	
Here in this place whome haue 3e sought?	
I. MAR. Jesu, that unto 8 dede was 4 brought,	
Oure Lord so free.	
Ang. Women, certayne here is he noght;	
Come nere and see.	24 0
He is noght here, the soth to saie; The place is voide that he in laye.	
The sudary here se 3e may,	
Was on hym laide.	
He is resen and wente his b way,	
As he 30u saide.	24 6
1 Y.; MS. Prima Maria; see Notes. 2 Y. faire; T. sore; pointed out by He. 5 MS. repeats his. 8 K. T.; Y. to.	

Euen as he saide, so done has hee; He is resen thurgh grete poostee. He schall be foune in Galile, In flesshe and fell. To his discipilis nowe wende 3e, And thus thame tell.	252
I. MAR. Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo, That he is resen dede thus froo, As the aungell tolde me and yow too,— Oure lorde so free,— Hens¹ will I neuer goo	9
Or I hym see. II. MAR. Marie, vs thare no lenger lende; ² To Calila nova lete vs wands	258
To Galile nowe late vs wende. I. MAR. Nought tille I see that faithfull frende, Mi lorde and leche. Therfore all this, my sisteres hende, That 3e forth preche.8	2 64
III. MAR. As we have herde, so schall we saie. Marie oure sistir, have goode daye! I. MAR. Nowe verray God, as he wele maye,	
Man most of myght, ⁴ He wisse you, sisteres, wele in youre waye	267 a
And rewle 30u right!	269
[Exeunt second and third Marys.]	
Allas! what schall nowe worthe on me? My kaytiffe herte will breke in three Whenne I thynke on that body free, How it was spilte, Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre, Withouten gilte!	275
¹ He. wishes to insert furthe. ² MS. layne; corr. by Y. ⁸ Ho. T. Loke that 3e preche. ⁴ Line missing in MS.; supplied by Y. from T.	-, ,

With-outen gilte the trewe was tane, For trespas did he neuere nane. 1 The woundes he suffred, — many ane, — 2 Was for my misse; It was my dede 8 he was for slayne 4 And no-thyng his. **281** How might I, but I loued that swete, That for my loue tholed woundes wete And sithen be grauen vndir the grete, Such kyndnes kithe? Ther is no-thing to that we mete May make me blithe. 287 [The soldiers awaken.] I. MIL. What! oute! allas! what schall I saie? Where is the corse that here in laye? II. MIL. What ayles the, man? Is he awaye That we schulde tente? 1. MIL. Rise vppe and see. II. MIL. Harrowe! for ay I telle vs schente. **293** III. MIL.5 What deuill is this? what aylis 30u twa 6 Such noyse and crye thus for to ma? 7 I. MIL. For he is gone. 8 III. MIL. 9 Allas! wha? He that here laye.9 II. MIL. IV. MIL. Whe! harrowe! deuill! 10 how swa 298 Gat he away? 10 298 a ¹ Y. none. ⁵ On this stanza, see Notes. ² Y. one. ⁶ Y. twoo. ⁸ He. T. gylt. ⁷ Y. to make too; T. to may. 4 K; Y. for-slayne. 8 T.; Y. Why is he gone?

9-9 T.; Y. Allas where is he that here laye?

10-10 T.; Y. whare is he away?

III. MIL. What! is he thus-gatis fro vs wente,		
That fals traitour that here was lente,		
And we trewly here for to tente		
Had vndir-tane?		
Sekirlie, ² I telle vs schente		
Holy, ilkane.	304	
I. MIL. ⁸ Allas! what schall we do this day		
That thus this warlowe is wente his waye?		
And sauely, sirs, I dare wele saie,		
He rose allone.		
II. MIL. Witte sir Pilate of this affraye,		
We mon be slone.	310	
III. MIL. Why,4 canne none of vs no bettir rede?		
IV. MIL. Ther is not ellis but we be dede.		
11. MIL. Whanne that he stered oute of this steede,		
None couthe it kenne.		
I. MIL. Allas! harde happe was on my hede		
Amonge all menne.	316	
Fro sir Pilate witte of this dede,		
That we were slepande whanne he zede, He will 5 forfette, with-outen drede,		
All that we haue.		
II. MIL. Vs muste 6 make lies, for that is nede,		
Oure-selve to save.	222	
Oure-sciue to sauc.	322	
III. MIL. 3a, that rede I 7 wele, also 8 motte I goo.		
IV. MIL. And I assente therto alsoo.		
II. MIL. An hundereth, schall I saie, and moo,		
Armed 9 ilkone,		
Come and toke his corse vs froo		
And 10 vs nere slone.11	328	
¹ MS.; changed by Y. to 11. M1L., but see Notes.		
² K. inserts sirs. ⁷ Y. I rede I; T. He. red I.		
8 T.; Y. III. MIL. 8 T. so; Ho. als.		
4 K. omits Why. 9 T. K. Welle armed.		
⁵ T. We mon; preferred by He. ¹⁰ He. Had. ⁶ Ho. bus. ¹¹ T.; Y. slayne.		
and the second s		

I. MIL. Nay, certis, I halde there none so goode	
As saie the soth even as it stoode,	
Howe that he rose with mayne and mode	
And wente his way.	
To sir Pilate, if he be wode,	
This dar I saie.	334
II. MIL. Why, dare thou to sir Pilate goo	
With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?	
I. MIL. So rede I, for, if he vs sloo,	
We dye but onys.	•
III. MIL. Nowe, he that wrought vs all this woo,	
Woo worthe his bonys!	340
IV. MIL. Go we thanne, sir knyghtis hende,	
Sen that 2 we schall to sir Pilate wende.	
I trowe that we shall parte no frende 8	
Or that we passe.	
I.4 MIL. And I schall hym saie ilke word tille ende Even as it was.	246
	346
[They go to Pilate.]	
Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,	
Sir Cayphas and Anna, in-fere,	
And all 3e lordyngis that are here,	
To neven by name,	
God saue 30u all, on sidis sere,	
Fro synne and schame!	352
PIL. 3e are welcome, oure knyghtis kene!	
Of mekill mirthe nowe may ze mene;	
Therfore some tales telle vs be-twene,	-
Howe 3e haue wroght.	
I. MIL. Oure wakyng, lorde, with-outen wene,	
Is worthed 6 to no3t.	358
	4 J -
¹ Inserted by K.; Ho. inserts do after he. ² Om. T. ⁵ Om. T. K.	
8 Y. frendes; corr. by K. from T. 6 He. T. worthe.	
4 Speaker added by late hand.	

Саурн.	To noght? allas! Sesse of such sawe!	
II. MIL.	The prophete Jesu, that 3e wele knawe,	
	and gone, for all oure awe,	
	With mayne and myght.	
PIL. T	herfore the deuill hym-selffe the drawe,	
	Fals recrayed knyght!	364
Combere	ed cowardis I you call!	
Haue 3e	latten hym goo fro you all?	
III. MIL.	Sir, ther was none that did but small	
_	When that he zede	
iv. Mil.	We wer so ferde, downe ganne we falle	
	And dared for drede.	370
Anna.	Hadde 3e no streng[t]he hym to gayne-stande?	
Traitour	es! 3e myght haue boune in bande	
Bothe hy	ym and thame that 3e ther fande,	
•	And sessid thame sone.	
ı. Mil.	That dede all erthely men leuand	
	Myght nost haue done.	376
II. MIL.	We wer so radde euer-ilkone,	
Whanne	that he putte beside the stone,	•
We wer	so stonyd we durst stirre none,	
	And so abasshed.	
PIL.	What! rose he by hym-selfe allone?	
	I. MIL. 3a, sir, that 1 be 3e traste.	382
iv. Mil.	We herde never sen we were borne,	
Nor all	oure faderes vs be-forne,	
Suche m	nelodie, mydday ne morne,	
	As was made there.	
CAYPH.	Allas! thanne is oure lawes lorne	
	For-euere-mare.	388
II. MIL.	What tyme he rose good tente I toke;	
The ertl	he <i>th</i> at tyme tremylled and quoke.	

1 K. omits that.

THE RESURRECTION.	167
All kyndely force than me for-soke,	
Tille he was gone.	
III. MIL. I was a-ferde, I durste not loke,	
Ne myght had none;	394
I myght not stande, so was I starke.	
PIL. Sir Cayphas, 3e are a connyng clerke,—	
If we amisse haue tane oure merke,—	
I trowe same 1 faile;	
Therfore what schalle worthe nowe 2 of this werke,	
Sais your counsaille.	400
Саурн. To saie the beste, forsothe, I schall,	
That schall be prophete 8 to vs all:	
3one knyghtis behoues there wordis agayne 4 call,	
Howe he is miste:	
We nolde for thyng that myght be-fall	
That no man wiste.	406
Anna. Now, sir Pilate, sen that it is soo,	
That he is resynne [in-]dede us froo,	
Comaundis 30ure knyghtis to saie wher thei goo	
That he was tane	
With xxti ml. men, and mo,	
And thame 5 nere slayne.	412
•	

And therto of our tresorie

Giffe to thame a rewarde for-thy.

PIL. Nowe of this purpose wele plesed am I,

And forther thus: 6

[To the soldiers.]

Sir knyghtis, that are in dedis dowty, Takes tente to vs,

¹ Ho. sanz.

⁸ Of course a bad spelling of profit.

² Om. K.

⁴ K. gayne.

⁵ He. *th*ai.

⁶ He. T. It shalbe thus, which is probably right.

And herkenes what that 3e shall sa	ie
To ilke a man, both ny3t and days	:
That 2 ten ml. men in good araye	
Come 30u vntill,	
With forse of armys bare hym awa	ye
Agaynst your will.	424
Thus schall 3e saie in ilke a lande,	
And therto, on that same comenau	nde,
A thousande pounde haue in youre	hande
To your rewarde;	
And frenschippe, sirs, 3e vndirstand	ie,
Schall not be spared.	430
CAIPH.8 Ilkone youre state we sol	hall amende;
And loke 3e saie as we 30u kende.	
I. MIL. In what contre so 3e vs se	ende,
Be nyght or daye,	
Wherso we come, wherso we wend	e,
So schal we saie.	436
PIL. 3a, and where-so 3e tarie in i	lke contre,
Of oure doyng in no degre	
Dois that nomanne the wiser be,	
Ne freyne be-forne;	
Ne of the sight that 3e gonne se,	
Nevynnes it 4 nowthere ev	ren ne morne; 442
For we schall mayntayne 30u alway	'e,
And to the pepull schall we saie	
It is gretely agaynste oure lay	•
To trowe such thing.	•
So schall thei deme, both nyght and	d day,
All is lesyng.	448
1 Y. aman.	Late hand.
² Om. K.	Ho. omits Nevynnes it.

THE RESURRECTION.

Thus schall the sothe be bought and solde,
And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde;
Therfore ay in youre hartis 3e holde
This counsaile clene.
And fares nowe wele, both younge and olde,
Haly be-dene!

CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

Printed from MS. Hengwrt 229, the property of W. R. M. Wynne, Esq. The date of the MS. is, according to Dr. Furnivall, 1475 or a little later; Mr. Warner, of the British Museum, assigns it to the end of the fifteenth century. It is, therefore, at least a century older than the oldest of the five complete MSS. of this collection. Another claim to interest is indicated in a note by Dr. Furnivall: "Mr. Wynne's MS. must have been owned by some player or manager, who doubled it up and carried it about in his pocket, used it with hot hands, and faded its ink. I suppose it's the only copy of the kind."

Mr. Wynne, whose kindness I cannot adequately acknowledge, wishes the print to represent the MS. as exactly as possible. I have accordingly given the text without change, except that I have not attempted to reproduce the forms of the letters—long f, for example—and that I have supplied the punctuation, there being none in the MS. Final li is usually crossed, and final m and n flourished, but it seemed unnecessary to indicate these; only exceptional peculiarities are pointed out. The capitals, it will be observed, are those of the MS. Such corrections and additions as seemed absolutely necessary for the ordinary reader have been supplied in the footnotes, where will also be found a sufficient number of readings from the other MSS. to indicate in a general way the relations of this MS. to the two classes established by Deimling. A full collation seemed unnecessary, in view of the nature of this book and of the likelihood that we shall ere long have the second part of Deimling's edition. Suffice it to say here that this MS. is more closely related to H. than to B. W. h.

In the footnotes, Wr. indicates Wright's edition (2 vols., Shakespeare Society, 1843); W. indicates Dr. Furnivall's reading of MS. Addit. 10,305,—the basis of Wright's text; H. indicates MS. Harl. 2124; cf. p. 66, above. The occasional remarks on the different ways in which the same word has been read are intended to help the reader to a conception of the actual appearance of the MS.

[ANTICHRIST.]

¹Incipit pagina XX² De salla ... ⁸Antechristi.

Primo equitando incipiat Ant . . . : 4

- p. 1. De celso trono poli, pollens clarior sole —
 Age vobis ⁵ monstrare descendi vos iudicare.
 - 1 All Latin is written in big letters.
 - 2 In Wr. it is XXIV, but the MS. he follows calls it XXIII.
 - 8 Qy. fallacia.

- ⁴ Antechristus.
- ⁵ Wr. Age vos; both words almost illegible in MS.

Reges et principes sunt subditi sub me viuentes; Sites 1 sapientes vos, semper in me credentes, Et faciam flentes gaudere atque dolentes; Sic omnes gentes gaudebunt in me sperantes. Descendi presens Rex pius et perlustrator; Prinnceps eternus Vocor, cristus, vester Saluator.

8

All ledys in londe, now bese light,

That wyllyn be Rulyde throghe out the Right:

Youre 2 Savyor nowe in youre sight

Here may ye sauely see;

Messyas, criste 2 and most of might,
That in the 2 lawe wos youe behyght,
All monkynde Ioy to dyght
Is comyn, for I am hee.

16

Off me was spokyn in prophecye
Off Moyses, davyd and ysaye;
I am 8 he they call messye,
forbyer of Israell.
That 4 levyn on me stydfastly,
I shall them saue frome all Any,
And siche 5 joye Right as haue I
with hem 6 I thinke to dele.

24

De me enim dicitur Ezechiel tricesimo sexto: "Tollam vos de gentibus, et congregabo vos de vniuersis terris, et reduam vos in terram vestram."

But one hath lyggydd 8 hym here in londe, — Ihesu he hight, I vnderstond, — To fforther falsed 9 he confounde 10

¹ Wr. Sitis; almost illegible in MS.

² The beginning of these lines almost illegible.

⁸ I am is almost illegible. 4 Wr. Those that. 5 Wr. omits siche.

⁶ This is the only example of hem (= them) in this MS.

⁷ The correct reading, reducam, is written below this word in MS.

⁸ Corrected in MS. from laykyd.

⁹ Wr. falsehoode.

¹⁰ Read can (= gan) fonde; Wr. has can founde.

And ferde withe ffantasye.

His wykydne; he wolde not wonde ¹

Till he wos takyn and putt in bonde ¹

And Slayne throghe vertue of my sonde. ¹

This ys sothe sycurlye.

32

My peple of Iues he cothe twynne,
p. 2. That theyr land come they neuer in;
Then on theym nowe most I myn
And Restoure theym agayn.
To bylde this temple wyll I not blyn,
And as god honuryd be therin;
And endless wele I shall them wyn,
All that to me bene bayne.

40

De me etiam² dicitur in psalmo: "Adorabo ad templum Sanctum tuum in timore tuo."

One thing me gladys, be ye bolde,
As Danyell, the prophett, ffore me tolde,
All women in worlde me loue shulde
when I were comyn Rowland.8
This prophesye I shall well holde,4
which ys most lykyng to yonge & olde.
I thinke to ffaast monye folde 5
And theyr ffayrnesse to ffounde.

48

Also he told them,⁴ leue ye me, That I of giftis shulde be free, whiche prophesye don shalbe

When I my Realme 4 haue wonnen, — 6 And that I 4 shulde 4 graunte 4 men poste, 7 Ryvyd Riches, lond and ffee; —

¹ The o in these words looks like e. 2 Perhaps enim as in Wr.

Wr. has l. 48 as both 44 and 48; H. gives the correct reading: When I were come in land.

5 Wr. I thinke faste manye to holde.

⁴ Almost illegible.

⁶ H. has nommen; the word is so uncertain in MS. that it was at first read memory.

7 Wr. mercy; H. agrees with MS.

That shall 1 be done, 1 that ye shall see, Whan I am hether comen.²

56

Danielis 1 tercio decimo: "dabit eis potestatem mult..1 et terram dividet gratuitam."

Whatt saye ye, kingis that here ben lente? Ar not my wordys at youre Assente? That I 1 am 1 criste omnypotente,— Leve ye not thus Ichon 1? PRIMUS REX. We leuen, lorde, without lett,

That crist he ys not comyn yet.

Yff thowe be he, thowe shalbe sett In temple as god Alon.

64

SECUNDUS REX. Iff thowe be crist, callyd messye, That from oure bale shall vs bye, Doe 1 byfore us some maistrye,

A signe 1 that we may see.

p. 3. TERCIUS REX. Then will I leue that hitt ys so yf thowe do wonders or thow goo; So that thow saue vs of oure woo, Then honoryd shall thowe be.

72

QUARTUS REX. flowle haue we levyd mony a yere And of oure wenyng bene in were; And thowe be crist now comyn here,

Then may thowe stynt all striffe.

ANTECHRISTUS. That I am Crist, and Crist wilbe, By verrey signes sone shall ye see, ffor dede 3 men thrughe my poste

Shall Ryse from dethe to lyue.

80

Now wyll I turne all thrughe my myght Trees downe, the Rote vp Right, --That ys marvell to youre sighte,—

¹ Almost illegible. ² The line is almost illegible.

⁸ This was at first read as alle; Wr. has dead.

And ffrute groing vpon:
So shall they growe and Multiplie¹
Throghe my might and my maistrey,—
I putt you out of hereysye
to here² me Apon.

88

and bodyes that ben dede and slayne, Yff I may Rayse theym vp Agayne, Thow honorys me with myght & mayn;

Then shall no mon yow gryue. fforsothe then after will I dee And Ryse Agayn thrughe my poostye. Yff I may do thus mareulosly,

I Redd yow on me leue.

96

Men buryed in graue, as ye may see,
What Maistrye ys nowe, hope ye,
To Rayse theym vp thrughe my postye
And all thrughe my none Accorde?
Whyther I in my godhede be,
By euery signe ye shall se.
Ryse vp, ye dede men, & honures me
And knoys me for youre lorde.

104

Tunc Resurgendo dicat primus Mortuus.

A! lord, to the I aske mercye;
I wos dede, but nowe lyue I!
Nowe wot I well and wytterly
That Crist ys hyther comyn.

p. 4. SECUNDUS MORTUUS. Hym honore we and all Men, Devotly kneling on oure knen.

Wurshipte be thowe then, Amen!

Crist, that oure name has nomen.8

I I 2

¹ A stroke through the second 1.

² Corrected in margin to leeve.

⁸ Wr. Christe our name is comen.

ANTECRISTUS. That I shall fulfill holly wrytt,
Ye shall wott and knowe well hyt;
ffor I am wall of welle and wytt 1
And lord of euery londe;
And as the prophet Sophanye
Spekis of me full wytturlye,
I shall Reherse here Redylye
That Clerkys shall vnderstond:

I 20

Sophonie tercio: expectame² in die Resurreccionis mee in futurum quia iudicium⁸ ut congregem gentes et colligam Regna.

Nowe will I dye that ye shall see,
And Ryse agayne thrughe my poostye.
I wyll in graue that ye put me
And wurship me Alon;
ffor in this temple a tombe ys made,
There in my bodye shalbe leyde.
Then wyll I Ryse as I haue sayde,—
Take tente to me ychon,—

128

And after my Resurreccion,
Then wyll I sytt with gret Renovne,
And my gost sende to yow downe 4
In forme of fyer full sone.
I dye! I dye! nowe am I dede!

Mysical

133

PRIMUS REX. Nowe sithe this worthy lorde ys dede
And his 4 grace ys withe us lede,
To 4 take hys body it ys my Rede 5
And burye it in a graue.

SECUNDUS REX. fforsothe and so to us he saide,
In a toumbe he wolde be laide.

¹ Wr. wall [of] wayle and witte; read welle of wele and wytt.

² Read expecta me.

⁴ Almost illegible.

⁸ Wr. also omits meum.

⁵ This was at first read as bedde.

Nowe goo we forthe all at a brayde! ffrome dyssese he may us saue.

141

Tunc transeunt ad Antechristum.

TERCIUS REX. Take we the bodye of this swete And ley it low vndre the greet! Nowe, lorde, comforde us, we the biseke, And send vs of thy grace.

p. 5. QUARTUS REX. And if he Rise sone 1 thrughe his myght

> ffrome dethe to lyve, as he hyght, Hym wyll I honour day and nyght As god in euery place.

149

Tunc recedent de tumulo usque ad terram, et dicat

PRIMUS REX. Nowe wot I well that he ys dede, ffor nowe in greve we haue hym layde. Yff he² Ryse as he hasse sayd, He ys 2 of fulgret 8 myghte. SECUNDUS REX. I can not leffe hym apon But yf he Ryse hym selffe alon, As he hass sayde to monyon, And shoo hym here in syght.

157

Tyll that oure sauyore be Ryson TERCIUS REX. agayne,

In fayth, my hart may not be fayne

But I hym see withe yee.

QUARTUS REX. I most morne withe All my mayne

Till Crist be Rison vp Agayn.

Off that myracle make us fayne, Ryse vp,2 lorde, that we may see.

164

1 A curve over n. ² Almost illegible. ⁸ Read ful gret.

4 The MS. (W.) printed by Wr. also omits this line; Wr. supplied it from H., as follows: My body eke will not be bayne.

Tunc Antechristus leuat caput suum surgens a mortuis.

ANTECHRISTUS. I Rise nowe! Reuerence dose to me! God glorify, fyrst, last, in 1 degre.

Iff I be crist, nowe levys ye,2

And warchis after the wyse!8

PRIMUS REX. A! lord, welcome most thowe be!

That thow art god, nowe leue we.

Therefore go sit vp in thy see,

And kepe oure sacryfyse.

172

Tunc transient ad Antechristum.

SECUNDUS REX. Forsoth in seyte thowe shaltbe sett,
And honoryd bothe with lambe & gete,4
As moseyes lawe that lastyth yet,
As he as 5 sayde beffore.6

TERCIUS REX. O gracius lorde, go sytt downe then, And we shall, kneling on oure knen, wurship the as thyn owne men

And worche after thy lore.

180

Tunc assendit Antechristus ad ?

p. 6. Et Tercius Rex. Hethur we be comyn with good entent

To make oure sacryfice, lord excellent, Withe this lambe that I have here hente, Knelyng the before.

Thowe graunte vs grace to do & saye

- ¹ Wr. glorified, created of; H. glorified, greatest of. The latter is probably correct and the original of the reading of our MS. Dr. Furnivall, however, thinks MS. really has glorify kreatyd in.
 - ² Wr. H. ye me.

- ⁸ Wr. my will.
- 4 Wr. honoured with lande (for laude) greate.
- ⁵ Wr. hath; read has.
- ⁶ This line in another hand, which Dr. Furnivall thinks later.
- ⁷ Wr. cathedram. In MS. this stage direction follows Et Tercius Rex, on the same line.
 - 8 H. has Primus; Wr. has no speaker's name.

That it be plesing to the aye,

To thy blysse that come we may

And never fro it be loore.

188

ANTECHRISTUS. I lord, I god, I hyght Iustyce, I crist, that made the dede to Rise,
Here I Receyue youre sacryfyce,
And blesse you ffleshe and fell

Tunc transiunt de Antechristo.

Ye kyngis, also to you I tell,
I wyll nowe send my holly goost
To knowe me lord, of myghtist 1 most,
off heven, yerthe and hell.

196

Tunc emittit spiritum dicens:

"Dabo vobis cor novum et spritum novum In medio Vestri."

QUARTUS REX. A, god! a, lorde, mycle of myght!
This holye gost is in me pight;
Me thinks my hart ys verry light
Sithe it come into me.
PRIMUS REX. Lord, we the honor day and night.

PRIMUS REX. Lord, we the honor day and nyght, ffor thowe shewys vs in sight, Right as moyses vs behyght.

Honoryd most thowe bee!

204

ANTECHRISTUS. Yet worthie werkis to youre will Off prophcie I will 2 fullfill:

As Danyell prophycied you till

That londys 8 I shulde devyse,
That phrophecye it shalbe done,
That ye shall se Right sone.
Wurshipis me all that ye mone,
And do after the wise.

212

¹ Read myghtis, as in Wr.

² Wr. shalf.

8 Wr. baundes.

Ye kyngis, I shall avaunte 1 you All, And, for youre Regnis be but Small, Citiez, castells shall you befall, with Townez and Towrez gay,

p. 7. And make you lordis of lordishipis ffere,2 — And well it ffalles for my power; — And loke ye do as I you lerr,8 And harkens what I say.4

220

I am verey god of myght; All thinge I made thrugh my myght, Son and mone, day and nyght; To blisse I may you bring. Therfor, kyngis noble 5 and gay, Yoken 6 youre peple 5 that 7 I saye, That I am crist, god verey, And tell theym such tything.8

228

My peple 5 of Iwes were put me frome; Therfor gret Ruthe I have theym on. Whythur they wyll leue me vpon

I wyll fulsone Assaye; ffor All that wyll leue me vpon Wordely welthe shall theym fall on, And to my blysse shall they come To dwell withe me for Aye.¹⁰

236

And the giftes that I behighte Ye shall haue, as ys good Right, Hens or I goo oute of youre sight; Ichon shall knowe¹¹ his doole: To the I gyffe lambardye; And to the, denmarke and hungrye;

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1 Wr. advanse; read avaunce; MS. clearly has t not c.
<sup>2</sup> H. fayre.
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⁷ H. what.

⁸ H. bad.

^{8 225-228} are not in Wr. (W.)

^{4 217-220} are not in Wr. (W.)

¹⁰ This stanza is not in Wr. (W.)

⁵ A stroke through 1.

¹¹ H. haue; Wr. knowe.

⁶ H. Token.

And take patmouse 1 & Italye,—
And Rome hit shall be hyse.

244

SECUNDUS REX. Graunt marsye, lorde, youre gifte to day!

Honor the we wyll Alway,

ffor we were nevyr so Rych, in ffay,

Ne non of all oure kynde.

* ANTE CHRISTUS. Therefor be true and stydfast Aye And levys trulye on my laye,

ffor I wyll harken on you to day Stydfast yf I you ffynd.

252

Tunc sedeat Antechristus; et veniant Enoke et Elysas, Quorum dicat enoke:

Almyghtye god in maiestye, That made the hevon and yerthe to be, ffyre, water, ston and tree

And mon Als, throghe thy myght,
The poyntys of thy prevytye
Any erthely mon to see

p. 8. Is impossible, as thynkis me, To ony worldely wighte.

260

Gracius lorde, that arte so gud,
That who 4 so long in fleshe and blude
Hasse grauntyd lyue and hevonly ffode,
Lett never oure thoughtis be fylyde;
But gyue vs, lorde, might & mayn,
Orr we of this shrewe be slayne,
To convert thy peple 5 Agayne,
That he hasse thus begylyd.

268

¹ Wr. take thou Ponthous.

² H. Wr. thyne; I cannot suggest the emendation required by the rhyme.

⁸ In the left margin opposite 249, 250, 251 are three words, which Dr. Furnivall suggests may be the names of actors. From the analogy of the other Chester Plays (cf. the Balaam pageant, p. 70, above, and that of the Three Kings) I should rather infer that they are stage directions. These words in transcript look like hoore ande offod.

⁴ Qy. us. ⁵ A stroke through 1.

Sythe the worldis begynnyng
I haue lyvyd in grett lyking,
Thrugh helpe of highe hevon kyng,
In paradyce, with out Anye,
Tyll we hard tokening
Off this theeffys commyng,
That nowe in erthe ys Reynyng
And goddis folke 1 distryes.2

276

To paradyce takyn I wos that tyde
This theffys comyng to Abyd,
And helye, my brother, here me bysyde,
wos after sende to me.
wythe this Champion we most Chyde,
That nowe in worlde walkys wyde,
To disspreve his pompe and pryde
And payre all his poostye.

284

HELYAS. O lorde, that Maddist Althinge,
And long hasse lent vs lyving,
Lett nevure the Devyle power spryng
This man hass hym with in.
God gyve you grace, bothe olde & yonge,
To knowe discayte in hys doynge,
That ye may come to that lykynge
Off blisse that nevere shall blyn.

292

I warne you, all men, wytterly,
This hys Ennoke, I am helye,
Ben comyn thys herrours 6 to distrye
That he to you nowe shewe?.
He callis hym selffe crist & messye;
He lyez, forsothe, Appertelye:

¹ A stroke through 1.

² Wr. And doth Godes folkes destroye; of course the final s is to be stricken out; whether doth is to be inserted may admit of doubt, considering the numerous instances of 3. s. pr. Ind. without either s or th.

⁸ Almost illegible.

⁵ This was at first read as us dure.

⁴ A curve over as.

⁶ Wr. his errores.

He ys the Devull you to Anye; And for non other hym knoys!

300

p. 9. TERTIUS REX. A! men, what speke ye of helye And ennoke? they ben in companye.

Off oure blude they ben wetterlye,

And we be of theyre kynde.

QUARTUS REX. We Redon in bokys of oure lawe That they to hevon were I drawe;

And yet ben ther, ys the comyn sawe,

Wrytyn as men may ffynde.

308

Ennoke. We be the men, forsoth I wysse,
Be comyn to tell ye don Amysse
And bring youre sowlys to hevon blisse,
Yff it were ony bote.
Helyas. This devuls lym that comyn ys,

HELYAS. This devuls lym that comyn ys, That saye; hevon and yerthe ys hys, Nowe been we Redye, leve ye this, Agaynst hym for to Mote.

316

PRIMUS REX. Yff that we Redye 8 wytt monn,
By preues of Disputacion,
That ye haue skyll and Reason,
With you we will Abyde.

SECUNDUS REX. And if youre skyllys may do hym downe,

To dye withe you we wilbe bowne, In hope of Sawle 4 saluacioun, What so euer betyd.

324

Ennoke. To do hym downe we shall Assay,
Thrugh myght of Ihesu borne of A maye,
By Right and Reason, as ye shall say,
And that ye shall well here;
And for that cause hyther were we sent

¹ Almost illegible.

⁸ Wr. heare.

² Wr. bene bouth.

⁴ Wr. omits sawle.

By Ihesu crist omnipotente, And that ye shall not all be shente: He thought¹ you all full dere.

332

Bese glade, therefor, and makis gud chere,
And do, I Redd, as I you lere;
ffor we ben comyn in gud manere
To saue you euerychon.
And drede you noght for that falsse fynde,
ffor ye shall se hym cast Behynde
Or we departe and from hym wynde,
And shame shall hym light on.

340

Et sic transibunt Ennoke et Helyas Ad Antechristum, quorum dicat Ennoke:

p. 10. Say, thowe verey devuls lyme,

That sittis so grisly and grym,

ffrom hym thowe come & shall to hym,

ffor mony A sowle thowe decevys.

Thowe hasse deceyuyd men mony a day,

And made the peple to thy pay,

And wychyd theym into A wrang wey

Wykkydly with thy wylys.

348

ANTECHRISTUS. A! fals fayteors, from me ye fflee!
Am I not most in maiestye?
What men dar meyn theym thus to me
Or make such distaunce?
HELIAS. ffye on the, fayture, fye on the,
The devuls owne nurre!
Thrughe hym thowe preches & hast postye
A whyle thrughe sufferaunce.

356

ANTECHRISTUS. You ypocritis, that so cryn, losells, lurdans, lowdelye you lyne!

¹ Wr. bought.

² Wr. And I doe read.

⁸ In left margin a later hand has written some words which in Dr. Furnivall's transcript look like: hore has de son s m. 4 Wr. and so.

⁵ Read begylys.

⁶ A stroke through 1.

⁷ A stroke over un.

	To spyll my lawe you Asspyne.1	
	That speeche ys gud to spare!	
	You that my true fayth desyne ²	
	And nedeles my folke devyen,8	
	ffrom hens hastely but ye hyne,	_
	To you comys sorowe & care.	364
	Ennoke. Thy sorowe and care cum on thy hede,	
	ffor falsly thrughe thy wykkyd Redde	
	The peple 4 ys put to pyne.5	
•	I wolde the 6 body were from the 6 hede,	
	X-X mylys from hit layde	
	Tyll I hit broght Agayn.	370
•	ANTECHRISTUS. Oute on the, wysarde, with thy wylis!	
	ffor falsly my peple thowe begylus;	_
	I shall the hastely honge!	
p. 11.	And that lurdayn that stondys the bye,	
_	He puttys my folke to gret Anye	
	Withe his false flaterand tong.	376
	But I shall teche you curtesye,	
	youre sauyor to knowe anon in hye,	•
	ffals Theffe3 with youre herysye,	
	And if ye darr Abyde!	380
	HELYAS. Yes, forsothe, for All thy pryde,	
	Thrughe grace of God Almyght	
	Here we purpose for to Abyde,	
	And all the werld, that ys so wyde,	
	Shall wondre on the on euery syde,	
	Sone in all mennys sight.8	386
1 W1	r. spine.	

² MS. clearly has f, but read defyne (=defy) with Wr. H.

⁸ This was at first read as denyen; Wr. has devyne.

⁴ A stroke through 1. 5 Wr. paine. 6 Wr. thy. 7 Wr. rasarde.

⁸ The stanza lacks the first two lines in Wr. also.

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, theffys bothe ij! Iche man may se ye be soe All by youre Araye; Muffelyd in mantyls, non such I knowe; I shall make you lowte full loo Or I departe you all froo, To knowe me lorde for Aye. **393** ENNOKE. We ben no theffys, I the tell, Thowe fals fend comyn from hell! Wythe the we purpous more to mell, My felow and I in fere, To knowe thy power and thy myght, As we these kyngis have behight; And thereto we ben Redy dighte, That all men nowe may here. 401 ANTECHRISTUS. My myght ys most, I tell to the; I dyed, I Rose, thrughe my poostye, That all these kyngis sawe with theyr ee, And euery mon and wiffe; And myracles 1 and marvels I did Also. I consell you, therefor, bothe ij, To wurship me and no moo, And lett vs nowe no more stryue. 409 HELYAS. They were no myracles but marvells 2 thing is That thowe shewyd to these kyngis Thrughe the fendys crafte. p. 12. And as the floure nowe springys, ffallith, fadithe 4 and hyngys, So do thy Ioy nowe 5 Ragnes That shalbe from the Rafte. 416 4 Wr. faith. 1 A stroke through 1. ⁵ Wr. So thy joye it; H. So thy joye now it. ² Wr. marvayles.

8 This line, missing also in Wr., is supplied by H.: into falsehood

thou them bringes.

ANTECHRISTUS. Oute on the, theffe, that settis so styll!

Why wylte thou not one wurde speke theym tyll,

That comyn me to Reprove?²
DOCTOR. O Lorde, maistre! what shall I say then?
ANTECHRISTUS. I beshrewe bothe thy kenne,⁸
Arte thowe nowe for to kenn?

In faythe, I shall the greve!

423

Off my godhed I made the wysse
And sett the euer at Micle is price;
Nowe I wolde fele thy gud advyce,
And here what thowe wolde saye.
These lowlers they wolde full fayne me greue,
And nothing on me will they leue,
But euer ben Radye me to Repreue

And all the peple 4 of my lawe.5

43 I

DOCTOR. O Lord, that art so mycle of myghte, Me thynke thowe shullest not Chyde nor fyghte, But curs theym, lorde, thrugh thy myght,

Then 6 shall they fare full yll;

for those that thowe Blesses they shall well spede, And those that thowe cursys they be best dede:

This ys my concell and my Rede Yendre herytykis to spyll.

439

ANTECRYSTUS. The same I purposyd, lerne thowe me;

All thing I knowe thrugh my postye;
But yet I thoghte thy witt to see,
What wos thyn entent.

⁵ Read laye.

⁷ Read leeve, with Wr.

¹ This line, missing in Wr. also, is supplied by H.: but lett them speak all thei will.

² Read repreve.

⁸ Later hand has written in margin knees; H. has knenne.

⁴ A stroke through 1.

⁶ Almost illegible.

Hit shalbe downe¹ ful sicurlye,— The sentence gyvon full openly, with my mouthe trulye,

Apon theym shalbe hente.

447

My curse I gyue you to mend your Melys, ffrom youre hede vnto youre helys! walke ye furthe youre 2 way! ENOKE. Ye! thowe shalt nevur com in Celis,

ffor falsly with thy wylus 8

The peple 4 ys put in pyne. 5

453

p. 13. ANTECRISTUS. Out on you, Thevys! why far ye thus?

Whither hade ye leuer haue payne or blisse?

I may you saue from all Amys;

I made the day and yke the nyght, And All thing that ys on yerthe groyng, fflowre3 freshe that fayr can spryng, — Also I made all other thing,6

They sterrus that be so bryght.

461

Thowe list! vengeaunce on the befall! Oute on the, wreche! wrothe the I shall.

Thowe callis the kyng & lord of all;

A ffynde ys the withein!

465

ANTECHRISTUS. Thowe liest falsly, I the tell! Thowe wilbe dampnyd into hell.

I made the, mon, of fleshe & fell,

And all That ys lyvyng;

ffor other god 7 haue you non;

Therefor wurship me Alon,

The wyche hasse made the water and ston,

And all at my lykyng.

473

1 Wr. done.

4 A stroke through 1.

² Instead of youre, Wr. has in twentie devilles.

⁸ After this H. has: all this people thou begyles and puttes them all to ⁵ Wr. paine. ⁶ This line is not in Wr. ⁷ Wr. Godes; H. godds.

Ennoke. fforsothe thowe lyes fulfalsly! 1
Thowe art A ffende commyn to Any
Goddis peple that stondis us bye;

In hell I wolde thou were.

HELYAS. ffye on the, felon! fye on the! fye! ffor All thy wychecrafte & socerye,²
To mote * with the I am Redye,

That All the peple may here.

481

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, harlottys! whens come ye?

Where 4 haue you other god then 5 me?

Ennoke. Yes; crist, god in trenyte,

Thow ffalse ffayture Attaynte!

That send his 6 son from hevon see,

That for mon kynd dyed on Rode tree,

That shall fullsone make the to flee,

Thowe ffeaytir false and ffaynte!

489

p. 14. Antechristus. Rybaldis Riuelid out of Raye,

What ys the trenyte to saye?

HELYAS. Thre persons, as thowe leue may,

In on godhede in ffere:

ffather and son, that ys no nay,

And the holly goost, stryrring Aye:

That ys one god verey;

Ben all thre namyd here.

497

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, thevys! what say ye? Wyll ye haue bothe one 8 god And iije?

Howe darr ye so say?

Maddmen, therefor levys 9 on me

¹ Wr. omits ful.

² Wr. sorcerye; but cf. p. 157, l. 104.

⁸ This looks a little more like mote than mete; Wr. has mote.

⁴ Wr. also has this form of whether.

⁵ Wr. any other godes but.

⁶ MS. has a second his, under-dotted for omission by a later hand.

⁷ Wr. ruled.

⁸ A stroke over e.

⁹ Wr. Madmen, maddmen, leeve.

That am one god, — so is not he! Then may ye lyue in Ioye & lee, All this londe I darr lay.

504

Ennoke. Nay, tyrand; vnderstond thou this: But 1 beginning his godhed ys And also boute 1 ending, ywys;

Thus fully levon we.

And thowe, that genderyd 2 wos Amys,
Hasse 8 beginning & nowe that 4 blisse,
And 6 ende shall haue — no drede there ys —
ffull 6 ffoule, as men shall se.

512

ANTECHRISTUS. Whrechys, golys, ye ben blent! Goddis son I am, from hym sente.

Howe darr you maynten youre entente,

Sithe he and I ben won? 8

Haue I not, sithe I cam hym froo,

Made the dede to speke 9 and goo?

And tho 10 men I sende 11 my goste Also

That levyd 12 me Apon.

520

HELYAS. fye on the, felone! fye on the! fye! ffor thrughe his myght & his 18 maistrye, 14

By sufferaunce 15 of god Allmyghtye,

The people 16 ys blent thrughe the.

Yff tho 17 men be Raysyd, witterlye,

Withouten the devuls ffantasye,

Here shall be prevyd Appertely,

That all men shall see.

528

Wr. Without.
 Wr. ingendred.
 Wr. sente.
 Wr. haste.
 Wr. leeve.
 Wr. this.
 Wr. omits his.
 Wr. An.
 This was at first read marsaye.
 Wr. Fully.
 A stroke over aun.
 Wr. glowes.

8 Wr. one. 17 Wr. thoes; W. thees.

⁹ Wr. rise.

p. 15. Antechristus. A! folys, I Redd you leue me Apone,

That myracles have shewyd 2 manyon To the peple euerychone,

To put theme out of Doute.

Therefor, I Rede you, hastely

Convertis to me most myghty;

I shall you saue from Anye,

And 1 that I am Aboute.

536

Ennoke. Nowe, of thy Myracles I wold see.

HELIAS. Therfor comyn hether be we,

To se 8 what ys thy grete postye,

And some therof to lere.

ANTECHRISTUS. Sone may ye se if you will byde;

ffor I wyll nother fyght nor chyde.

Offt 4 all the worlde that ys so wyde

Therin ys not my pere.

544

Ennoke. Bryng ffurthe those men here in our syght That thou hase Raysyd Agayn 5 the Ryght; Yf thowe be of so 6 mycle might

To make theym ete and drynke, ffor verey god we wyll the knowe, — such A sygne yf thow wyll shewe, — ⁷ And do the Reuerence on A Rowe,

All at thy lykyng.

552

ANTECHRISTUS. Wrecches dampnyd all be ye,
But noght for that yt fallyth me,
As gracius god, Abyding be
Yf ye wyll mende youre liffe.
Ye dede men, Ryse thrughe my postye,
And 8 ete and drynke that men may see,

1 Almost illegible.

⁶ Wr. againste.

² Wr. showed to.

6 Wr. omits so.

8 Wr. Doe for To se.

7 This was at first read showe.

4 Perhaps for Offe; Wr. Of.

8 Wr. Come.

And proue me worthest in deyte;¹ So shalle we stynt All stryffe.

560

PRIMUS MORTUUS. Lorde, thy bydding I will do Aye, And for to ete I will Assaye.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.² And I also, all that I maye, Wyll do thy byddyng here.

p. 16. Helias. Hand here brede, bothe two;
But I most blesse hyt or I goo,
That the fende, mankyndis ffoo,
One hit haue no powere.

568

Thys brede I blesse now with my honde
In Ihesus name, I vnderstonde,
The wych ys lorde of see and londe
And kyng in hevon so hye:
In nomine patris, that all hathe wroghte,
Et filii virginis, that dere vs boughte,
Et spyrytus sancti, ys all my thoghte,
One god and parsons thre.

576

PRIMUS 8 MORTUUS.2 Alas! put that 4 oute of my syghte;

To loke on yt I am not light,—
That Pryntte that ys vpon yt 5 pight
Hit puttythe me to grett ffere.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.² To loke on hit I am not light, That brede to Me yt ys so bryght, And ys my ffoe bothe day and nyght

And puttys me to grete dere.⁶ 584

Ennoke. Nowe, ye men that have donne mis,⁷ Ye seey ⁸ well what h*is* powere ys.

¹ Wr. worthye of dietie.

² MS. mortuu*us*.

⁵ vpon yt is almost illegible.

8 MS. Primusus.

7 Wr. amisse.

⁴ Wr. that bread.

⁸ Wr. see.

⁶ Written over another word; Wr. has dreade; dere is right.

Convertis to hym, I Rede I wysse,

That you on Rode haue 1 boughte.

TERCIUS REX. A!2 now we knowyn apertly

We haue ben broghte in herysye;

with you to dethe we will for thy,

And neuer eft turne ourre thought.

592

QUARTUS REX. Nowe, Ennoke and helye, it ys no nay,

Haue 8 tayntyd the Tyrant, this same day.

Blest be Ihesu borne of A may,

On hym I leue A pon!4

PRIMUS REX. Thowe fayture, that ferde 5 with fantesye,

With socerye, wycchrafte 6 & nygrymancye,

Thowe hasse vs led 7 in heresye,

ffye on thy werkys ychon!

600

p. 17. Secundus Rex. Ihesu, for thy mycle grace, fforgeve vs all oure tresspas,

And bryng us to the hye hevynly place

As thowe art god And mon!

Nowe am I wyse made thrughe thy myght;

Blessyd be thowe, Ihesu, day and nyght!

This grysely grome graythes hyme to fyght

608

TERCIUS REX. Off oure lyvys lett us not Reche,
Thoghe we be slayne of such A wreche
ffor Ihesu sake, that may vs leche,
Oure sowlys to bryng to blysse!
QUARTUS REX. That wos well sayde & so I sente; 10

To sle 9 us here Anon.

¹ Wr. hath, and so Dr. Furnivall reads here.

² Wr. And, which Dr. Furnivall is inclined to see here.

⁸ Wr. You have.

⁷ le above the line.

⁴ Wr. has the same line.

⁸ Wr. omits thowe.

⁵ Wr. Thou feature, fere.

⁹ Almost illegible.

⁶ Error of scribe.

¹⁰ Wr. assente.

To dye, for sothe, ys myn intent ffor Christes 1 loue 1 omnipotende, 1 In cause that ys Ryghtwyse.

616

ANTECRISTUS. A!² falsse faytures, turne you nowe? Ye shalbe slayne, I make A vowe; And those Traytours that turnyd you,
I shall make theym vnfayn,
That all other by verey sight

Shall knowe that I am most of myght, for with this sworde nowe wyll I fyght;

ffor all ye shalbe Slayne.

624

Tunc Antechristus occidet Enoke et Eliam et omnes conversos cum gladio, et Redebit ad chathedram; cui dicat Michaell cum gladio in manu sua dextra: 5

MICHAELL. Antecrist, nowe ys comyn thy day;

Reigne no longer thowe ne maye!

He that hath laad the Alwey,

Nowe hym thowe most go to.

No mo men shalbe shente 6 by the;

My lorde wyll, dede that thou be;

He that hath gyvon the this 7 poste

Thy soule shall vnder foo.

632

640

In syn Ingendirt furst thou wos,

In syn Als 8 lade thy lyfe thowe hasse,

p. 18. In Syn nowe An ende thowe mas,

That marryd hasse monyon.

Thowe hasse euer seruyd sathanas

And had hys power in euery place;

Therefo 9 thowe gayttys nowe no grace, —

with hym thowe most gon.10

1 Almost illegible.

⁶ Wr. slayne.

⁷ Wr. his.

² This was at first read as Ve, which may be a bad spelling of the ex-

clamation we; Wr. has A!

⁸ Wr. omnes reges.

⁸ Wr. omits Als.

⁴ Wr. cum.

⁹ Error of scribe.

⁵ Wr. in dextera sua.

¹⁰ In Wr. lines 637-640 follow 648.

iij yere and An halffe on, wytterlye, Thowe hasse hadde leue to distrye Goddis people 1 wykkydlye

Thrughe thy fowle Reede; Nowe thowe shalt knowe and wytt in hye That more ys goddys Maystrye²

Then eke the devuls & thyn therebye, ffor 8 nowe shalt thowe be dede.

648

The contract

Two Mychaell occidet Antechristum, et in Occidendo dicat Antechristus Help! Help!6

Help! sathanas and lucyfer,

Belsabub, bolde bacheler, 7

Ragnayll,8 thowe art my dere!

Nowe fare I wondre evull!

Alas! Alas! were is my powere?

Alas, my wytt ys in A were!

Nowe bodye and sowle, bothe in fere,

And all, gose to the Devyll!

656

Tunc morietur Antechristus, et venianto duo Demones, quorum dicat primus demon: 10

Anon! maister, Anon! anon!

ffrom hell grounde I herde the groune;

I thoghte I wolde not come myself Alon

ffor wurship of thyn Astate.

With vs to hell thowe shalt gon.

ffor this deth we make gret mon,

To wyn moo sowlys into oure won; 11

But nowe hit ys to late.

664

SECUNDUS DEMON. With me thowe shall; fro me thowe come;

Off me shall come thy last Dome,

¹ A stroke through 1.

² Wr. magistie; W. magistrie.

8 Wr. omits ffor.

4 Wr. occidit.

⁵ Wr. clamat; W. clamavit.

⁶ Wr. helpe twice more.

⁷ Wr. balacher.

8 Wr. Ragnell, Ragnell.

⁹ Wr. venient.

10 Wr. et dicunt ut sequitur.

11 Wr. pon.

ffor thowe hasse well deseruyd!

And thrughe my might & my poste

Thowe hasse lyuyd in dignyte

And mony a Sawle deceyuyd.

670

p. 19. Primus demon. This body was getton by myn Assente

In clene horedom verament;

Off mother wombe or that he wente,

I was hym with in,

And taghte hyme Ay with 1 myn entente

Syne, by wyche he shalbe shente;

ffor he dyd my comaundemente

His sowle shall neuer blyn.

678

682

686

SECUNDUS DEMON. Nowe, felow, in faythe, gret mon we may make

ffor this lorde of a state 2 that stond is in 8 styde;

Mony A fatt morsell we have had for his sake

Off Sowlys that shulde haue be sauyd; — in hell be thie 4 hyd.5

Animam eius tunc capiat.6

PRIMUS DEMON. His sowle with sorowe in honde haue I hente;

He⁷ penaunce and payne sone shall he fele;

To Lucyffer, that lord, yt shalbe presente,

That bren shall as a bronde; — his sorow shall not kele.8

SECUNDUS DEMON. This proctor of prophecye hasse procuryd monyon

On his lawe for to leue, and lost 9 for his sake.

1 Wr. eever for Ay with.

⁷ Wr. (H.) Yea.

² Wr. of estate.

⁸ Wr. (H.) feele.

8 Wr. in this.

⁹ Wr. (H.) lose.

⁴ Read thei.

⁵ Wr. shoulde bene hange in hel by the head.

⁶ Wr. from H.: Tunc aufertur corpus Antechristi a demonibus. W. lacks lines 683-694; Wr. prints them from H.

Theyre sowlys ben in sorowe, And his shalbe sone.

Such maisters thrughe my myght monion I 2

make.

690

PRIMUS DEMON. With lucyfer, that lorde, long shall he lenge;

In a sete Ay with sorowe with hym shall he sytt. SECUNDUS DEMON. Ye, by the halse in hell shall he henge,

In a dungen full depe, ryght in hell pytt..

694

PRIMUS DEMON. To hell wyll I hye with out ony fayle,4

With this present of pryce thedure 5 to bryng.

SECUNDUS DEMON. Thowe take hym by the tope &

I by the tayle;

An soryfull song, in faythe, shall he senge.

698

⁶ Primus demon. A! felowe, A doule ⁷ loke that thowe ⁸ dele

To all this fayr compayny, hence or 9 thou wynde! 10

SECUNDUS DEMON. Ye, sorowe and care euer shall they sele; 11

In hell shall they dwell at theyr last ende!

702

Tunc ibunt demones Ad infernum ad Animam 13 Antechristi; et surgent ennoke et helyas, quorum Dicat Ennoke:

p. 20. Ennoke. A! lorde, that all 18 shall lede And bothe deme 14 the quycke and dede,

¹ Wr. (H.) maystryes.

8 Wr. (H.) thou now.

² Wr. (H.) do I.

⁹ Wr. (H.) er.

8 Wr. (H.) heeles.

¹⁰ Wr. (H.) wend.

4 Wr. (W.) fay[1]e.

11 MS. clearly sele; but read fele.

⁵ Wr. (W.) theither.

12 Read cum anima.

6 These four lines with the stage direction after 702 are not in W.

H. apparently lacks only the stage direction.

18 H. alle the world.14 H. deme both.

⁷ Wr. (H.) dole.

That Reuerence the, thowe on theym Rede
And theym thrughe Right Releuyd!

I wos dede and Right here slayne,
But thrughe thy myghte, lord, & thy mayne
Thowe hasse me Raysyd vp Agayne.

The wyll I loue and leue!

710

Helyas. Ye, lorrde, blessyd most thou be!
My fleshe nowe gloryfyed I see.
Wittis ne selightte ageeynste the
Conspyryd may be no way.
Alle that levon in the stydfastly
Thow helpis, lorde, ffrom all Any,
ffor dede I wos and nowe lyue I.
Honuryd be thowe Aye!

718

MYCHAELL. Ennoke and helye, com ye Anon;
My lorde wyll that ye with me gon
To hevens blysse, botthe blude bon,
Euer mo there to be.
Ye have ben long, — for ye ben wyse, —

Dwellyng in erthlye paradyce;

But 4 to heven,4 there hym selffe ys, Nowe 4 shall ye goe withe me.

726

Tunc ibit Angelus adducens ennok et Helyam ad celum cantans: "Gaudete iusti in domino," &c.⁷

Explicit.

1 So Wr.; but read releeve with H.

4 Almost illegible.

⁵ Wr. ever.

² Wr. omits lord.

⁸ Wr. Witte ner; with no is possible.

⁶ The whole line is almost illegible.

⁷ Wr. Tunc abducens eos (W. omnes) ad celum cantabit (W. cantebit) angelus (W. angellus): "Gaudete iusti in Domino,"

YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

For information as to the source of the text and the meaning of the symbols, see p. 153.

[THE JUDGMENT DAY.] 1

The Merceres.

Deus incipit.

[Deus.] Firste when I this worlde hadde wroght, — Woode and wynde and wateris wan, And all-kynne thyng that nowe is oght, —

Fulle wele me thoght that I did thanne;

Whenne thei were made, goode me thame 2 thoght.

Sethen to my liknes made I man;

And man to greue 8 me gaffe he noght:

Therfore me rewis that I began.4

Whanne I had made man at my will,

I gaffe hym wittis hym-selue to wisse,

And Paradise I putte hym till,

And bad hym halde it all as his.

But of the tree of goode and ill

I saide, "What tyme thou etis of this,

Manne, thou spedes thi-selue to spill, —

Thou arte broght oute of all 5 blisse."

1 Supplied by Y.

8

16

⁸ K. wishes to read plese.

² Ho. thai.

⁵ K. inserts thi.

⁴ Y. has I the worlde began; K. omits either the worlde or Therfore.

Belyue brak manne my bidding; He wende haue bene a god therby, He wende haue wittyne of all-kynne thyng, In worlde to haue bene als wise as I: He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng; Thus was he begilid thurgh glotony. Sithen both hym and his ospring To pyne I putte thame all for-thy, 24 To lange and late me thoghte it goode 1 To catche thois caitiffis oute of care. I sente my sone, with full blithe moode, Till erthe to salue thame of thare sare; For rewthe of thame he reste on roode And boughte thame with his body bare; For thame he shedde his harte bloode: 2 What kyndinesse myght 1 do thame mare? 32 Sethen aftirwarde he heryed hell, And toke oute thois wrechis that ware thare-inne; Ther faughte that free with feendis feele For thame that ware sounkyn for synne. Sethen in erthe than gonne he dwelle, Ensaumpill he gaue thame heuene to wynne, In tempill hym-selffe to teche and tell, To by thame blisse that neuere may blynne. 40 Sethen haue thei founde me full of mercye, Full of grace and for-giffenesse; And thei als wrecchis, wittirly, Has ledde ther liffe in lithirnesse; Ofte haue thei greued me greuously: Thus have thei quitte me my kyndinesse; Ther-fore no lenger, sekirlye, Thole will I thare wikkidnesse. 48

¹ K. reads yoode. ² Ho

² Ho.; Y. harte and bloode.

Men seis the worlde but vanite,

3itt will no-manne be ware ther-by;

Ilke a day ther mirroure may thei se,

3itt thynke thei no3t that thei schall dye.

All that euere I saide schulde be

Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie;

Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me

To make endyng of mannes folie.

56

I haue tholed mankynde many a zere
In luste and likyng for to lende,
And vnethis fynde I ferre or nere
A man that will his misse amende;
In erthe I see butte synnes seere:
Therfore myne aungellis will I sende
To blawe ther bemys, that all may here.
The tyme is comen I will make ende.

64

Aungellis, blawes youre bemys belyue,

Ilke a creatoure for to call!

Leerid and lewde, both man and wiffe,

Ressayue ther dome this day thei schall,—

Ilke a leede that euere hadde liffe;

Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.

Ther schall thei see the woundes fyve

That my sone suffered for them all.

72

And sounderes thame be-fore my sight!

All same in blisse schall thei not be.

My blissid childre, as I have hight,

On my right hande I schall thame see;

Sethen schall ilke a weried wight

On my lifte side for ferdnesse flee.

This day ther domys thus have I dight,

To ilke a² man as he hath served me.

80

I. Ang. Loued be thou, Lorde, of myghtis moste,
 That aungell made to messengere!
 Thy will schall be fulfilled in haste,
 That heuene and erthe and helle schall here.

[He makes the proclamation.]

Goode and ill, euer ilke a gaste,²
Rise, fecche ³ youre flessh, that was youre feere!
For all this worlde is broght to waste.

Drawes to youre dome! it neghes nere.

88

II. Ang. Ilke a creature, both olde and yhing,
Be-lyue I bidde 30u that 3e ryse;
Body and sawle with 30u 3e bring,
And comes be-fore the high justise!

For I am sente fro heuene kyng

To calle 30u to this grette assise:

Therfore rise vppe, and geue rekenyng

How 3e hym serued vppon sere wise.

96

[The dead rise and speak.]

I. Anima Bona. Loued be thou, Lorde, that is so schene,

That on this manere made vs to rise,

Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,

To come before the high justise.

Of oure ill dedis, Lorde, thou not mene,

That we have wroght vppon sere wise;

But graunte vs for thy grace bedene

That we may wonne in paradise.

104

II. An. Bona. A! loued be thou, Lorde of all,

That heuene and erthe and all has wroght,

That with thyne aungellis wolde vs call

Oute of oure graues, hidir to be broght.

¹ I have not followed Y. always in the abbreviations of the names.

² Y. euery ilke agaste; He. euery ilke a gaste.

⁸ Y. Rise and fecche; K. rejects the first youre.

Ofte haue we greued the grette and small,—
Ther-aftir, Lorde, thou deme vs noght!
Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,
That ofte in erthe with synne vs soght!

112

I. Anima Mala. Allas, allas! that we were borne!—So may we synfull kaytiffis say.

I here wele be this hydous horne
Itt drawes full nere to domesday.

Allas! we wrecchis that ar for-lorne,

That never 3itt serued God to paye,
But ofte we haue his flessh for-sworne;

(Allas, allas, and welaway!)

I 20

What schall we wrecchis do for drede,
Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,
When we may bringe forthe no goode dede
Before hym that oure juge schall be?
To aske mercy vs is no nede,
For wele I wotte dampned be we.

128

For wele I wotte dampned be we. Allas, that we swilke liffe schulde lede That dighte vs has this destonye!

Oure wikkid werkis thei will vs wreye,

That we wende never schuld haue bene weten; That we did ofte full pryuely,

Appertely may we se them wreten.

Allas, wrecchis, dere mon we by!

Full smerte with helle-fyre be we smetyn.

Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,

But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne.

136

Allas! for drede sore may we quake; Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.

For oure mys menyng 1 mon we make; Helpe may none excusacioune.

¹ Y. mys-meuyng; Ho. mys-menyng; but mys is a noun, and mon a verb.

We mon be sette for our synnes sake	
For-euere fro oure saluacioune,	
In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,	
Wher neuer schall be redempcioune.	144
II. An. MALA. Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse,	
Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepe;	
For cursidnesse and for covetise	
Dampned be we to helle full depe.	
Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise,	
His comaundementis wolde we nozt kepe;	
But ofte than made we sacrafise	•
To Satanas when other slepe.	152
10 Dutumus Whom Other Stepen	152
Allas! now wakens all oure were;	
Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,	
But on oure bakkis vs muste 2 them bere,	
Thei wille vs wreye on ilke a side.	
I see foule feendis that wille vs feere,	
And all for pompe of wikkid pride.	
Wepe we may with many a teere;	
Allas, that we this day schulde bide!	160
Before vs playnly bese fourth brought	
The dedis that vs schall dame be-dene.	
That eres has herde or harte has thoght	
Sen any tyme that we may mene,	
That fote has gone or hande has wroght,	
That mouthe has spoken or ey has sene, — 8	
This day full dere thanne bese it boght.	•
Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene!	168
III. Ang. Standis noght to-gedir! parte you in two!	
All sam schall 3e noght be in blisse.	

¹ T. othere can slepe; Ho. othir did (or can) slepe.

² Ho. bus; but T. also has must.

⁸ T. interchanges 164 and 166.

⁴ He. prefers T.: Allas vnborne then had I bene! Ho. rejects this.

Oure Lorde 1 of heuene woll it be soo,

For many of yowe has wroght amys.

Ye 2 goode, on his right-hande 3e goe,

The way till heuene he will you wisse;

3e weryed wightis, 3e flee hym froo

On his lefte-hande, as none of his.

176

DEUS.⁸ This woffull worlde is brought till ende;
My Fadir of heuene he woll it be.
Therfore till erthe nowe will I wende,
Mi-selue to sitte in mageste.
To deme my domes I woll descende;
This body will I bere with me;
How it was dight, mannes mys to mende,
All mankynde there schall it see.

184

[Jesus descends to earth in a cloud, and, before assuming the Judgment Seat, speaks:]

DEUS. Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,

The dredful dome this day is dight.

Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here

How I schall hold that I haue hight,

That 3e schall sitte on seetis sere

Be-side my-selffe, to se that sight,

And for to deme folke ferre and nere

Aftir ther werkyng wronge or right.

192

I saide also whan I you sente

To suffre sorowe for my sake,

All tho that wolde. thame right repente

Schulde with you wende and wynly wake;

And to youre tales who toke no tente

Shulde fare to fyre with fendis blake.

¹ Y. My fadir; the text is from T. (by He.)

² Y. The.

⁸ Miss Smith points out that this is not God the Father, who appeared at the beginning of the pageant, but God the Son.

Of mercy nowe may no3t be mente; Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake.

200

¹ My hetyng haly schall I fullfille;

Therfore comes furth and sittis me by

To here the dome of goode and ill.

I. APOSTOLUS. ² I loue the, Lord God all-myghty;

Late and herely, lowde and still,

To do thy bidding bayne am I;

I obblissh me to do thi will

With all my myght, als is worthy.

208

II. APOST. 8 A! myghtfull God, here is it sene
Thou will fulfille thi forward right,

And all thi sawes thou will maynteyne.

I loue the, Lorde, with all my myght,

That for 4 vs that has erthely bene

Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.

DEUS. Comes fourthe! I schall sitte 30u betwene, And all fulfille that I haue hight.

216

Hic ad sedem iudicii cum cantu angelorum.

[Meanwhile the devils prepare to attend the Judgment.]

I. DIABOLUS. Felas, arraye by vs for to fight,

And go we faste oure fee to fange;

The dredefull dome this day is dight,

I drede me that we dwelle full longe.

II. DIAB. We schall be sene euere in ther sight,

And warly waite, — ellis wirke we wrange; —

For if the domisman do vs right,

Full grete partie with vs schall gang.

224

¹ Marginal note in later hand: What they shall have for yr folly.

² In margin: Hic caret O soverand Savyor de novo facto.

⁸ In margin: de novo facto.

⁴ Y. Ther-fore; Ha. Thou for vs that has not; Ho. (and K.) as above, but both seem to take the (212) as def. article instead of pronoun.

⁵K. inserts we.

III.	DIAB.	He schall do right to foo and frende,
	For no	owe schall all the soth be sought.
All	weried	wightis with vs schall wende,
	To pa	yne endles thei schall be broght.1

228

DEUS. Ilke a creature, takes entent
What bodworde I to you² bringe:

This wofull worlde away is wente,

And I am come as crouned kynge.

Mi Fadir of heuene he has me sente

To deme youre dedis and make ending.

Comen is the day of jugement;

Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge.

236

The day is comen of kaydyfnes,⁸
All tham to care that are vnclene,

The day of bale and bittirnes, —

Full longe abedyn has it bene!—

The day of drede to more and lesse,

Of care,4 of trymbelyng and of tene,

That ilke a wight that weried is

May say, Allas, this day is sene!

244

Here may 3e se my woundes wide,

The whilke I tholed for youre mysdede,

Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and hide,

Nought for my gilte butt for youre nede.

Beholdis both body, bak, and side, —

How dere I bought youre brotherhede!

Thes bittir peynes I wolde abide;

To bye you blisse, thus wolde I bleede.

252

^{1&}quot; In margin: Hic caret de novo facto, Alas that I was borne, dixit prima anima mala et ijda anima mala, de novo facto. And indeed four lines are wanting to the stanza, as shown by the rimes, though there is no blank." — Y.

² K. inserts shall from T.

⁸ Ho. corrects the spelling to kaytyfnes.

⁴ Y.: "The copyist first wrote ire (a reminiscence of dies iræ)."

Mi body was scourged with-outen skill;
As theffe full thraly was [I] thrette;
On crosse thei hanged me on a hill,
Blody and bloo, as I was bette,
With croune of thorne throsten full ill;
This spere vnto my side was sette;

Myne harte bloode spared thei noght 2 to spill: Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette.

260

The Jewes spitte on me spitously,

Thei spared me nomore than a theffe.

When thei me strake, I stode stilly;

Agaynste tham did I no-thyng greve.

Behalde, mankynde, this ilke is I,

That for the suffered swilke mischeue:

Thus was I dight for thy folye;
Man, loke, thy liffe was me 4 full leffe.

268

Thus was I dight thi sorowe to slake;

Manne, thus behoued the borowed to be.

In all my woo toke I no wrake;

Mi will itt was for the love of the.

Man sore aught the for to quake 6

Man, sore aught the for to quake,6

This dredfull day this sight to see.

All this I suffered for this sake;
Say, man, what suffered thou for me?

276

Mi blissid childre on my right hande,
Youre dome this day 3e thar not drede,
For all youre comforte is command,
Youre liffe in likyng schall 3e lede.

¹ Supplied by Y. from T.

² Ho. from T.; Y. has spared noght thei for to.

⁸ Y. stode full stilly; omission suggested in footnote.

^{. 4} Y. was to me; omission suggested in footnote.

⁵ K. from T.; Y. to borowed.

⁶ T. has Man, for sorow aght the to qwake.

Commes to the kyngdome ay lastand

That 30u is dight for youre goode dede.

Full blithe may 3e be where 3e stande, For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede.

284

Whenne I was hungery, 3e me fedde;

To slake my thirste youre harte was free;

Whanne I was clothles, 3e me cledde,

3e wolde no sorowe vppon me see;

In harde prisoun 1 whan I was stedde,

Of my paynes 2 3e hadde pitee;

Full seke whan I was brought in bedde, Kyndely 3e come to coumforte me.

292

Whanne I was wikke and werieste, 3e herbered me full hartefully;

Full gladde thanne were 3e of youre geste,

And pleyned my pouerte piteuously;

Be-lyue 3e brought me of the beste,

And made my bedde full esyly.

Therfore in heuene schall be youre reste,

In joie and blisse to be me by.

300

I. Anima Bona. Whanne hadde we, Lorde, that all has wroght,

Meete and drinke the with to feede,

Sen we in erthe hadde neuere noght

But thurgh the grace of thy godhede?

II. An. Bona. Whanne waste that we the clothes brought? Or visite the in any nede?

Or in thi sikenes we the sought?

Lorde, when did we [to] the this dede?

308

DEUS. Mi blissid childir, I schall 30u saye What tyme this dede was to me done:

¹ He. from T.; Y. presse.

² Y. paynes corrected in MS. from penaunce. T. has penaunce, which K. prefers.

⁸ Ho. wishes to substitute wille from T., which he says equals wilde.

When any that nede hadde, nyght or day, Askid 30u helpe and hadde it sone; Youre fre hartis saide them neuere nay Erely ne late, mydday ne none; But als ofte sithis as thei wolde praye, Thame thurte but bide, and haue ther bone. 316 3e cursid caytiffis of Kaymes kynne, That neuere me comforte in my care, I and 3e for-euer will twynne, In dole to dwelle for-euermare. Youre bittir bales schall neuer blynne That 3e schall haue whan 3e come thare. Thus have 3e served for youre synne, For derffe dedis 3e haue done are. 324 Whanne I had mistir of mete and drynke, Caytiffis, 3e cacched me fro youre 3ate; Whanne ze were sette as sirs on benke, I stode ther-oute werie and wette; Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke, Pyte to haue of my poure state: Ther-fore till hell I schall you synke, — Weele are 3e worthy to go that gate. 332 Whanne I was seke and soriest, 3e visitte me noght, — for I was poure; In prisoune faste when I was feste, Was none of you loked howe I fore; Whenne I wiste neuere where to 1 reste, With dyntes 3e draffe me fro your dore; Butte euer to pride thanne were 3e preste; Mi flessh, my bloode, ofte 3e for-swore. 340 Clothles whanne I was ofte, and colde, At nede of you² 3ede I full naked, ---

¹ T.; Y. where for to.

² K. thinks this unintelligible and suggests, on basis of T., For you nerehand, etc.

13 Million House ne herborow, helpe ne holde, Hadde I none of you, thof I quaked. Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde; Was none of you my sorowe slaked, Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde. Therfore schall 3e nowe be for-saked. 348 I. Anima Mala. Whan had thou, Lorde, that all thyng has, Hungir or thirste, sen thou God is? Whan was that 1 thou in prisonne was? Whan was thou naked or herberles? II. An. MALA. Whan was it we sawe the seke, allas? Whan kid we the this vnkyndinesse? Werie or wette to late the passe, — When did we the this wikkidnesse? 356 Deus. Caitiffis,² als ofte als it be-tidde That nedfull aught askid in my name, 3e herde them noght, youre eris 3e hidde, Youre helpe to thame was nozt at hame, — To me was that vnkyndines kyd! There-fore ye bere 8 this bittir blame. To the lest of myne when 3e oght did 4 To me 3e did the selue and same.5 364 Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me! With me to wonne nowe schall 3e wende; There joie and blisse schall euer be Youre liffe in lyking schall 3e lende. 3e cursed kaitiffis, fro me 3e flee, In helle to dwelle with-outen ende; Ther 3e schall neuere butt sorowe see ⁶ And sitte be Satanas the fende. 372 1 Inserted by Ho. from T. ² Y. Caistiffis.

⁸ T.; Y. omits ye; Ho. ye beres.

⁴ He. from T.; Y. To leste or moste whan 3e it did.

⁵ T.; Y. and the same.

⁶ In margin: nota, miseremini mei, etc.

Nowe is fulfilled all my for-thoght,

For ended is all erthely thyng.

All worldly wightis that I have wroght

Aftir ther werkis have nowe wonnyng:

Thei that wolde synne and sessid noght,

Of sorowes sere now schall thei syng;

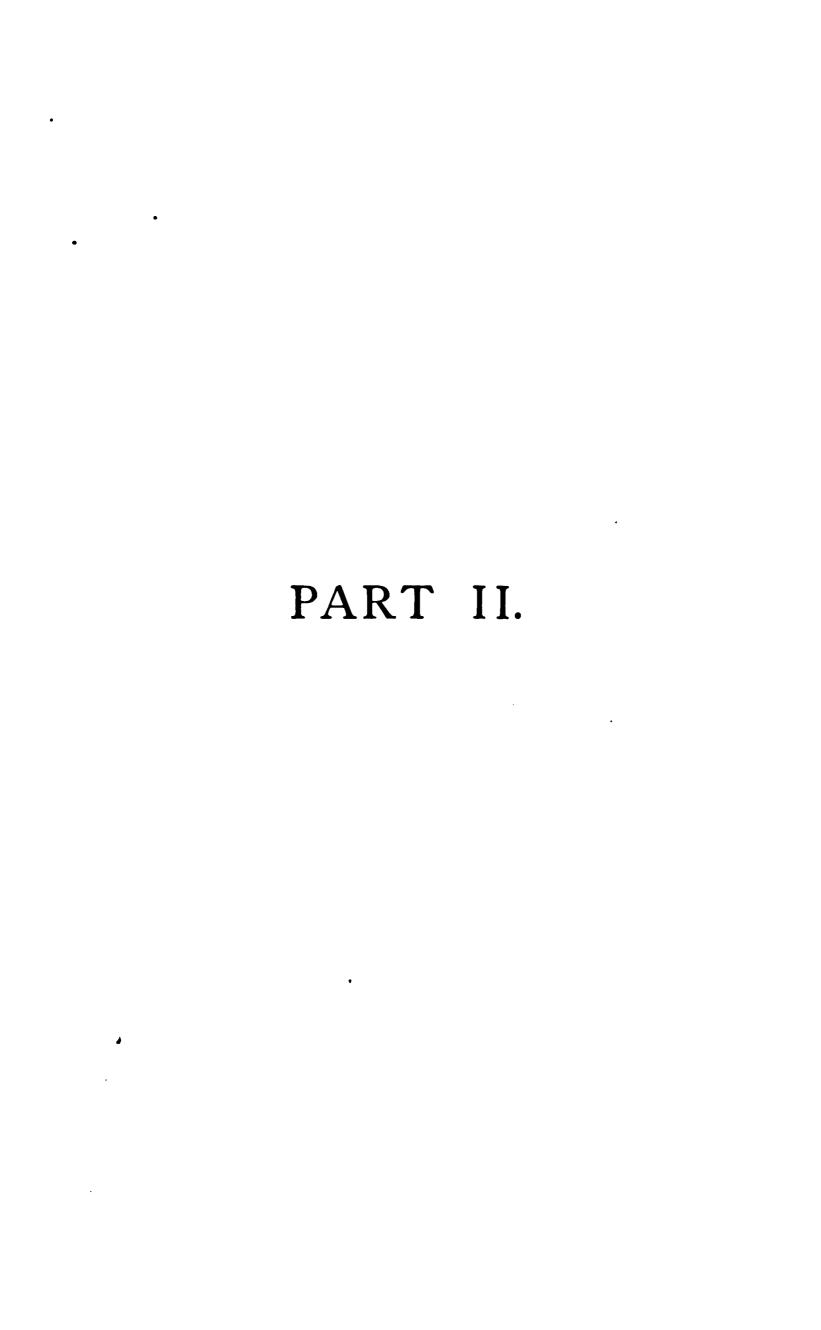
And thei that mendid thame whils thei moght,

Schall belde and bide in my blissing.

380

Et sic facit finem cum melodia angelorum transiens a loco ad locum.







DIGBY PLAYS.

Reprinted from "The Digby Mysteries, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, New Shakspere Society, 1882." In the footnotes, F. indicates this edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is stated; S. indicates "Die Digby-Spiele. Diss. v. K. Schmidt, Berlin, 1884." The MS. is assigned to the last decade of the fifteenth century. I have disregarded scribal flourishes and tags.

[THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.]1

[First Station.]

[Enter POETA as PROLOGUE.]

POETA.² Rex glorie, Kyng omnipotent,

Redemer of the world by thy ⁸ pouer diuine,

And Maria, that pure vyrgy[n], ¹ quene most excellent,

Wyche bare that blyssyd babe, Iesu, that for vs sufferd pyne, ⁴

Vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne, Besechyng that Lord, of hys pytous influens, To preserue & gouerne thys wyrshypfull audyens.

Honorable frendes, besechyng yow of lycens

To procede 5 owr processe, we may, vnder your correction,

[Show] the conuersyon of Seynt Paule, as the Byble gyf experyens.

Whoo lyst to rede the booke Actum Appostolorum, Ther shall he haue the very notycyon;

7

¹ Supplied by F. 4 F. payne.

² Beside this a later hand wrote Myles Blomefylde.

⁸ F. the. 5 Misunderstood by S., p. 24.

But, as we can, we shall vs redres,
Brefly with your fauour begynyng owr proces.

[Exit.]

14

Daunce.1

Here entryth Saule, goodly besene in the best wyse lyke an aunterous knyth, thus sayyng:

SAULUS. Most dowtyd man I am lyuyng vpon the ground, Goodly besene with many a riche garnement;² My pere on lyue I trow ys nott found;

Thorow the world, fro the oryent to the occydent,
My fame ys best knowyn vndyr the fyrmament;
I am most drad of pepull vnyuersall,
They dare not dysp[l]ease me * most noble.

2 I

Saule ys my name, — I wyll that ye notyfy, —

Whych conspyreth the dyscyplys with threte & menace; 4 Be-fore the prynces of prestes most noble & hye 5

I bring them to punyshement for ther trespace.

We will them not suffer to rest in no place, For they go a-bouzte to preche & giff exemplis, To destroye our lawes, sinagoges and templis.

28

By the god Bellyall, I schall make progresse

Vnto the princes, both Caypha and Anna, Wher I schall aske of them, in suernes,

To persue thorow all Dammask & Liba,

And thus we schall soone after than ⁶ Bryng them *that* so do lyff in-to Ierusalem, Both man and child that I fynd of them.

35

Her cummyth Sale to Caypha & Anna, prestes of the tempyll.

Nobyll prelates and princes of regalyte,

Desyryng and askyng of your benyngne wurthynes

¹ In a later hand.

⁴ F. thretes and menaces.

² F. garlement.

⁵ F. hye and noble.

⁸ F. my.

⁶ This unrhymed line may, as Kittredge suggests, have taken the place of the original.

Your letters & epystolys of most souerente

To subdue rebellyous 1 that wyll, of frawardnes,
A-gaynst our lawes rebell or transgresse,
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak objecc[i]on,—
To pursue all such I wyll do proteccion.

42

CAYPHA. To your desyer we gyf perfyth sentens,
Accordyng to your petycions that ye make postulacion,
By-cause we know your trewe delygens
To persue all tho that do reprobacion
A-gayns owur lawes by ony redarguacion;
Wherefor shortly we gyf in commandment
To put down them that be dy[s]obedyent.

49

Anna. And by thes letturs, that be most reverent,

Take them in hand, full agre ther-to.

Constreyn all rebellys by own hole assent;

We gyf yow full power so to doo;

Spare not, hardly, for frend nor foo;

All thos ye fynd of that lyfe in thys realme,

Bounde loke ye bryng them in-to Ierusalem.

56

Her Saule resayuyth ther letters.

Saulus. Thys precept here I take in hande
To fullfyll after yowur wylles both,
Wher I shall spare with-in this londe
Nother man nor woman, — to this I make an oth, —
But to subdue I wyll not be loth.
Now folow me, knytys & seruantes trewe,
In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe.

63

I. MILES.⁸ Vnto your commaundment I do obeysaunce; I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,
But with good mynd & harty plesaunce

¹ F. rebellyons.

² Corr. by F.

⁸ F. Primus miles; similarly below.

I shall yow succede & make perambulacion Thorow-oute Damaske with all delectacion. And all that 1 rebell & make resystens, ffor to oppres I wyll do my delygens.

70

II. MILES. And in me shalbe no neclygens, But to thys precept my-self I shall applye, To do your behest with all conuenyens, With-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy, — Non shall appere in me, but, verely, With all my mynd I yow insure, To resyst the rebelles I wyll do my cure.

77

SAULUS. Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion To here thys report that ye do avauns. ffor your sapyencyall wyttes I gyf commendacion; Euer at my nede I haue founde yow constant. But, knytes & seruauntes,2 that be so plesaunt, I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng, To spede my iurney with-owt lettyng.

84

Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde, the seruuant thus seyng:

How, hosteler, how! A peck of otys & a botell SERUUS. of have!

Com of a-pase, or I wyll to a-nother inne!

What, hosteler! why commyst not thy way?

Hye the faster, I beshrew thi skynne!

STABULARY US. I am non hosteler, nor non hostelers kynne, But a ientylmanys seruuant, i[f] thou dost know! Such crabyysh wordes do aske a blow. 91

I cry yow mercy, sir! I wyst well sum-what ye Seru*us*. were.

Owther a gentylman—or a knaue, me thynkyth by your physnomy!

¹ F. thoo, emend. by Kittredge.

² F. seruuantes; hereafter I shall follow F.

Yf on loke yow in the face that neuer se yow ere,

Wold thynk ye were at the next dore by.

In good fayth, I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler, verely:

I sye suche a-nother ientylman with yow a barowfull bare

Of horsdowng & dogges tordes & sych other gere.

98

And how yt happenyd, a mervelous chance be-tyde:
Your felow was not suer of foote, & yet he went very brode,1

But in a cow-tord both dyd ye slyde,

And, as I wene, your nose ther-in rode,—
Your face was be-payntyd with sowters code.
I sey neuer sych a syzt, I make God a-vow;
Ye were so be-grymlyd & yt had bene a sowe.

105

STAB. In fayth, thou neuer syest me tyll this day!

I have dwellyd with my master thys vij zere & more;

ffull well I have pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay,

And mykyll he makyth of me therfore.

SERUUS. By my trowth, than be ye changyd to a new lore?

A seruand ye are, & that a good, Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood.

112

STAB. ffor soth, & a hood I vse for to were,

ffull well yt ys lynyd with sylk & chamlett;

Yt kepyth me fro the cold, that the wynd doth me not dere,

Nowther frost nor snow that I therby do sett.

SERUUS. Yea, yt ys a dobyll hood & that a fett!

He was a good man that made yt, I warant yow;

He was nother horse ne mare, nor yet yokyd sow!

Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl-grom, sayng:

I. MILES. Now, stabyll-grom, shortly bryng forth away
The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde!

¹ Substituted in MS. for wyde.

² MS. nare; corr. by F.

STAB. I am full redy; here ys a palfray,

There can no man a better bestryde;

He wyll conducte owur lorde & gyde

Thorow the world; he ys sure & abyll;

To bere a gentyllman he [is] esy & prophetabyll.

126

Her the knyth cummyth to Saule with a horse.

I. MILES. Behold, sir Saule, your palfray ys com, Full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer, To take yowur vyage thorow euery regyon.

Be nott in dowt, he wyll spede your mater;

And we, as your seruauntes, with glad chere Shall gyf attendance, — we wyll nott gaynsay, But folow you where ye go be nyzt or day.

133

SAULUS. Vnto Damask I make my progressyon,
To pursue all rebellyous, beyng froward & obstynate,
Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.

With all my delygens my-self I wyll preparate?
Concernyng my purpose to oppres & separate;
Non shall reioyce that doth offend,
But vtterly to reproue with mynde & intende.

140

Her Sale rydyth forth with hys seruantes a-bowt the place, [&] 1 owt of the place].1

CAYPHA. Now Saule hath takyn hys wurthy wyage
To pursue rebellyous, of what degre thei be;
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage
With-in all thys regyon, we be in sertayn[te].
Wherefor I commende hys goodly dygnyte,
That he thus aluay takyth in hande
By hys power to gouerne thus all thys lande.

147

Anna. We may lyue in rest by hys consolacion;

He defendyth vs; where-for we be bownde

To loue hym intyrely with our harttes affection,

And honour hym as champyon in euery stownde.

1 Supplied by F.

² F. prepare.

Ther ys non suche lyuyng vpon the grownde That may be lyke 1 hym nor be hys pere,
Be est nor west, ferre nor nere.

154

PORTA (si placet).

CONCLUSYON.

Danne.

[POETA.] ffynally, of this stac[i]on thus we mak a conclusyon,
Besechyng thys audyens to folow & succede,
With all your delygens, this generall processyon.

To vnderstande this matter, wo lyst to rede
The Holy Bybyll for the better spede,
Ther shall he haue the perfyth intellygens.
And thus we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens.

161

finis istius stacionis et altera sequitur,

[Second Station.]8

[PROLOGUE.]

POETA. Honorable frendes, we beseche yow of audyens
To here our intencion & also our prosses.

Vpon our matter, be your fauorable lycens,
A-nother part of the story we wyll redres:
Here shalbe brefly shewyd with all our besynes,
At thys pagent, Saynt Poullys conuercyon.

Take ye good hede & ther-to gyf affeccion. [Exit.]

Here commyth Saule rydyng in, with hys seruantes.

SAULUS. My purpose to Damask fully I intende;
To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply.

ffor to breke down the chyrchys thus I-condescende,
Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey;

¹ A late hand has added to above the line.

² In later hand.

⁸ Supplied by F.

Perchaunce owur lawes than myste [peyre] 1 ther-by, And the pepull also turne & conuerte, Whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn hart. 175 Nay, that shall nott be butt layd a-part! The prynces have gouyn me full potestacion. All that I fynd, thei shall nott start, But bounde, to Ierusalem, with furyous vyolacion, Be-for Cesar, Caypha & Annas [haue] presentacion. Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of that lyfe, That non shall in-ioy, nother man, chy[1]de nor wyfe. 182 Here commyth a feruent [flame] with gret tempest, and Saule faulyth down of hys horse; that done, Godhed spekyth in heuyn. Saule! Saule! why dost thou me pursue? DEUS. Yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns the spore! I am thi Savyour, that ys so trwe, Whych made heuyn & erth & eche creature. Offende nott my goodnes; I wyll the recure! SAULUS. O Lorde, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere. What woldyst I ded? Tell me here! 189 DEUS. A-ryse & goo thou wyth glad chere In-to the cyte a lytyll be-syde, And I shall the socor in euery dere, That no maner of yll xal be-tyde;² And I wyll ther for the prouyde By my grete goodnes what thou shalt doo. Hy the as fast thether as thou mast goo. 196 SAULUS. O mercyfull God, what aylyth me? I am lame, my legges be take me fro; My sygth lykwyse, — I may nott see; I can nott tell whether to goo. My men hath forsake me also. Whether shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas? Lord, I beseche the, helpe me, of thy grace. 203

² F. xalbe-tyde.

¹ Supplied by Kittredge.

I. MILES. Syr, we be here to help the in thi nede With all our affyance; we wyll not seise.

SAULUS. Than, in Damask, I pray yow, me lede, I's Godes name, according to my promyse.

II. MILES. To put forth yowur hand loke ye dresse! Cum on your way; we shall yow bryng In-to the cyte with-owt taryng.

210

Here the knyghtes lede forth Sale in-to a place, & Cryst apperyth to Annanie, saying:

DEUS. Ananie! Ananie! where art thou, Ananie? Anan. Here, Lord, I am here, trwly!

212

DEUS. Go thy way & make thi curse,
As I shall assyng the by myn aduysse,
Into the strete qui dicitur rectus,

And in a certayn house, of warantyse,
Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse,
As a meke lamb, that a wolf before was namyd.
Do my behest; be nothyng a-shamyd!

219

He wantyth hys syth, by my punyshment constrayned.

Prayeng vnto me, I assure, thou shalt hym fynd.

With my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde,

Wantyng hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde,

Anan. Lord, I am aferd, for alway in my mynd I here so myche of hys furyous cruelte,

That, for spekyng of thi name, to deth he wyll put me.

226

DEUS. Nay, Ananie; nay, I assure the! He wulbe glad of thy cummyng.

Anan. A! Lord, but I know of a certayn[te]

That thy seyntes in Ierusalem to deth he doth bryng.

Many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng,

¹ F. jus miles; so below.

² MS. apparently serse; corr. by F.

⁸ But the stroke for n may have been omitted.

⁴ F. Ananias, here and below.

ffor he hath the pour of the princes alle	
To saue or spylle, — do which he schall.	233
Deus. Be nothyng a-drad, he ys a chosen wessell, To me assyngned by my godly eleccion.	
He shall bere my name be-fore the kynges & chylder of Israell, By many sharpe shoures sufferyng correccion,	
A gret doctor, of benyngne conplection,	
The trwe precher of the hye deuynete, A very pynacle of the fayth, I ensure the.	240
A very pyriacie of the rayth, I ensure the.	24 0
Anan. Lorde, thy commandment I shall fullfyll;	
Vn-to Saule I wyll take my waye.	
DEUS. Be nothyng in dowte for good nor yll!	
Fare-well, Ananie; tell Saule what I do say.	
Et exiat Deus.	
Anan. Blyssyd Lord, defende me, as thou best may! Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny;	
But to do thi precept my-self I shall applye.	247
Here Ananias goth toward Saule.	
I. MILES. I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene,	
To se owur master in thys hard stounde.	
The wonder grett lythtys that were so shene	
Smett hym doune of hys hors to the grownde;	
And me thowt that I hard a sounde	
Of won spekyng with voyce delectable,	
Whych was to [vs] wonderfull myrable.	254
II. MILES. Sertenly thys ly3t was ferefull to see,	
The sperkys of fyer were very feruent;	
Yt inflamyd so greuosely about the countre	
That, by my trowth, I went we shuld a ben brent.	
But now, serys, lett vs relente	

Agayne to Caypha & Anna, to tell this chaunce

261

How yt be-fell to vs thys greuauns.

268

289

Her Saule ys in contemplacion.1

SAULUS. Lord, of thi counfort moch I desyre,

Thou mysty Prince of Israell, Kyng of pyte,

Whyche me hast punyshyd as thi presoner

That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre;

But, gracyos Lorde, of thi vysytacyon I thanke the;

Thy seruant shall I be as long as I haue breth,

Though I therfor shuld suffer dethe.

Here commyth Anania to Saule, saying:

Anan. Pease be in thys place & goodly mansyon!

Who ys with-in? Speke, in Crystys holy name!

Sa[u]Lus.² I am here, Saule. Cum in, on Goddes benyson!

What ys your wyll? Tell, with-owten blame.

Anan. ffrom Almyghty God, sertanly, to the sent I am,

And Ananie men call me wher-as I dwell.

Saulus. What wold ye haue? I pray yow me tell.

275

Anan. Gyfe me your hand for your awayle!

For, as I was commaundyd, by hys gracyos sentens
I byd the be stedfast, for thou shalt be hayle.

ffor thys same cause he sent me to thi presens;

Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,

Be the same tokyn that he dyd the mete

Toward the cyte, when he apperyd in the strete.

282

Ther mayst thou know hys power celestyall,

How he dysposyth euery-thyng as hym lyst;

No-thyng may withstand hys myste essencyall.

To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thryste,

Thys ys hys powur, yt may not be myste,

ffor who that yt wantyth, lackyth a frende.

Thys ys the massage that he doth the sende.

SAULUS. Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom; I am ryght glad that yt ys thus.

¹ MS. comtemplacion; corr. by F. ² Corr. by F. ⁸ F. & bad.

Hic aparebit Spiritus Sanctus super eum [in the form of a dove].

Anan. Be of good chere & perfyte iubylacion,

Discendet super te Spirytus Sanctus,

Whych hath with hys 1 grace illumynyd vs.

Put fo[r]th 2 thi hond & goo wyth me;

A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the.

296

SAULUS. Blyssyd Lord, thankys to yow euer be!

The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne;

Where I was blynyd & cowd nott see,

Lord, thou hast sent me my syght agayne.

ffrom sobbyng & wepyng I can not refrayne

My pensyue hart, full of contryccion;

303

And, where I haue vsed so gret persecucyon
Of thi descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,
I wyll [aid]² & defende ther predycacyon
That th[e]y² dyd tech on all this reme:
Wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme
Baptyse me, hartely I the praye,
A-mong your numbyr that I electe & chosen be may.

ffor my offences my body shal haue punycyon;

310

Anan. On-to this well of mych vertu

We wyll vs hye with all our delygens.

SAULUS. Go yow be-fore, & after I shall sewe,

Laudyng & praysyng our Lordes benevolens.

I shall neuer offend hys myzty magnyfycens,

But aluay obserue hys preceptys & kepe.

ffor my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe.

317

Anan. Knele ye down vpon thys grownde,
Receyuyng thys crystenyng with good intent,
Whyche shall make yow hole of your dedly wound,
That was infecte with venom nocent.

¹ MS. hys hys; corr. by F.

² Corr. by F.

Yt purgyth synne; and fendes poure 1 so fraudelent It putyth a-syde, — where thys doth at-tayne, In euery stede, he may not obtayne.

324

I crysten yow with mynd full perfyght,
Reseyuyng yow in-to owur relygyon,
Euer to be stedfast & neuer to flyt,
But euer constant with-owt varyacyon.
Now ys fullfyllyd all our observacyon;
Concludyng, thou mayst yt ken,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen!

331

SAULUS. I am ryght glad as foule on flyte

That I haue receyuyd this blyssyd sacrement.

ANAN. Com on your way, Saule; for nothyng lett!

Take yow sum coumforth for your bodyes noryschment.

Ye shall abyde with the dyscyplys, verament,

Thys many dayes in Damask cyte,

Vn-tyll the tyme more perfyt ye may be.

338

SAULUS. As ye commande, holy father Ananie;
I full[y] assent at yow[r] request,
To be gydyd & rulyd as ye wyll haue me,
Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best.
I shall not offend for most nor lest.
Go forth yowur way; I wyll succede
In-to what place ye wyll me lede.

345

CONCLUSYO[N].

Daunce.8

POETA. Thus Saule ys converted, as ye se expres,

The very trw servant of our Lord Iesu;

Non may be lyke to hys perfy3t holynes,

So nobyll a doctor, constant & trwe;

Aftyr hys conversyon never mutable, but styll insue

<sup>F. poures.
Corr. by F.
F. has no note as to the hand.</sup>

The lawys of God to teche euer more & more, As Holy Scryptur tellyth, who-so lyst to loke *ther*-fore.

352

Thus we comyte yow all to the Trynyte,

Conkludyng thys stacion as we can or may,

Vnder the correccyon of them that letteryd be;

How-be-yt vnable, as I dare speke or say,

The compyler here-of shuld translat veray

So holy a story, but with fauorable correccyon

Of my fauorable 2 masters of ther benygne supplexion.

359

finis istius secunde stacionis et sequitur tarcia.

[Third Station.]⁸

[PROLOGUE.]

POETA. The myght of the Fadires potentiall deite Preserue thys honorable & wurshypfull congregation That here be present of hye & low degre,

To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacion,
Whych we shall procede with all our delectac[i]on,4
Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable.
Hark wysely ther-to; yt ys good & profetable.

[Exit.]

xit.] 366

[Caypha and Anna, to whom enter the knights.]

I. MILES. Nobyll prelates, take hede to owur sentens!
A wundyrfull chaunce fyll & dyd be-tyde
Vn-to owr master, Saull, when he departyd hens,

In-to Damaske purposyd to ryde:

A meruelous lyst fro thelement dyd glyde, Whyche smet doun by hym to grunde, both horse & man, With the ferfulest wether that euer I in cam.

373

4 Corr. by F.

¹ F. tellyd.

² Qy. honorable.

⁸ Supplied by F.

⁵ MS. doum; corr. by F.

II. MILES. It rauysshid hym and hys spirites did be-nome; A swete, dulcet voyce spake hym vnto And askyd wherfor he made suche persecucyon A-geynst hys dyscyplys & why he dyd soo. He bad hym in-to Damaske to Ananie goo, And ther he shuld reseyue baptym, truly.1 And now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys trwly. 380 CAYPHA. I am sure thys tale ys not trw! What! Saule converted from our law? He went to Damask for to pursue All the dyscyplys that dyd with-draw Fro owur fayth, — thys was hys sawe. How say ye, Anna, to thys mater? This ys a mervelos chans: I can not believe that thys ys of assurans. 387 No, Caypha; my mynde trwly do [I] tell: That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse, But rather to deth put & expell All myscreauntes & wretchys that doth aryse Agaynst our lawes by ony enterpryse. Say the trwth with-[owt] 3 ony cause frawdelent, Or els for your talys ye be lyke to be shent! 394 I. MILES. 8 Ellys owur bodyes may [ye] put to payn! All that we declare I sye yt with my nye; Nothyng offendyng, but trwly do iustyfye. 397 By the gret God, I do maruayle gretly! CAYPHAS. And thys be trw that ye do reherse, He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory, That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes. We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles, ffor meny perellys that myght be-tyde By hys subtyll meanys on euery syde. 404 ² Supplied by F. ¹ Oy. duly.

8 Apparently four lines are missing here.

Anna. The law ys commyttyd to owur aduysment;

Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay, —

But rather vphold yt, help & augment, -

That ony reprofe to vs fall may

Of Cesar, themprour, by ny3t or day.

We shall to such matters harke & attende,

According to the lawes our wyttes to spende.

41 I

¹ Here to enter a dyvel² with thunder & fyre, & to avaunte ³ hym-sylfe, saying as folowyth; &, hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

BELYALL. Ho! ho! beholde me, the myste prince of the partes in-fernall!

Next vnto Lucyfer I am in magestye;

By name I am nominate the god Belyall;

Non of more myste nor of more excellencye!

My powre ys princypall & now of most soferaynte.

In the temples & synogoges who deneyth me to honore,

My busshopes thorow my motyon thei wyl hym sone devoure. 418

I have movyd my prelates, Cayphas & Anna,

To persew & put downe by powre ryall,

Thorow the sytyes of Damask & Liba,

All soch as do worship the hye God supernall.

Ther deth ys conspyryd with-owt any fauoure at all;

My busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus

Them to persew, howse name ys Saulus.

425

432

Ho! thus as a god, most hye in magestye,

I rayne & I rule ouer creatures humayne.

With souerayne sewte sowate to ys my deyte;

Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne.

My law styll encreasyth; wherof I am fayne;

Yet of late I have hard of no newys truly,

Wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger Mercurye.

8 F. avaunce.

¹ From here through the stage direction following 1. 502 is by a later hand, written on three separate inserted leaves.

² In margin: Diabolus.

Here shall entere a-nother devyll, callyd Mercury, with a fyeryng, commyng in hast, cryeng & roryng, & shal say as folowyth:

MARCURY. Ho! owst! alas thys sodayne chance! Well may we bewayle this cursyd aduenture!

BELYAL. Marcurye, what aylyse thou? Tell me thy grevaunce!

Ys ther any that hath wrowste vs dyspleasure?

MERC. Dyspleasure i-nowgh, therof ye may be sure!

Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,

For yt decayth sore, & more wyl, I am a-frayd.

439

BEL. Ho! how can that be? Yt ys not possyble! Co[n] syder, thou foole, the long contynuance.

Decaye, quod a? Yt ys not credyble!

Of fals tydynges thou makyst here vtterance.

Behold how the peple hath no pleasaunce

But in syn & to folow our desyere,

Pryde & voluptuosyte ther hartes doth so fyre.

446

Thowse on do swauer away from our lore,

Yet ys our powre of suche nobylyte

To have hym a-gayne & twoo therfore

That shal preferre the prayse of owre maiestye.

What ys the tydynges? Tell owt! Lett vs see!

Why arte thou amasyd so? Declare afore vs

What fury ys fallyn that troblyth the thus!

453

MERCURY. Ho! owst! owste! He that I most trustyd to

And he that I thouste wold haue ben to vs most specyall

Ys now of late turnyd & our cruell foo;

Our specyall frynd, our chosen Saull

Ys be-comme seruante to the hye God eternall.

As he dyd ryde on our enemyes persecutyon,

He was sodenly strykyn by the hye provysyon,

460

And now ys baptysyd, & promys he hath made Neuer to vary; & soch grace he hath opteynyd That ondowtyd hys fayth from hym can not fade. Wherfor to complayne I am constraynyd,
For moch by hym shuld we haue prevaylyd.
BELYAL. Ho! owst! owst! What! haue we loste
Our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste?

467

But ys yt of trowth that thou doyst here specyfye?

MERCURY. Yt ys so, ondowstyd. Why shuld I fayne?

For thouste I can do non other but crye!

Here thei shal rore & crye, & then Belyal shal saye:

BELYAL. Owate! This grevyth vs worse than hell-payne!

The conversyon of [a] synner, certayne, Ys more payne to vs & persecutyon
Than all the furyes of the infernall dongyon.

474

MERCURY. Yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament,
But lett vs provyd for remedy shortlye.
Wherfor let vs both by on assent

Go to the busshopys & moue them pryvelye

That by some sotyl meane thei may cause hym to dye.

Than shal he in our law make no dysturbaunce, Nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuaunce.

481

Belyal. Wel sayd, Mercurye! Thy cowncel ys profytable.

Ho, Saul! thou shalt repent thy vnstablenes!

Thou hadyst ben better to haue byn confyrmable

To our law; for thy 1 deth, dowtles,

Yt ys conspyryd to reward thy falsnes.

Though on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now-a-days

Twenti 2 doyth gladly folow oure layes:

488

Some by pryde, some thorough envye,

Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyaunce;

Ther was neuer a-mong crystyans lesse charyte

Than ys at this howre; & as for concupysence, [He] rayneth as a lord thorow my violence;

Glotony & wrath euery man doth devyse;

And most now ys praysyd my cosyn Covytyce.

495

Cum, Mercury, let vs go & do as we haue sayd;

To delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.

Mercury. To bryng yt a-bowst I wold be wel apayd;

Tell yt be done let vs not rest.

BELYAL. Go we than shortly! Let vs departe Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart.

502

Here thei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame & a tempest.³

8 Her apperyth Saule in a 4 disciplis wede, sayng:

SAULUS. ⁵ That Lord that ys shaper of see & of sond
And hath wrowth with hys woord all thyng at hys wyll,
Saue thys semely ⁶ that here syttyth or stonde,
ffor his meke marcy, that we do not spyll!
Grant me, good Lord, thy pleasur to fulfyll,
And send me suche speche that I the trwth say,
My entencions proph[i]table ⁷ to meve yf I may.

509

Welbelouyd frendes, ther be vij mortall synnes,
Whych be provyd pryncypall & princes of poysonnes:
Pride, that of bytternes all bale begynnes,—
With-holdyng all fayth, yt fedyth & foysonnes,
As Holy Scryptur beryth playn wyttnesse:
Inicium omnium peccatorum superbya * est,
That often dystroyeth both most & lest.

516

¹ Indicated by F.

² Here ends the insertion by the late hand.

⁸ From here through 1.516 was originally written immediately after 1.411, but was crossed out there and repeated here by the late hand. Both stanzas are rejected by S. In the footnotes L. indicates the reading of the later copy.

⁴ L. hys.

⁷ Corr. by F.

⁵ Om. by L.

⁸ L. subia.

⁶ L. asembly.

⁹ L. man & best.

Off all vyces & foly pride ys the roote. Humylyte may not rayn ner yet indure; Pyte, alak, that ys flower & boot, Ys exylyd wher pride hath socour. Omnis qui se exaltat humiliabitur: Good Lord, gyf vs grace to vnderstond & perseuer, Thys wurd as thou bydyst to fulfyll euer, — 523 Who-so in pride beryth hym to hye, With mys[c]heff 1 shalbe mekyd, as I mak mensyon; And I therfor assent & fully certyfy In text, as I tell, the trw entencyon Of perfyzt goodnes & very-locucyon: Noli, tibi dico, in altum sapere, sed time, -Thys ys my consell, — bere the not to hye, 530 But drede alway synne & folye, Wrath, enuy, couytys, and slugyshnes; Exeunt owt of thy sy3t glotony & lechery, Vanytye & vayneglory and fals idylnes. Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes; Who that in hym thes vyces do roote, He lackyth all grace & bale ys the boote. 537 "Lern at my-self, for I am meke in hart," Owr Lorde to hys seruantes thus he sayth, "ffor meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart; Meknes all vyces anullyth & delayeth, Rest to soulys [ye] shall fynd yt,2 in fayth: Discite a me, quia mitis sum, et corde humilis; Et invenietis requiem animabus vestris." 544

1 Corr. by F.

8 F. exampls.

² F. yt shall fynd.

So owur Sauyour shewyth vs example 8 of meknes,

Trwly yt wyll vs saue fro the synnes sekenes,

Thorow grace of hys godnes mekly ys 4 groundys;

4 Qy. yt.

ffor 1 pryde & hys progeny mekenes confoundys: Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in omnibus, — The gretter thou art, the lower loke thu be, Bere the neuer the hyer for thi degre.

551

ffro sensualyte of fleshe thy-self loke thou lede, Vnlefully therin vse not thy lyfe; Whoso therin delyteth, to deth he must nede;

It consumyth natur, the body sleyth with-owt knyf;

Also yt styntyth nott but manslawter & stryf:

Omnis fornicator aut immundus non habet hereditatem Christi, —

Non shall in heuyn posses that be so vnthryfty.

558

ffle fornycac[i]on, nor be no letchour,

But spare your speche & speke nott theron:

Ex habundancia cordis os loquitur;

Who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non, Of the hartes habundans the tunge makyth locucion, What manys mynde ys laboryd, therof yt spekyth; — That ys of suernes, as Holy Scryptur tretyth.

565

Wherfor I reherse thys with myn owyn mowthe:

Caste viuentes templum Dei sunt.

Kepe clene your body from synne vncuth, Stabyll your syghtes & look ye not stunt, ffor of a sertaynte I know, at a brunt,

Oculus est nuncius peccati, —

That the iey ys euer the messenger of foly

572

Enter Seruus sacerdotum.

SERUUS. Whate! Ys not thys Saule that toke hys vyage In-to Ierusalem,2 the dyscyplys to oppresse? Bounde he wold bryng them yf ony dyd rage Vpon Cryst, — this was hys processe To the princes of prestys, he sayde dowtles, —

¹ MS. ffror; corr. by F.

² F. points out that this is a mistake for Damascus, but see Notes.

Thorow all Damask & also Ierusalem		
Subdwe all templys that he founde of them.	579	
SA[U]LUS.1 Yes, sertaynly, Saule ys my proper name, That had in powr the full dominion—		
To hyde yt fro you yt were gret shame		
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon, —		
Vnder Cesar & pristes of the relygeon		
And templys of Iues, that be very hedyous,		
A-gayns almyghty Cryst, that kyng so precyous.	586	
SERUUS. To Anna & Caypha ye must make your recurse; Com ² on your way, & make no delacion!		
SAULUS. I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,		
To the prynces of pristes with all delectacion.		
[They go to Anna and Caypha.]		
SERUUS. Holy pristes of hye potestacion,		
Here ys Saule! Lok on hym wysely;		
He ys a-nother man than he was, verely.	593	
SAULUS. I am the seruant of Ihesu Almyghty,		
Creator & maker of see & sonnd,		
Whiche ys kyng conctypotent of heuyn glory,		
Chef comfort & solas both to fre & bonde,		
A-gayns whos power nothyng may stonde;		
Emperowr he ys both of heuyn & hell,		
Whoys goodnes & grace al thyng doth excell.	600	
Recedit paulisper.		
CAYPHA. Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyracion,		
That Saule ys thus mervelously changyd;		
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum coniuracion,		
Or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd.		
Alas! to my hart yt ys dessendyd		
That he ys thus takyn fro our relygyon!		
How say ye, Anna, to thys conuercyon?		

1 Corr. by F.

² MS. Con; corr. by F.

Anna. ffull mervelously, as in my concepcion,
Thys wnderfull case how yt be-fell,
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,
Vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll.
But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll;
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng,
Lest that more myschef of hym may spryng.

614

CAYPHA. Ye say very trew, we myst yt all rewe!

But shortly in thys we must haue aduysement,

ffor thus a-gayns vs he may nott contynew,—

Perauentur than of Cesar we may be shent.

Anna. Nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent

Than of Cesar we shuld haue dysp[l]easure¹

ffor sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator.

621

CAYPHA. We wyll command the gates to be kept aboute

And the walles surely on euery stede,

That he may not eskape no-where owste;

For dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.

Anna. Thys traytour rebellyous, evyll mut he spede,

That doth this vnhappynes a-gayns all!

Now euery costodyer kepe well hys wall!

628

SERUUS. The gatys be shytt, he can not eskape; 2

Euery place ys kepte well & sure,

That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,

Gett owt of the cyte, by ony coniecture.

Vpon that caytyf & fals traytour

Loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall,

And iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall.

635

[They go out; an angel appears to Saulus.]

Angelus. Holy Saule, I gyf yow monycyon,
The princes of Iues entende, sertayn,
To put yow to deth, but by Goddes provysyon

¹ Corr. by F.

He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and optayn, And after thy deth thou shalt rayng Above in heuyn, with owr Lordes grace. Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place.

642

SAULUS. That Lordes pleasur euer mut be down
Both in heuyn & in hell, as hys wyll ys!

In a beryng-baskett or a lepe, a-non
I shall me co[n]uay¹ with help of the dyscyplys,

For euery gate ys shett & kept with multytud of pepull[ys];

But I trust in owr Lord, that ys my socour, To resyst ther malyce & cruell furour.

649

CONCLUSYO[N].

[EPILOGUE.] 2

POETA. Thus leve we Saule with-in the cyte,

The gates kep by commandment of Caypha & Anna;

But the dyscyplys in the nyzt ouer the wall, truly,

As the Bybull sayeth: dim[i]serunt¹eum summittentes *

in sporta;

And Saule after that, in Ierusalem, vera, Ioyned hym-self & ther accompenyed With the dyscyplys, wher thei were vnfayned.

656

Thys lytyll pagent thus conclud we
As we can, lackyng lytturall scyens;
Besechyng yow all, of hye & low degre,
Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd & lycens,
That of Retoryk haue non intellygens;
Commyttyng yow all to owr Lord Ihesus,
To whoys lawd ye syng: Exultet celum laudibus!

663

finis co[n]uercionis 1 Sancti Pauli.

1 Corr. by F.

² Supplied by F.

8 F. summittens.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.

The basis of the text is the edition by Whitley Stokes, Publications of the Philological Society, 1860-61, collated with the MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The MS. is assigned to the end of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, S. indicates the readings of Stokes's edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is expressly stated; H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, Englische Studien, XVI, 150 f., and Anglia, XV, 198 ff.

[THE BANES OF THE PLAY.]

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. Now the Father & the Sune & the Holy Goste,

That all this wyde worlde hat[h] wrowg[h]t,1 Save all thes semely,2 bothe leste & moste,

And bryn[g]e 1 yow to the blysse that he hath yow to bowght!

We be ful purposed with hart & with thought Off our mater to tell the entent, —

Off the marvellis that wer wondurfely wrowght Off the holi & bleyssed Sacrament.

SECUNDUS. Sid[s]eyns, & yt lyke yow to here the purpoos of this play,

That [ys] 1 re-presented now in yower syght Whych in Aragon was doon, 8 the sothe to saye,

In Eraclea, that famous cyte, aryght, —

Ther-in wonneth a merchante off mekyll myght,

Syr Arystorye was called hys name,

Kend full fere with mani a wyght,

Full fer in the worlde sprong hys fame.

16

8

¹ Corr. by S.

² S. femely.

Primus. A-non to hym 1 ther cam a Jewe, With grete rychesse for the nonys, And wonneth in the cyte of Surrey, — this 2 full trewe, — Yn wyche 3 had gret plente off precyous stonys.	20
Off this Cristen merchante he freyned 4 sore,	
Wane he wolde haue had hys entente.	
Twenti pownd 5 and merchandyse mor	
He proferyd for the holy Sacrament.	24
SECUNDUS. But the Christen merchannte theroff sed nay,	
Be-cause hys profer was of so lityll valewe;	
An hundder pownd ⁶ but he wolde pay, ·	
No lenger theron he shuld pursewe.	28
But mor off ther purpos they gunne 7 speke,	
The holi Sacramente for to bye;	
And all for [that] the[i] wolde 8 be wreke,	
A gret sume off gold be-gune down ley.	32
PRIMUS. Thys Crysten merchante consentyd, the sothe to	
sey,	
And in the nyght affter made hym delyuerance.9	
Thes Jewes all grete joye made they,	
But off thys betyde a stranger chance:	36

They grevid our Lord gretly on grownd, And put hym to a newe 10 passyon;

¹ MS. hyn; corr. by S. ² S. supplies [ys].

⁸ S. supplies [he], but the final -e of wyche contains he. In MS. at the beginning of this line the first four words of the next line were written by mistake and then crossed out.

⁴ MS. freynend; corr. by S.

⁵ MS. xxti li; S. xxti pownd.

⁶ MS. An c li; S. An c pownd.

⁷ S. gune; MS. gune.

⁸ MS. woldr; S. composed a new line: And all on the sauyowr of the world to be wreke; the corrections above are by H.

⁹ MS.; S. deliuerance.

¹⁰ The word in MS. is said to look like nelle, but cf. 723.

With daggers gouen hym many a greuyos wound; Nayled hym to a pyller; with pynsons plukked hym douze. 40 And sythe thay toke that blysed Brede so SECUNDUS. sownde And in a cawdron they ded hym boyle,1 In a clothe full just they yt wounde, And so they ded hym sethe in oyle; 44 And than thay putt hym to a new tormentry, In an hoote ouyn 2 speryd hym fast. There he appyred with woundis blody; The ovyn refe a-sondre & all tobrast. PRIMUS. Thus in ouer lawe they wer made stedfast; The holy Sacrement sheuyd them grette faueur; In contrycyon th[e]yr hertis wer cast, And went & shewyd ther lyues to a confesour. 52 Thus be maracle off the Kyng of hevyn And by myght & power govyn to the prestis mowthe In an howshold wer con[v]ertyd 3 i-wys elevyn.4 At Rome this 5 myracle ys knowen well kowthe. SECUNDUS. Thys marycle at Rome was presented, for sothe. Yn the yere of ouer 6 Lord a Mlcccclxi 7 That the Jewes that 8 holy Sacrament dyd with 9 In the forest seyd of Aragon. 60 Be-low thus God at a tyme showyd hym there, Thorwhe hys mercy & hys mekyll myght; Vnto the Jewes he gan 10 appere That thei shuld nat lesse hys hevenly lyght. ⁵ MS. apparently y^s y^s; corr. by S. ¹ MS. boylde; corr. by S. ² MS. hoote ob ouyn; corr. by S. ⁶ S. you^r. ⁷ S. M¹cccc.c.lxi. 8 Corr. by S.

8 S. wt.

9 H. suggested the addition of nothe; but later 627 made him doubtful.

4 S. I wyll wys xi.

10 MS. gayn; S. [did a-]gayn.

PRIMUS. So therfor, frendis, with all your myght Vnto youer gostly father shewe your synne;
Beth in no wanhope daye nor nyght.
No maner off dowghtis that Lord put in;

68

ffor that the dowgthtis the Jewys than in stode,—
As ye shall se pleyd, both more & lesse,—
Was yff the Sacrament wer flesshe & blode;
Therfor they put yt to suche dystresse.
SECUNDUS. And yt place yow, thys gaderyng that here ys,

At Croxston on Monday yt shall be sen;

To see 1 the conclusyon of this lytell processe

Hertely welcum shall yow bene.

76

Now Jhesu yow sawe from 2 trey 8 & tene,

To 4 send vs hys hyhe ioyes of hevyne,

There myght ys withouton mynd 5 to mene!

Now, mynstrell, blow vp with a mery stevyn!

80

Explicit.

Here after followeth the Play of the Conversyon of Ser Jonathas the Jewe by Myracle of the Blyssed Sacrament.

ARISTORIUS MERCATOR.⁶ Now Cryst, that ys ouer Creatour, from shame he cure vs;

He 7 maynteyn vs with myrth that meve vpon the mold; Vnto hys endlesse joye myghtly he restore vs,

All tho that in hys 8 name in peas well them hold;

¹ H. wishes to read say.

⁴ Qy. And.

² MS. fron; corr. by S.

⁵ Qy. end, or mynn.

⁸ S. treyn; corr. by H.

⁶ A list of dramatis personae is given at the end of the play, p. 276.

⁷ MS. be; corr. by S.

⁸ S. thys.

For of a merchante most myght therof my tale ys told, In Eraclea ys non suche, woso 1 wyll vnder-stond, For off all Aragon I am most myghty of syluer & of gold, ffor, & yt wer a countre to by, now wold I nat wond. 8 Syr Arystory is my name, A merchante myghty of a royall araye; fful wyde in this worlde spryngyth my fame, Fere kend & knowen, the sothe for to saye. In all maner of londis, without ony naye, My merchandyse renneth, the sothe for to tell; In Gene & in Jenyse & in Genewaye, In Surrey² & in Saby & in Salerun I sell; 16 In Antyoche & in Almayn moch ys my myght, In Braban & in Brytayn I am full bold, In Calabre & in Coleyn ther rynge 8 I full ryght, In Dordrede & in Denmark [1] be the chyffe cold,4 In Alysander I haue abundaw[n]se 5 in the wyde world, In France & in Farre fresshe be my flower[is],5 In Gyldre & in Galys haue I bowght & sold, In Hamborowhe & in Holond moche merchantdyse ys owris; 24 In Jerusalem & in Jherico a-mong the Jewes jentle, Amo[n]g⁵ tho Caldeys & Cattlyngis kend ys my komyng; In Raynes 6 & in Rome to Seynt Petyrs temple I am knowen certenly for bying & sellyng; 28 In Mayn & in Melan full mery haue I be; Owt of Naverun to Naples moch good ys that I bryng; In Pondere & in Portyngale moche ys my gle; In Spayne & in Spruce moche ys my spedyng; In Lombardy & in Lachborn, there ledde ys my lykyng;

¹ S. w[h]oso. ² MS. surgery; S. surry. 8 S. suggests reygne.

⁴ H. reads I have be the chyffe told; told is probably right.

⁵ S. 6 H. reads Raymes.

In Taryfe & in Turkey, there told ys my tale; And in the dukedom of Oryon moche have I in weldyng: And thus thorought all this world sett ys my sale. 36 No man in thys world may weld more rychesse; All I thank God of hys grace, for he yt1 me sent; And as a lordis pere thus lyve I in worthynesse. My curat waytheth 2 vpon me to knowe myn intent, And men at my weldyng, & all ys me lent My well for to worke in thys worlde so wyde.8 Me dare they nat dysplese by no condescent,4 And who-so doth, he ys nat able to a-byde. 44 PRESBYTER. No man shall you tary ne t[r]owble 5 thys tyde, But every man delygently shall do yow plesance; And I vnto my connyng to the best shall hem guyde Vnto 6 Godis plesyng to serue yow to utterance; 7 ffor ye be worthy & notable in substance of good, Off merchantis of Aragon ye have no pere, — And ther-of thank God that dyed on the roode, That was your makere & hath yow dere. 52 ARISTORIUS. For soth, syr pryst, yower talkyng ys good; And therfor affter your talkyng I wyll atteyn To wourshyppe my God that dyed on the roode, Neuer⁸ whyll that I lyve ageyn that wyll I seyn. But, Petyr Powle, my clark, I praye the goo wele pleyn Thorought all Eraclea,9 that thow ne wonde,9 And wytte yff ony merchante be come to this reyn Of Surrey or of Sabe or of Shelys-down. 60

CLERICUS. At youer wyll for to walke I wyl nat say nay, Smertly to go serche at the wateris syde;

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<sup>1</sup> S. y<sup>t</sup>. <sup>4</sup> MS. condestent; corr. by S.
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5 S.

² H. corrects to wayteth.

⁸ In S. misprinted wydc. 6 Qy. Vnder.

⁷ S. attruēance; H. proposes accrueance.

⁸ MS.; S. Ever, but, as H. points out, Neuer is right.

⁹⁻⁹ H. proposes both vp and down, cf. 1. 66.

Yff ony pleasant bargyn be to your paye, As swyftly as I can I shall hym to yow guyde. Now wyll I walke by thes pathes wyde, And seke the haven both vp and down To wette yf ony unkowth 1 shyppes therin do ryde,

Of Surrey or of Saby [or] 3 of Shelys-down.

68

Now shall the merchantis man with-drawe hym and the Jewe Jonathas shall make hys lest.8

Now, almighty Machomet, marke 4 in thi mageste, JONATHAS. Whose 5 lawes tendrely I have to fulfyll,

After my dethe bryng me to thy hyhe see,

My sowle for to save yff yt be thy wyll;

For myn entent ys for to fulfyll

As my gloryus God the to honer.6

To do agen thy entent, yt shuld gr[e]ue me yll

Or agen thyn lawe for to reporte;

76

For I thanke the hayly that hast me sent Gold, syluer & presyous stonys,

And abunddance of spycis thou hast me lent,

A[s] I shall reherse before yow onys:

I have amatystis ryche for the nonys

And baryllis that be bryght of ble,

And saphyre semely I may show yow attonys

And crystalys clere for to se;

84

I have dyamantis dere-wourthy to 8 dresse, And emerawdis, ryche I trow they be, Onyx and achatis 9 both more & lesse, Topazyons, smaragdis of grete degre, Perlys precyous grete plente;

¹ MS. on knowth; corr. by S. 2 S.

⁸ H. reads best; I can suggest nothing better than bost (= boast).

⁴ Qy. moste.

⁵ S. whoses; see Notes.

⁶ H. points out that honer does not rhyme with reporte; possibly beste should be added after honer, and resiste substituted for reporte; for rhyme, cf. l. 142. 7 S. prints godd, but emends to gold in his Glossary.

⁸ MS. appears to have do before to. 9 MS. Machatis; corr. by S.

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Of rubes ryche I have grete renown;
     Crepawdis & calcedonyes semely to se,
A[nd] 1 curyous carbunclys here ye fynd mown;
                                                                  92
Spycis I have both grete & smale
     In my shyppes, the sothe for to saye,
Gyngere, lycoresse and cannyngalle,
     And fygis fatte to plese yow to paye,
Peper and saffyron & spycis smale,
     And datis wole dulcett for to dresse,
Almundis and reys, full euery male,
     And reysones both more & lesse;
                                                                 100
Clowys, greynis 2 & gynger grene,
     Mace, mastyk that myght ys,
Synymone, suger, as yow may <sup>8</sup> sene,
     Long 4 peper and Indas lycorys,
     Orengis a[nd] apples of grete apryce,
Pungarnetis & many other spycis —
     To tell yow all I have now, i-wys,6 ---
And moche other merchandyse of e[v]ery 1 sondry spycis.
                                                                 108
Jew Jonathas thys ys my name,7
     Jazon & Jazdon thei waytyn on my wylle,
Masfat & Malchus they do the same,
     As ye may knowe, yt ys bothe rycht & skylle.
     I telle yow alle, bi dal and by hylle,
In Eraclea ys noon so moche of myght.
     Werfor ye owe tenderli to tende me tylle,
For I am chefe merchante of Jewes, I telle yow be ryght.
                                                                 116
But, Jazon & Jazdon, a mater wollde 8 I mene, —
     Mer-velously 9 yt ys ment in mynde, —
         1 S.
                                    4 S. leng.
         <sup>2</sup> MS. grenyis; corr. by S.
                                    <sup>5</sup> MS.; S. pumgarnetis.
         8 S. mayn.
                                    <sup>6</sup> S. I wyse.
         <sup>7</sup> MS. Jew Jonathas ys my ys name; corr. by S.
         8 MS. wolldis; corr. by S.
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9 H.; S. retains reading of MS., mer velensly.

The beleve of thes Crysten men ys false, as I wene,
For the[i] beleve on a cake, — me thynk yt ys onkynd, —
And alle they seye how the prest dothe yt bynd,

And be the myght of hys word make yt 1 flessh & blode,—
And thus be a conceyte the[i] 2 wolde make vs
blynd,—

And how that yt shuld be he that deyed upon the rode.

124

JASON. Yea, yea, master, a strawe for talis!

That ma not falle 8 in my beleve;

But myt 4 we yt gete onys within our pales,

I trowe we shuld sone affter putt yt in a preve.

JASDON. Now, be Machomete so myghty, that ye doon of 6 meue

I wold I wyste how that we myght yt gete;

I swer be my grete god, & ellys mote I nat cheue But wyghtly the[r]on wold I be wreke.

132

MASPHAT. Yea, I dare sey feythfulli that ther feyth [ys fals:]8

That was neuer he that on Caluery was kyld,

Or in bred for to be blode yt ys ontrewe als; 9

But yet with ther wyles thei wold we were wyld.

MALCUS. Yea, I am myghty Malchus, that boldly am byld;

That brede for to bete byggly am I bent.

Onys out of ther handis & yt myght be exyled, To helpe castyn yt in care wold I consent.

140

JONAT[H]AS.² Well, syrse, than kype cursel, I cummande yow all,

And no word of all thys be wyst. But let us walke to see Arystories halle,

1 S. ye. 4 H. corrects the spelling to myght.

² S. ⁵ S.; MS. praye. ⁷ S. seuer. ⁹ S. als[o].

8 H.; S. manot sale. 6 S. of[t]. 8 S. [ys so].

And affter-ward more counselle among vs shall 1 caste. With hym to bey & to sel I am of powere prest; A bargyn with hym to make I wyll assaye; ffor gold & syluer I am nothyng agast But that we shall get that cake to ower paye. 148 Her shall ser Ysodyr, the prest, speke with ser Arystori, seyng on thys wyse to hym; & Jonathas goo don 8 of his stage. Presbiter. Syr, be your leue, I may [no] 4 lengere dwell; Yt ys fer paste none, yt ys tyme to go to cherche, There to saye myn evynsong, forsothe as I yow tell, And syth come 5 home ageyne, as I am wont to werche. 152 ARISTORIUS. Sir Isydor, I praye yow, walke at yowr wylle, ffor to serfe God yt ys well done; And syt[h] 6 come agen & ye shall suppe your fylle, And walke than to your 7 chamber, as ye ar wont to doon. 156 Her shall the marchantis man 8 mete with the Jewes. JONAT[H]AS.6 A! Petre Powle, good daye & wele i-mett!9 Wer ys thy 10 master, as I the pray? CLERICUS. Lon[g] 6 from hym haue I not lett Syt[h]6 I cam from hym, the sothe for to saye. Wat tidyng with yow, ser, I yow praye, Affter my master that ye doo frayen? Haue ye ony bargen that wer to hys paye? Let me haue knowlech; I shall wete hym to seyn. 164 JHONATHAS. I haue bargenes royalle & ry[c]h 6 ffor a marchante with to bye and sell; In all thys lond is ther non lyke Off abundance of good, as I will tell. 168 6 S. ¹ S. inserts [be]. ² S. out. ⁷ S. yōr.

¹ S. inserts [be].

² S. out.

³ H. corrects the spelling to down.

⁴ S. [nat].

⁵ MS. cone; corr. by S.

⁶ S.

⁷ S. yor.

⁸ MS. marchant men; corr. by S.

⁹ MS. I mett; S. imett.

¹⁰ S. they.

Her shall the clerk goon to ser Aristori, saluting him thus:

CLERICUS. All hayll, master, & wel mot yow be ! 1

Now tydynge can I yow tell:

The grettest marchante in all Surre

Ys come with yow to bey & sell,

This tale ryght well he me told.3

Sir Jonat[h]as 8 ys hys nam,

A marchant of ryght gret fame;

He wollde sell yow, with-out blame,

P[l]ente * of clothe of golde.

177

ARISTORIUS. Petre Powle, I can the thanke!

I prey the rychely araye myn halle

As owyth for a marchant of the banke;

Lete non defawte be found at alle.

CLERICUS. Sekyrly, master, no m[o]re * ther shall.

Styffly about I thynke to stere,

Hasteli 4 to hange your parlowr with pall,

As longeth for a lordis pere.

185

Here shall the Jewe merchante & his men come to the Cristen merchante.

JONATHAS. All haylle, syr Aristorye, semele to se,

The myghtyest merchante off Arigon!

Off yower welfare fayn wet wold we,

And to bargeyn with you this day am ⁵ I boun.

189

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, ye be wellecum vnto myn halle!

I pray yow come vp & sit bi me,

And telle me wat good ye haue to selle,

And yf ony bargeyn 6 mad may be.

193

JONATHAS. I haue clothe of gold, precyous stons & spyce plente.

Wyth yow a bargen wold I make; —

¹ S. for MS. yowbe.

² MS. this t l [?] ryght nell heme tell; corr. by S. Perhaps the fourth word should be now; cf. p. 240, l. 38.

⁴ H.; S. hasterli.

⁵ S.; MS. an.

⁶ S. bargeny; bargen ymade seems unlikely.

I wold bartre wyth yow in pryvyte On lytelle thyng,1 ye wylle me yt take Prevely in this stownd And I wolle sure yow be thys lyght, Neuer dystrie yow daye nor nyght, But be sworn to yow full ryght And geve yow twenti pownde.2

202

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, sey me for my sake, What maner of marchandis ys yt 8 ye mene? JONATHAS. Yowr God, that ys full mytheti, in a cake, And thys good anoon shall yow seen. [ARISTORIUS.] A Nay, in feyth, that shall not bene. I wollnot for an hundder 5 pownd

To stond in fere my Lord to tene And for so lytelle a walew in conscyence 6 to stond bownd.

Sir, the entent ys if I myght knowe or vnder-JONATHAS. take

Yf that he were God alle-myght; Off all my mys I woll amende make And doon hym wourshepe bothe day & nyght.

214

ARISTORIUS. Jonathas, trowth I shall the tell:

I stond in gret dowght to do that dede, To yow that bere all 7 for to sell

I fere me that I shuld stond in drede;

ffor, & I vnto the chyrche yede,

And preste or clerke myght me aspye,

To the bysshope thei wolde go telle that dede And apeche me of eresye.8

222

JONATHAS. Sir, as for that, good shyffte may ye make, And, for a vaylle, to walkyn on a nyght

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<sup>1</sup> H. inserts yf.
<sup>2</sup> MS. xx<sup>ti</sup> li.; S. xx<sup>ti</sup> pownd. <sup>6</sup> S.; MS. constyene.
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⁵ H. reads hunderd.

⁸ S. yt.

⁷ Qy. bereall = beryl.

⁴ S.

⁸ S. tresye; H. apostasye, but cf. 1. 777.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.	25 I
Wan prest & clerk to rest ben take; Than shall ye be spyde of no wyght. ARISTORIUS. Now sey me, Jonathas, be this lyght! Wat payment therfor wollde yow me make? JONATHAS. Forty pownd, 2 pay yt fulryght, Evyn for that Lorde 2 sake.	230
ARISTORIUS. Nay, nay, Jonathas, there-agen; I w[o]ld* not for an hunder* pownd. JONATHAS. Sir, hir ys [yo]wer* askyng toolde pleyn, I shall yt tell in this stownd.	234
[Counts out the money.]	
Here is an hunder pownd, ⁵ neyther mor nor lesse, Of dokettis good, I dar well saye; Tell yt er yow from me passe. Me thynketh yt a royalle araye!	238
But fyrst, I pray yow, tell me thys: Off thys thyng whan shalle I hafe delyuerance? ARISTORI. To-morowe be-tymes; I shallnot myse; This nyght therfor I shalle make purveance.	242
Syr Isodyr he ys now at chyrch, There seyng hys evynsong, As yt ys worshepe for to werche; He shall sone cum home, he wyll nat be long, Hys soper for to eate; And whene he ys buskyd to hys bedde, Ryght sone [t]here-after he shalbe spedd.— No speche among yow ther be spredd; To kepe your toungis ye nott lett.	251
JONATHAS. Syr, almyghty Machomyght be with yow! And I shalle cum agayn ryght sone.	
¹ MS. xl li.; S. xl pownd. ⁴ S. has C.	

⁶ S. As yt hys; H. As yt [ys] hys.

² H. reads lordes.

8 S.

⁷ H. ye.

⁶ MS. has C. li.; S. has C. pownd.

ARYSTORIUS. Jonathas, ye wott what I have sayd, & how	
I shalle warke 1 for that we haue to donn.	255
Here goeth the Jewys away & the preste commyth home.	
PRESBITER. Syr, almyghty God mott be yower gyde And glad yow where-soo ye rest!	
ARISTORIUS. Syr, ye be welcom home thys tyde!	
Now, Peter, gett vs wyne of the best.	259
CLERICUS. Syr, here ys a drawte of Romney Red, Ther ys no better in Aragon,	
And a lofe of lyght bred, —	
Yt ys holesom, as sayeth the fesycyon.	263
ARYSTORIUS. Drynke of, ² ser Isoder, & be of good chere! Thys Romney ys good to goo with to reste;	
Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,	_
For alle wykkyd metys yt wylle degest.	267
PRESBITER. Syr, thys wyne ys good at a taste, And ther-of haue I drunke ryght welle.	
To bed to gone thus haue I cast	
Euyn strayt after thys mery mele.	271
Now, ser, I pray to God send yow good nyght,8	
ffor to my chamber now wylle I gonne.	
Aristorius. Ser, with yow be God almyght,4	
And sheld yow euer from your fone!	275
[Exit the priest.] Here shall Aristorius call hys clarke to hys presens.	

Howe, Peter! In the ys all my trust, In especyalle to kepe my conselle:

¹ S. walke.

² H. reads therof, as in 269; but of is off.

⁸ S. rest; emend. by H.

⁴ S. reads almyght[est], and says: "The scribe had added a y and expunged it imperfectly." This seems to justify H. in retaining the MS. reading.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.	253
ffor a lytylle waye walkyn I must.	
I wylle not be long; trust as I the telle.	270
i wyne not be long, trust as i the tene.	279
[He goes toward the church.]	
Now preuely wylle I persew my pace,	
My bargayn thys nyght for to fulfylle.	
Ser Isoder shalle nott know of thys case,	
For he hath oftyn sacred, as yt ys skylle.	
The chyrche key ys at my wylle;	
Ther ys no-thynge that me shalle tary,	
I wylle nott abyde by dale nor hylle	
Tylle yt be wrowght, by Saynt Mary!	287
Here shal he enter the chyrche & take the Hoost.	
Ah! now haue I alle myn entent;	
Vnto Jonathas now wylle I fare;	
To fullefylle my bargayn haue I ment,	
For that mony wylle amend my fare,	
As thynketh me.	
[Exit from church.]	
But now wylle I passe by thes pathes playne;	
To mete with Jonathas I wold fayne.	
Ah! yonder he commyth in certayne;	
Me thynkyth I hym see!	296
Welcom, Jonathas, gentylle & trew,	
ffor welle & tr[e]wly 1 thou kepyst thyn howre;	
Here ys the Host, sacred newe.	
Now wylle I home to halle & bowre.	300
JONATHAS. And I shall kepe thys trusty treasure	
As I wold doo my gold and fee.	
Now in thys clothe I shalle the couer,	
That no wyght shalle the see.	304
1 S	

Here shall Arystory goo hys waye & Jonathas & hys seruauntis shall goo to the tabyll thus saying:

JONATHAS. Now, Jason & Jasdon, ye 1 be Jewys jentylle, Masfat & Malchus, that myghty arn in mynd,

Thys merchant from the Crysten temple

Hathe gett vs thys bred that 2 make vs thus blynd.

Now, Jason, as jentylle as euer was the lynde,

Into the forsayd parlowr preuely take thy pase;

Sprede a clothe on the tabyll that ye shalle there fynd, And we shalle folow after to carpe of thys case.

312

Now the Jewys goon & lay the Ost on the tabyll, sayng:

JONATHAS. Syris, I praye yow alle, harkyn to my sawe!

Thes Crysten men carpyn of a mervelows 8 case;

They say that this ys Ihesu that was attaynted in ower lawe

And that thys ys he that crwcyfyed was.

316

On thes wordys there law growndyd hath he

That he sayd on Sherethursday at hys soper:

He brake the brede & sayd Accipite,

And gave hys dyscyplys them for to chere;

And more he sayd to them there,

Whyle they were alle together & sum,

Syttyng at the table soo clere,

Comedite, [hoc est] corpus meum.

324

And thys powre he gaue Peter to proclame,

And how the same shuld be suffycyent to alle prechors;

The bysshoppys & curatis saye the same,

And soo, as I vnderstond, do alle hys progenytors.

328

JASON. Yea, sum men in that law reherse a-nother:

They say of a maydyn borne was hee,

And how Joachyms dowghter shuld be hys mother, And how Gabrelle apperyd & sayd Aue;

1 Qy. yt.

² S. inserts wold.

⁸ MS.; S. mervelous.

And with that worde she 1 shuld conceyuyd be,
And that in hyr shuld lyght the Holy Gost, —
Ageyns ower law thys ys false heresy, —
And yett they saye he ys of myghtis most.

336

JASDON. They saye that I hesu to be ower kynge,
But I wene he bowght yt? fulle dere.

But they make a royalle aray of hys vprysyng;

And that in euery place ys prechyd farre & nere,

And how he to hys dyscyples agayn dyd appere,

To Thomas and to Mary Mawdelen,

And syth how he styed by hys own powre; * And thys, ye know well, ys heresy fulle playn.

344

MASPHAT. Yea, & also they say he sent them wytt & wysdom

ffor to vnderstond euery language;

When the Holy Gost to them came, 4

They faryd as dronk men of pymente or vernage;

And sythen how that he lykenyd hym-self a lord of parage,

On hys fatherys ryght hond he hym sett.

They hold hym wyser than euer was Syble sage,

And strenger than Alexander, that alle the worde b ded gett.

352

MALCHUS. Yea, yet they say as fals, I dare laye my hedde, How they that be ded shall com agayn to Judgement,

And ower dredfulle Judge shalbe thys same brede,

And how lyfe euerlastyng them shuld be lent.

And thus they hold, all at one 6 consent,

Be-cause that Phylyppe sayd for a lytylle glosse —

To turne vs from owr beleve ys ther entent, — ffor that he sayd judecare viuos & mortuos.

360

¹ H. wishes to read he. 4 So MS.; S. [dyd] come.

² S. yt. 5 S. wor[1]de; but worde is a common spelling.

⁸ H. corrects the spelling to power. 6 MS.; S. on.

JONATHAS. Now, seris, ye have rehersyd the substance of ther 1 lawe.

But thys bred I wold myght be put in a prefe Whether this be he that in Bosra of vs had awe.

Ther staynyd were hys clothys, this may we belefe;

Thys may we know, there had he grefe,

For ower old bookys veryfy thus, —

Thereon he was jugett to be hangyd as a thefe,— Tinctis ² [de] Bosra vestibus.

368

JASON. Yff that thys be he that on Caluery was mad red, Onto my mynd, I shalle kenne yow a conceyt good:

Surely with ower daggars we shalle ses on 3 thys bredde,

And so with clowtis we shall know yf he haue eny blood.

JASDON. Now, by Machomyth so myghty, that meuyth in my mode!

Thys ys masterly ment, thys matter thus to meue;

And with ower strokys we shalle fray hym as he was on

That he was on don with grett repreue.

the rode.

376

MASPHAT. Yea, I pray yow, smyte ye in the myddys of the cake,

And so shalle we smyte theron woundys fyve;

We wylle not spare to wyrke yt wrake

To prove in thys brede yf ther be eny lyfe.

380

MALCHUS. Yea, goo we to, than, & take ower 5 space, And looke owr daggaris be sharpe & kene;

And when eche man a stroke smytte hase,

In the mydylle part there-of ower master shalle bene.

JONATHAS. When ye haue alle smytyn, my stroke shalbe sene;

¹ MS. or; corr. by S.

⁴ MS. ys.; corr. by S.

² S. Tinctio; corr. by H.

⁵ MS. yow^r; emend. by S.

⁸ S. seson; *cf.* 390.

With this same dagger that ys so styf & strong
In the myddys of thys prynt I thynke for to prene;
On lashe I shalle hyme lende or yt be long.

388

Here shalle the iiij Jewys pryk ther daggeris in iiij qua[r]ters,1 thus sayng:

JASON. Haue at yt! Haue at yt, with alle my myght! Thys syde I hope for to sese!

JASDON. And I shall with thys blade so bryght
Thys other syde freshely a-feze!

MASPHAT. And I yow plyght I shalle hym not please, For with thys punche I shalle hym pryke.

MALCHUS. And with thys angus 2 I shalle hym not ease, A-nother buffett shalle he lykke.

JONATHAS. Now am I bold with batayle hym to bleyke,

This mydle part alle for to prene;

A stowte stroke also for to stryke,—

In the myddys yt shalbe sene!

400

Here the Ost must blede.

Ah! owt! owt! harrow! what deuylle ys thys?

Of thys wyrk I am in were;

Yt bledyth as yt were woode, i-wys;

But yf ye helpe, I shall dyspayre.

404

JASON. A fyre! a fyre! & that in hast!

Anoon a cawdron fulle of oyle!

JASDON. And I shalle helpe yt wer in cast,

All the iij howris fo[r] to boyle!

408

[Malchus goes to get the oil.]

MASPHAT. Yea, 8 here is a furneys stowte & strong, And a cawdron therin dothe hong! Malcus, wher art thow so long, To helpe thys dede were dyght?

1 \$

² Kittredge *suggests* dagger.

⁸ An attempt seems to have been made to cancel the a of yea in MS.

MALCUS. Loo, here ys iiij galons off oyle clere! Haue doone 1 fast! blowe up the fere! Syr, bryng that ylke cake nere,

Manly, with all yowre mygthe.

416

JONATHAS. And I shall bryng that ylke cak[e]² And throw yt in, I undertake.

Out! out! yt werketh me wrake!

I may not awoyd yt owt of my hond!

I wylle goo drenche me in a lake, —

And in woodnesse I gynne to wake!

I rene, I lepe, ouer this lond!

423

Her he renneth wood, with the Ost in hys hond.

JASON. Renne, felawes, renne, for Cokkis peyn! Fast we had ower mayster agene!

[They catch Jonathas.]

Hold prestly 6 on thys pleyn 7

And faste bynd hyme to a poste.

JASDON. Here is an hamer & naylys iij, I s[e]ye.2

Lyffte vp hys armys, felawe[s], on hey,

Whylle I dryue thes nayles, I yow praye,

With strong strokis fast.

4318

MASPHAT.⁹ Now set on, felouse, with mayne & myght, And pluke hys armes awey in hyght! 10
Wat! I se 11 he twycche, felovse, a-ryght!
Alas, balys breweth ryght badde!

¹ MS.; S. doon.

2 S.

8 H. proposes rake.

4 MS. reme; corr. by S.

⁵ H. inserts that.

6 S. prestly [?], but MS. is fairly clear.

⁷ S. feleyn [?]; MS. has pleyn with an elaborate curl and stroke over n; H. proposes sely sweyn.

- 8 The line numbering in S. is wrong from here on; six lines are twice numbered as five.
 - ⁹ MS. Malspas; corr. by S.
 - 10 S. fyght; possibly sight was intended.
 - 11 S. reads yse, and suggests yfe.

Here shalle thay pluke the arme, & the hand shalle fang! stylle with the Sacrament.

MALCHUS.² Alas, alas, what deuyll ys thys? Now hat[h] 8 he but oon hand, i-wyse! ffor sothe, mayster, ryght woo me is

That ye this harme hawe hadde.

439

JONATHAS. Ther ys no more; I must enduer! Now hastely to ower chamber lete us go[n],

Tylle I may get me sum recuer;

And ther-for [I] charge yow euery-choon That yt be conselle that we have doon.

444

[They go out.]

Here shalle the lechys man come into the place saying:

COLLE. Aha! here ys a fayer felawshyppe, Thewhe I be nat shapyn, [yn] I lyst to sleppe. I have a master I wolld he had the pyppe,

I tell yow in consel.

He ys a man off alle syence, But off thryfte — I may with yow dyspence! He syttyth b with sum tapstere in the spence; Hys hoode there wyll he selle.

452

Mayster Brendyche of Braban, I telle yow he ys that same man, Called the most famous phesy[cy]an 8 That euer sawe vryne.

He seeth as wele at noone as at nyght, And sumtyme by a candelleyt Can gyff a judgyment 6 aryght

As he *that* hathe noon 7 eyn.

460

1 MS. sang; emend. by S.; his proposal of hang (in Glossary) can derive no support from "a-fingred for ahungered."

² Wanting in MS.; S. gives [Malchas].

8 S.

4 S. Sh[]pyn; the reading adopted was suggested by Dr. F. N. Robinson.

⁵ MS. sytthyt; corr. by S.

⁶ MS. Judyyment; corr. by S.

⁷ MS. nood, which S. thinks may mean use [of].

He ys all-so a boone-setter, — I knowe no man go the better; In euery tauerne he ys detter, Yt ys a good tokenyng. But euer I wonder he ys so long; I fere ther gooth sum-thyng a-wrong, For he hath dysa[rv]yde 1 to be hong, — God send neuer warse tydyng! 468 He had a lady late in cure; I wot be this she ys full sure; There shalle neuer Crysten creature Here hyr tell no tale. And I stode here tylle mydnyght, I cowde not declare a-ryght My masteris cunyng in-syght That he hat[h] in good ale. 476 But * what deuyll ayleth * hym so long to tare? A seekman myght soone myscary. Now alle the deuyllys of hell hym wari! — God g[ra]nte 2 me my boon! I trowe best, we mak a crye: Yf any man can hym 5 aspye, Led hym to the pyller[ye].2 In fayth, yt shall be don. 484 Here shalle he stond up & make proclamacion, seyng thys: Colle. Yff therbe eyther man or woman That sawe Master Brundyche of Braban, Or owyht of hym tel can, Shall wele be quit hys mede; 6 He hath a cut berd & a flatte noose, A therde-bare gowne & a rent hoose; He spekyt[h] 2 neuer good matere nor purpoose;— To the pyllere ye hym led[e].2 492 1 H. ⁵ MS. I; emend. by S. 8 S. By. 2 S. 6 MS. men; corr. by S. 4 S. dyleth.

[The master has entered during the proclamation.]

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What, thu boye, what janglest here?

COLL. A! master, master, but to your reuerence!

I wend neuer to a seen yowr goodly chere,

Ye tared hens so long.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What hast thow sayd in my absense?

Coll. Nothyng, master, but to your reuerence,

I haue told all this audiense,

And some lyes among.

500

But, master, I pray yow, how dothe your pa[c]yent 1

That ye had last vnder yowr medycamente?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I warant she neuer fele a-noyment.²

COLL. Why, ys she in hyr graue?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I haue gyven hyr a drynke made full well

Wyth scamoly and with oxennell,8

Letwyce, sawge and pympernelle.

COLL. Nay, than she ys fulle saue.

508

ffor, now ye ar cum, I dare welle saye

Betwyn Douyr & Calyce the ryght wey

Dwellth non so cunnyng, be my fey,

In my judgyment.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Cunnyng? Yea, yea; & with prattise

I haue sauid many a manys lyfe.

COLLE. On wydowes, maydese and wy[v]se¹ Yowr connyng yow haue nyhe spent.

516

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Were ys bowgtt with 4 drynke profytable.

COLL. Here, master, master, ware how ye tugg!

1 S.

² S. gives MS. as a noynment; my collation shows a noyntment.

⁸ S. emends to oxymell.

⁴ S. emends to browghtt that, but, as the stanza (or rather, fragment) is unintelligible to me, I give the readings of MS.

The devylle, I trowe, with-in shrugge, For yt gooth rebylle-rable.

520

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Here ys a grete congregacyon, And alle benot hole, without negacyon.

I wold haue certyfycacyon;

Stond vp & make a proclamacion.

Haue do faste, and mak no pausa[c]yon,

But wyghtly mak a declaracion

To alle people that helpe w[o]lde haue.

527

Sic interim⁸ proclamacionem faciet.

Coll. All manar off men that have any syknes,

To Master Brentberecly loke that yow re-dresse.

What dysease or syknesse that ever ye have,

He wyll never leve yow tylle ye be in yow[r]² grave.

Who hat[h]² the canker, the collyke, or the laxe,

The tercyan, the quartane, or the brynny[n]g² axs,—

ffor wormys, for gnawyng, gryndy[n]g² in the wombe or in

the boldyro,—

Alle maner red eyne, bleryd eyn, & the myegrym also,
For hedache, bonache, & therto the tothache,—
The colt-euyll, & the brostyn men he wyll undertak,
All tho that [haue] the poose, the sneke, or the tyseke,—
Thowh a man w[e]re ryght heyle, he cowd soone make hym seke.

Inquyre to the Colkote, for ther ys hys loggyng,

A lytylle be-syde Babwelle Mylle, yf ye wyll haue und[er]stondyng.2

541

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Now, yff therbe ether man or woman That nedethe helpe of a phesyscion—6

Coll. Mary, master, that I tell can,

And ye wyll vnderstond.

¹ S. dofaste; corr. by H.

2 S.

⁸ S. gives this reading with a query; there is no comment in my collation.

⁴ S. Coltugli [?]; emend. by New Eng. Dict.

⁵ MS.; S. Though.

⁶ MS.; S. phesyscian.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Knoest any abut this plase? COLL. Ye, that I do, master, so haue [I] grase; Here ys a Jewe, hyght Jonathas, Hath lost hys ryght hond.

549

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. ffast to hym I wold inquere. COLL. ffor God, master, the gate ys here.² MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Than to hym I wylle go nere.

[Approaches the Jews.]

My master, wele mot yow be!

JONATHAS. What doost here, felawe? what woldest thu hanne?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Syr, yf yow nede ony surgeon or physycyan,

Off yow[r] * dyse[se] * help yow welle I cane, What hurtis or hermes * so-euer they be.

557

JONATHAS. Syr, thu art ontawght to come in thus [on-]henly or to pere in my presence thus malepertly.

Voydeth 6 from my syght, & that wyghtly,

ffor ye be mysse-a-vysed.

COLL. Syr, the hurt of yowr hand ys knowen fulle ryfe, And my master haue 7 sauyd many a manes lyfe.

JONATHAS. I trowe ye be cum to make sum stryfe.

Hens fast, lest that ye be chastysed.

565

Coll. Syr, ye know welle yt can nott mysse, Men that be masters of scyens be profytable.

In a pott yf yt please yow to pysse,

He can telle yf yow be curable.

[JONATHAS.] 8 Avoyde, fealows, I loue not yower bable!

- 1 S. [yow]; H. suggests so haue [I] grase, or saue your grase.
- 2 S. for MS. hyre.
- 8 S.
- 4 S. for MS. hermet.
- ⁵ S.; H. retains henly regarding it as héanlice.
- ⁶ S. for MS. voydoth.
- 7 H. reads hath.

8 Supp. by S.

Brushe them hens bothe, & that anon!	
Gyff them ther reward that they were gone!	572
Here shalle the iiij Jewys bett a-way the leche & hys man.	
JONATHAS. Now haue don, felawys, & that anon, For dowte of drede what after befalle!	
I am nere masyd, my wytte ys gon;	
Therfor of helpe I pray yow alle.	576
And take your pynsonys that ar so sure,	
And pluck owt the naylys won & won;	
Also in a clothe ye yt cure	
And throw yt in the cawdron, & that anon.	5 80
Here shalle Jason pluck owt the naylys & shake the hond in-to the cawdron	
JASON. And I shalle rape me redely anon	
To plucke owt the naylys that stond so fast,	
And bear thys bred & also thys bone	
And in-to the cawdron I wylle yt cast.	584
JASDON. And I shalle with thys dagger so stowte	
Putt yt down that yt myght plawe,	
And steare the clothe rounde abowte	
That no-thyng ther-of shalbe rawe.	588
MASPHAT. And I shalle manly, with alle my myght,	
Make the fyre to blase & brenne,	
And sett ther-vnder suche a lyght	
That yt shalle make yt ryght thynne.	
Here shalle the cawdron b[o]yle, apperyng to be as blood.	
MALCHAS. Owt! & harow! what deuylle ys here-in? Alle thys oyle waxyth redde as blood,	
And owt of the cawdron yt begynnyth to rinn.2	
I am so aferd I am nere woode.	596
a min no micro i min more around.	270

¹ S. ² MS. run or rnn; corr. by S. Here shalle Jason & hys compeny goo to sex Jonathas sayng:

JASON. Ah! master, master, what there ys with yow, I can not see owr werke wyll avayle;

I beseche yow avance yow now

Sum-whatt with your counsayle.

600

JONATHAS. The best counsayle that I now wott,

That 1 I can deme, farre & nere,

[Ys] 2 to make an ovyn as redd hott

As euer yt can be made with fere;

And when ye see yt soo hott appere,

Then throw yt in-to the ovyn fast, —

Sone shalle he stanche hys bledyng chere, —

When ye haue done, stoppe yt, — be not agast!

608

JASDON. Be my fayth, yt shalbe wrowgh[t],

And that anon, in gret hast.

Bryng on fyryng, seris; here 8 ye nowght?

To hete thys ovyn be nott agast!

612

MASPHAT. Here ys straw & thornys kene;

Come 4 on, Malchas, & bryng on fyre,

ffor that shall hete yt welle, I wene;

Here thei kyndylle the fyre.

Blow on fast, that done yt were!

MALCHAS. Ah, how! thys fyre gynnyth to brenne clere!

Thys ovyn ryght hotte I thynk to make.

Now, Jason, to the cawdron 5 that ye stere

And fast fetche hether that ylke cake!

620

Here shalle Jason goo to the cawdron & take owt the Ost with hys pynsonys & cast yt in-to the ovyn.

JASON. I shalle with thes pynsonys, with-owt dowt, Shake thys cake owt of thys clothe,

⁵ S. inserts [see].

¹ MS. ys that; S. [and] that.

² Supplied by S.; but the scribe merely wrote it in the wrong line.

⁸ S. emends to fere; but, as H. points out, MS. is correct.

⁴ S. couer; corr. by Kittredge.

And to the ovyn I shall yt rowte And stoppe hym there, thow he be loth.	
Thys cake I haue cawght here, in good sothe, —	
The hand ys soden, the fleshe from the bonys, —	
Now in-to the ovyn I wyll ther-with.	
Stoppe yt, Jasdon, for the nonys!	628
JASDON. I stoppe thys ovyn, wythowtyn dowte,	
With clay I clome yt vppe ryght fast,	
That non heat shall cum 1 owte.	
I trow there shalle he hete & drye in hast!	632
Here the owyn must ryve asunder, & blede owt at the cranys, & an image appere owt with woundis bledyng.	
MASPHAT. Owt! owt! here is a grete wonder!	
Thys ovyn b[1]edyth owt on euery syde!	
MALCHAS. Yea, the ovyn on peacys gynnyth to ryve asundre;	
Thys ys a mervelows case thys tyde!	636
Here shalle the image speke to the Juys sayng thus:	
JHESUS. O mirabiles Judei, attendite et videte	
Si est dolor similis 2 dolor meus!	638
Oh ye merveylows Jewys,	
Why ar ye to yower kyng onkynd,	•
And 8 so bytterly bowt yow to my blysse?	
Why fare ye thus fule with yowr frende?	
Why peyne yow me & straytly me pynde,4	
And I yower loue so derely haue bowght?	
Why are ye so vnstedfast in your mynde?	
Why wrath ye me? I greve yow nowght.	64 6
Why wylle ye nott beleue that I haue tawght,	
And forsake your fowle neclygence,	
And kepe my commandementis in yower thought,	
And vnto my godhed to take credence?	650
 1 S. inserts ther. 2 Probably a careless mistake for sicut. 8 H. inserts I. 4 H. wishes to read bynde. 	

Why blaspheme yow me? Why do ye thus? Why put yow me to a newe tormentry, And I dyed for yow on the crosse? Why consyder not yow what I dyd crye? Whylle that I was with yow, ye ded me velanye. Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce, How yower kynne dyd me awance ffor claymyng of myn enherytaunce? I shew yow the streytnesse of my greuance, And alle to meue yow to my mercy. 660 JONATHAS. Tu es protector vite mee; a quo trepidabo? O thu, Lord, whyche art my defendowr, ffor dred of the I trymble & quake. Of thy gret mercy lett vs receyue 1 the showre; And mekely I aske mercy, amendys to make. 665 Here shall they knele down alle on ther kneys, sayng: Ah! Lord, with sorow & care & grete wepyng Alle we felawys lett vs saye thus, With condolent harte & grete sorowyng: Lacrimis nostris conscienciam nostram baptizemus! 669 JASDON. Oh thow blyssyd Lord of mykylle myght, Of thy gret mercy, thow hast shewyd vs the path, Lord, owt of grevous slepe & owt of dyrknes to lyght, Ne grauis sompnus irruat. 673 MASPHAT. Oh Lord, I was very cursyd, for I wold know thi crede. I can no men[d]ys 2 make, but crye to the thus: O gracyows 8 Lorde, forgyfe me my mysdede! With lamentable hart: miserere mei, Deus! 677 MALCHAS. Lord, I have offendyd the in many a sundry vyse,

¹ MS.; S. receue. ² S. ⁸ MS.; S. gracyous.

That styckyth at my hart as hard as a core.

4 MS.; S. gret.

Lord, by the water of contryc[i]on lett me aryse: Asparges me, Domine, ysopo, et mundabor. **681** JHESUS. All ye that desyryn my seruantis for to be And to fulfylle the preceptis of my lawys, The intent of my commandement knowe ye: Ite et ostendite vos sacerdotibus meis. To all yow that desyre in eny wyse To aske mercy, to graunt yt redy I am. Remember & lett yower wyttis suffyce, Et tunc non auertam a vobis faciem meam. 689 ¹ Jonathas, on thyn hand thow art but lame, And this 2 thorow thyn own cruelnesse. ffor thyn hurt 3 thou mayest thi-selfe blame, Thow woldyst preve thy powr me to oppresse, But now I consydre thy necesse; Thow wasshest thyn hart with grete4 contryc[i]on; Go to the cawdron, — thi care shalbe the lesse, — And towche thyn hand to thy saluac[i]on. 697 Here shall ser Jonathas put hys hand in-to the cawdron, and yt shalbe hole agayn; & then say as fo[lo]wyth: 5 JONATHAS. Oh thow my Lord God & Sauyower, osanna! Thow Kyng of Jewys & of Jerusalem! O thow myghty, strong Lyon of Iuda,6 Blyssyd be the tyme that thou were 7 in Bedlem ! Oh thou myghty, strong, gloryows & gracyows Oylestreme. Thow myghty Conquerrowr of infernalle tene; I am quyt of moche combrance thorough thy meane, That euer blyssyd mott thou bene! 705 Alas that euer I dyd agaynst thy wylle, In my wytt to be soo wood 1 Before Jonathas, S. has.., the meaning of which is not explained. ² MS. ys; S. [thys] ys. 6 MS.; S. Jwda. ⁸ MS.; S. hart.

⁷ Qy. insert born.

That I with 1 ongoodly wyrk shuld soo gryll!	•
Azens my mysgouernaunce thow gladdyst me with good:	
I was soo prowde to prove the on the roode,	
And thou haste sent me lyghtyng that late was lame;	
To bete the & boyle the I was myghty in moode,	
And now thou hast put me from duresse and dysfame.	713
But, Lord, I take my leve at thy hygh presens	
And put me in thy myghty mercy.	
The bysshoppe wyll I goo fetche to se ower offens,	
And onto hym shew ower lyfe, how that we be gylty.	717
Here shall the master Jew goo's to the byshopp, & hys men knele styll.	
JONATHAS. Hayle, father of grace! I knele vpon my knee Hertely besechyng yow & interely	
A swemfulle syght alle for to see	
In my howse apperyng verely:	
The holy Sacrament, the whyche we have done tor- mentry	
And ther we haue putt hym to a newe passyon,	
A chyld apperyng with wondys blody:	
A swemfulle syght yt ys to looke vpon.	725
Episcopus. Oh Jhesu, Lord, fulle of goodnesse!	
With the wylle I walke with alle my myght.	
Now, alle my pepulle, with me ye dresse	
ffor to goe see that swymfulle syght.	729
	7-3
Now, alle ye peple that here are,	
I commande yow, euery man,	
On yower feet for to goo, bare,	
In the devoutest wyse that ye can.	733
Here shalle the bysshope enter into the Jewys howse & say:	
O Jhesu fili Dei,	
How thys paynfulle passyon rancheth myn hart!	

Lord, I crye to the, miserere mei,

¹ MS. So; corr. by S.

² MS.; S. go.

⁸ S. inserts [to].

ffrom thys rufulle syght thou wylt reuerte.

Lord, we alle with sorowys smert

ffor thys vnlefulle work we lyue in langower;

Now, good Lord, in thy grace let vs be gertt,¹

And of thy souereyn marcy send vs thy socower;

741

And for thy holy grace forgyfe vs ower errowr.

Now lett thy pete spryng & sprede;

Though we have be vnrygh[t]fulle,2 forgyf vs our rygore,

And of ower lamentable hartis, good Lord, take

hed[e].2

745

Here shalle the im[a]ge 2 change agayn on-to brede.

Oh thu largyfluent Lord, most of lyghtnesse, On-to owr prayers thow hast applyed;

Thu hast received them with grett swettnesse,

ffor alle ower dredfulle dedys thou hast not vs denyed.

ffulle mykylle owte thy name for to be magnyfyed

With mansuete myrth and gret swettnes,

And as our gracyows God for to be gloryfyed, ffor thu shewyst vs gret gladnes.

753

Now wylle I take thys holy Sacrament With humble hart & gret devoc[i]on,

And alle we wylle gon with on consent

And bear yt to chyrche with sole[m]pne² processyon;

Now follow me, alle & sume!

And alle tho that bene here, both more & lesse,
Thys holy song, O sacrum 3 Dominum,
Lett vs syng all with grett swetnesse.

761

Here shalle the pryst, ser Isoder, aske hys master what this menyth.

[PRESBITER.]² Ser Arystory, I pray yow, what menyth alle thys?

Sum myracle, I hope, ys wrowght be Goddis myght;

¹ MS. grett; corr. by S.

2 S.

8 MS. scacrum; corr. by S.

The bysshope commyth [in] processyon with a gret meny of Jewys; I hope sum myracle ys shewyd to hys syght. To chyrche in hast wylle I runne full ryght, ffor thether, me thynk, he begynnyth to take hys pace. The Sacrament so semly is borne in syght, I hope that God hath shewyd of hys grace. 769 ARYSTORIUS. To tell yow the trowth I wylle nott lett: Alas that euer thys dede was dyght! An onlefulle bargayn [I] 2 began for to beat; I sold you same Jewys ower Lord fulle ryght For couytyse of good as a cursyd wyght. Woo the whyle that bargayn I dyd euer make! But yow be my defensour in owr dyocesans syght, ffor an heretyke I feare he wylle me take. 777 PRESBITER. ffor sothe, nothing wellavised was your wit,— Wondrely was yt wrowght of a man of dyscresc[i]on In suche perayle your solle for to putt; But I wylle labor for your absolucyon. **781** Lett vs hye vs fast that we were hens, And beseche hym of hys benygne grace That he wylle shew vs hys benyvolens To make a-mendys 8 for yower trespas. 785 Here shall the merchant & hys prest go to the chyrche & the bysshop shalle entre the chyrche & lay the $Os[t]^1$ u[p]on the auter, saying thus: [EPISCOPUS.] Estote fortes in bello et pugnate cum 5 antico serpente, Et accipite regnum eternum, et cetera. My chyldern, be ye 6 strong in bataylle gostly For to fyght agayn the fell serpent,

1 S. 8 S. a menyn. 5 MS. co; corr. by S. 2 H. 4 MS.; S. enter. 6 MS. ye be; corr. by S.

That nyght and day ys euer besy;

To dystroy owr sollys ys hys intent.

Look ye be not slow nor neclygent To arme yow in the vertues seuyn; Of synnys forgetyn 1 take good avysement And knowlege them to yowr confessor fulle euyn;	795
ffor that serpent, the deuylle, ys fulle strong Meruelows myscheves 2 for man to mene, But that the Passyon of Cryst ys meynt vs among, And that ys in dyspyte of hys infernalle tene. Beseche ower Lord & Sauyower so kene To put down that serpent, cumberer of man, To withdraw hys furyous froward doctryn by-dene, ffulfyllyd of the fend callyd Leuyathan.	803
Gyff lawrelle to that Lord of myght That he may bryng vs to the joyous fruyc[i]on ffrom * vs to put the fend to flyght, That neuer he dystroy vs by hys temptac[i]on.	807
Presbiter. My ffather under God, I knele unto yower kne, In yowr myhty mysericord to tak us in remembrance; As ye be materyall to owr degre, We put us in yower moderat ordynance, Yff yt lyke yower hyghnes to here ower greuaunce; We haue offenddyd sorowfully in a syn mortalle, Wherfor we fere us owr Lord wylle take ungaunce	
ffor owr synnes both grete and smalle. EPISCOPUS. And in fatherhed, that longyth to my dygnyte, Vn-to yower grefe I wylle gyf credens. Say what ye wylle, in the name of the Trynyte,	815
Agayn[s]t 4 God yf ye haue wroght eny inconuenyence. ARISTORIUS. Holy ffather, I knele to yow vnder benedycite. I haue offendyd in the syn of couytys; I sold our Lordys body for lucre of mony And delyueryd to the wyckyd with cursyd advyce.	819
¹ MS. fog tyn; S. forgottyn. ⁸ MS. fform; corr. by S.	

4 S.

² S. myschevos.

And for that presumpc[i]on gretly I agryse That I presumed to go to the auter There to handylle the holy sacryfyce, — I were worthy to be putt in brenyng fyre.	827
But, gracyous lord, I can no more But put me to Goddys mercy & to yower grace. My cursyd werkys for to restore, I aske penaunce now in thys place.	831
Episcopus. Now for thys offence that thou hast donne Azens the Kyng of hevyn & Emperower of helle, Euer whylle thou lyuest good dedys for to done And neuer-more for to bye nor selle; Chastys thy body as I shall the telle, With fastyng & prayng & other good wyrk, To withstond the temtacyon of fendis of hell; And to calle to God for grace looke thou neuer be irke.	839
Also, thou preste, for thy neclygens, That thou were no wyser on thyn office, Thou art worthy inpresu[n]ment 1 for thyn offence; But beware euer herafter & be mor wyse.	843
And alle yow creaturys 2 & curatys 8 that here be, Off thys dede yow may take example How that your pyxys lockyd ye shuld see And be ware of the key of Goddys temple.	847
JONATHAS. And I aske crystendom with great devoc[i]on, With repentant hart in all degrees. I aske for vs all a generalle absoluc[i]on,	
Here the Juys must knele al down.	
ffor that we knele all vpon ower knees; ffor we haue greuyd ower Lord on grovnd And put hym to a new paynfulle passion,	851

² Qy. vicarys; or prechorys, cf. above, l. 326.

1 S.

8 S. proposes curatys wyth creaturys.

With daggars styckyd hym with greuos wo[u]nde,¹ New naylyd hym to a post, & with pynsonys pluckyd hym down.	855
nym down.	055
JASON. And syth we toke that blyssyd Bred so sownd	
And in a cawdron we dyd hym boyle,	
In a clothe fulle just we hym wounde	
And so dyd we seth hym in oyle.	859
JASDON. And for that we myght not 2 ouercom hym with tormentry,	
In an hott ovyn we speryd hym fast.	
Ther he apperyd with wo[u]ndis all bloody;	
The ovyn rave asunder & all to-brast.	863
MASPHAT. In hys law to make vs stedfast,	
There spake he to vs woordis of grete favor;	
In contrycyon owr hartis he cast	
And bad take vs to a confessor.	867
MALCHUS. And therfor all we with on consent	
Knele onto yower hygh souereynte;	
ffor to be crystenyd ys ower intent,	
Now all ower dedys to yow shewyd haue we.	871
Here shall the bysshoppe crysten the Jewys with gret solempnyte.	
Episcopus. Now the Holy Gost at thys tyme mot yow blysse 8	
As ye knele alle now in hys name,	
And with the water of baptyme I shalle yow blysse 8	
To saue yow alle from the fendis blame.	
Now, that fendys powre for to make lame,	
In the name of the Father, the Son & the Holy Gost,	
To saue yow from the deuyllys flame,	
I crysten yow alle, both lest & most.	879

¹ S

² S. omits not; but, as H. points out, it is correct.

⁸ H. proposes lysse for one blysse.

8 S.

SER JONATHAS. Now owr father & byshoppe that we welle know. We thank yow interly, both lest & most. Now ar we bownd to kepe Crystis lawe And to serue the Father, the Son & the Holy Gost. Now wylle we walke by contre & cost, Owr wyckyd lyuyng for to restore; And trust in God, of myghtis most, Neuer 1 to offend as we have don before.2 887 Now we take ower lea[v]e 3 at lesse & more, — Forward on ower vyage we wylle vs dresse; God send yow all as good welfare As hart can thynke or towng expresse. 891 ARYSTORIUS. In-to my contre now wylle I fare For to amende myn wyckyd lyfe, And to kep[e] * the people owt of care I wyll teache thys lesson to man & wyfe. 895 Now take I my leave in thys place, — I wylle go walke, my penaunce to fullfylle; Now, God, azens whom I have done thys trespas, Graunt me forgyfnesse [yf] 8 yt be thy wylle! 899 PRESBITER. ffor joy of thys me thynke my hart do wepe, That yow haue gyuyn yow alle Crystis seruauntis to be, Hym for to serue with hart fulle meke, — God, fulle of pacyens & humylyte, — 903 And the conuersac[i]on of alle thes fayre men, With hartis stedfastly knett in on, Goddis lawys to kepe & hym to serue by-dene, As faythfulle Crystyanys euermore for to gonne. 907 Episcopus. God omnypotent euermore looke ye serue With deuoc[i]on & prayre whylle that ye may;

¹ MS. neuere^r; corr. by S. ² MS. befer; corr. by S.

Dowt yt not he wylle yow preserue

ffor eche good prayer that ye sey to hys pay;

And therfor in euery dew tyme loke ye nat delay for to serue the Holy Trynyte,

And also Mary, that swete may;

And kepe yow in perfyte loue & charyte.

915

Crystis commandementis x there bee;

Kepe welle them; doo 1 as I yow telle.

Almyght God shalle yow please in euery degre,

And so shalle ye saue yower sollys from helle;

ffor there ys payn & sorow cruelle,

And in heuyn ther ys both joy & blysse,

More then eny towng can tell,

There angellys syng with grett swetnesse; —

923

To the whyche blysse he bryng vs

Whoys name ys callyd Jhesus,

And in wyrshyppe of thys name gloryows

To syng to hys honor Te Deum laudamus.

927

FFINIS.

Thus endyth the Play of the Blyssyd Sacrament, whyche myracle was don in the forest of Aragon, in the famous cite Eraclea, the yere of ower Lord God. M¹cccc.lxi., to whom be honower, Amen!

The namys & number of the players:

Jh[es]us.2

Episcopus.

Aristorius, christianus mercator.

[Isoder, presbiter.]

Clericus.

Jonathas, Judeus imus.

Jason, Judeus ijus.

Jasdon, Judeus iijus.

Masphat, Judeus iiijus.

Malchus, Judeus vtus.

Magister phisicus.

Colle, seruus.

IX may play yt at ease.

R. C.

¹ H. proposes too.

2 S.

PART III.

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	•		

ROBIN HOOD PLAYS.

The first is printed from a copy made for Professor Child by Henry Bradshaw, Esq. The original, formerly among Sir John Fenn's papers and now the property of Dr. W. Aldis Wright, "is evidently," says Dr. Wright, "the last leaf, or rather half leaf, of a folio MS. For this reason it is clear that the memoranda [acknowledgments of payments] on the blank page are later in date than the writing of the ballad [i.e., play]." This would date the play before 1475. Besides the copy by Bradshaw, I have used a collation made by Dr. Wright. The play was first correctly printed in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 90 f.

The second and third are really two plays, though printed as one in both the old editions: Copland's (about 1550) and White's of 1634. They are printed separately in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 127 f., 114 f., Boston [1888]. In the footnotes, Co. indicates the readings of Copland as given in Ritson's "Robin Hood," 1795, II, 199 ff.; R. indicates Ritson's edition; W. indicates the variants of White's edition as given by Child.

I.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE KNIGHT.]

[Enter a Knight to the Sheriff.]

[KNYGHT.] Syr Sheryffe, for thy sake Robyn Hode wull Y take.

[SHERIFF.] I wyll the gyffe golde and fee; This be-heste thou holde me!

[The Knight goes to Robyn Hode.]

[KNYGHT.] Robyn Hode, fayre 1 and fre, Vndre this lynde shote we!

[ROBYN.] With the shote Y wyll, Alle thy lustes to full-fyll.

[They shoot.]

[KNYGHT.] Have at the pryke! [ROBYN.] And Y cleue the styke.

10

5

¹ W. ffayre.

[KNYGHT.] Late vs caste the stone. [ROBYN.] I graunte well, be Seynt John! [They cast the stone; Robyn is again successful.] [KNYGHT.] Late vs caste the exaltre. [ROBYN.] Have a foote be-fore the! [Then they wrestle.] Syr knyght, ye haue a falle. I 5 [KNYGHT.] And I the, Robyn, qwyte shall: Owte on the! I blowe myn horne. [ROBYN.] Hit ware better be vnborne. Lat vs fyght at outtraunce. [KNYGHT.] He that fleth, God gyfe hym myschaunce! 20 [Robyn slays the Knight.] [ROBYN.] Now I have the maystry here. Off I smyte this sory swyre; This knyghtys clothis wolle I were, And in my hode his hede woll bere. [He disguises himself. Meantime the Sheriff has attacked Robyn Hode's men and a fierce battle is in progress. Robyn meets a man coming from the scene of the battle.] [ROBYN.] Welle mete, felowe myn! 25 What herst thou of gode Robyn? [MAN.] Robyn Hode and his menye With the Sheryff takyn be. [ROBYN.] Sette on foote, with gode wyll, And the Sheryffe wull we kyll. 300 [They come in sight of the battle.] [ROBYN.] Be-holde wele ffrere Tuke, Howe he dothe his bowe pluke. [On the battle-field the Sheryff speaks.] [SHERYFF.] 3eld yow, syrs, to the Sheryff[e], Or elles shall your bowes clyffe! [ONE OF ROBYN'S MEN.] Now we be bownden alle in same; 35

Frere [T]uke,1 this is no game.

[SHERYFF.] Co[m]e 1 thou forth, thou fals outlawe:

Thou shall b[e] 1 hangyde and ydrawe!

[FRERE TUKE.] Now, allas! what shall we doo?

We [m]oste 1 to the prysone goo.

40

[SHERYFF.] Opy[n]¹ the yatis faste anon, An[d]¹ [d]00² theis ³ thevys ynne gon.

[The part of the play in which Robyn follows his men and finally releases them is missing.]

II.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR.]

ROBYN HODE. Now stand ye forth, my mery men all, And harke what I shall say; Of an adventure I shal you tell, The which befell this other day. As I went by the hygh-way, 5 With a stout frere I met, And a quarter-staffe in his hande; Lyghtely to me he lept, And styll he bade me stande. There were strypes two or three, 10 But I cannot tell who had the worse, But well I wote the horeson lept within me, And fro me he 4 toke my purse. Is there any of my mery men all That to that 5 frere wyll go, 15 And bryng hym to me forth-withall, Whether he wyll or no? LYTELL JOHN. Yes, mayster, I make God avowe, To that frere wyll I go, And bring him to you, 20 Whether he wyl or no.

¹ MS. damaged.

² Bradshaw, [d]oo; Wright reads [la]te, and says, "There are traces of te."

8 Bradshaw, theis; Wright, thois.

⁴ W. omits he.

⁵ W. the.

[Exeunt omnes; enter Fryer Tucke, with three dogs.]

FRYER TUCKE. Deus hic! Deus hic! God be here!	
Is not this a holy worde for 1 a frere?	
God save all this company!	
But am not I a jolly fryer?	25
For I can shote both farre and nere,	
And handle the sworde and buckler,	
And this quarter-staffe also.	
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,	
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,	30
Nor 2 boldly with him to carpe;	
If he speake any wordes to me,	
He shall have strypes two or thre	
That shal make his body smarte.	
But, maisters,8 to shew you the matter	35
Wherfore and why I am come hither,	
In fayth, I wyll not spare:	
I am come to seke a good yeman,	
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,	
His name is Robyn Hode;	40
And if that 4 he be better man than I,	
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;	
But if that I be better 5 man than he,	
By my truth, my knave shall he be	
And leade these dogges all three.	45
[Robyn enters and seizes him by the throat.]	
ROBYN HODE. Yelde the, fryer in thy long cote!	
FRYER TUCKE. I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest	

my throt[e].

ROBYN HODE. I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote! Who made the so malapert and so bolde To come into this forest here, 50 Amonge my falowe-dere?

- ¹ W. word of. 4 W. omits that.
- ² W. not. ⁵ W. be a better.
- 8 Co. W. maister; corr. by R.

FRYER. Go louse the, ragged knave!	
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,	
Though I be but a poore fryer.	
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,	55
And to him my hart to breke.	
ROBYN HODE. Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with	
hym?	
He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.	
FRYER. Avaunt, ye 1 ragged knave,	
Or ye shall have on the skynne!	60
ROBYN HODE. Of all the men in the morning thou art	
the worst;	
To mete with the I have no lust,	
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,	
To spede ill 8 that day he standeth in jeoperdy:	
Therfore I had lever 4 mete with the devil of hell — 5	65
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke —	
Then mete with a fryer or a fox	
In a mornyng or I drynk.	
FRYER. Avaunt, thou ragged knave! this is but a mock;	
If thou 6 make mani words, thou 6 shal have a knock.	70
ROBYN HODE. Harke, frere, what I say here:	
Over this water thou shalt me bere,	
The brydge is borne away.	
FRYER. To say naye I wyll not;	
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin;	75
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in!	
ROBYN HODE. Nay, have over!	

[Gets on the Fryer's back.]

FRYER. Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,

To lay the here I have no great doubt.

```
1 W. omits ye.
2 W. a.
5 W. omits of hell.
8 Co. ell.
6 Co. you; W. y<sup>u</sup>; y<sup>u</sup> shalt.
```

[Throws him into the stream.]

Now am I, frere, without, and thou, Robyn, within! 80
Lye ther, knave! Chose whether thou wilte sinke 2 or swym.
ROBYN HODE. Why, thou lowsy frere! what hast thou done? 8

FRYER. Mary, set a knave over the shone. ROBYN HODE. Therfore thou shalt abye.

[Runs at the Fryer.]

FRYER. Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?

ROBYN HODE. And God send me good lucke!

FRYER. Than have a stroke for Fryer Tucke!

[They fight.]

ROBYN HODE. Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke!
FRYER. Say on, ragged knave,
Me semeth ye begyn to swete.
ROBYN HODE. In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound;
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER. Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte, 95 Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.

[Robyn blows; his men enter.]

Here be 4 a sorte of ragged knaves come in, Clothed all in Kendale grene, And to the they take their way nowe.

ROBYN HODE. Peradventure they do so.

100

FRYER. I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,

Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE. Whystell, frere, evyl mote 5 thou fare! Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.6

¹ Co. W. R. Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within; corr.

by Chila.

4 W. is.

² W. choose either sinke.

⁵ might.

8 Co. donee.

⁶ Co. starte.

105

IIO

[The Fryer whistles; his men enter.]

FRYER. Now, Cut and Bause! Breng forth the clubbes and staves, And downe with those ragged knaves!

[They fight.]

ROBYN HODE. How sayest thou, frere? wylt thou be my man,

To do me the best servyse thou can? Thou shalt have both golde and fee; And also here is a lady free, I wyll geve her unto the, And her chapplayn I the make

To serve her for my sake.

114 FRYER. Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre, 119 For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre, For veri pure joye.1 I 20

III.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER.]

ROBYN HODE. Lysten to [me],2 my mery men all, 121 And harke what I shall say; Of an adventure I shall you tell That befell this other daye. With a proude potter I met, 125 And a rose-garlande on his head, The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe; This seven yere and more he hath used this waye, Yet was he never so curteyse a potter As one peny passage to paye. 130 Is there any of my mery men all That dare be so bolde To make the potter paie passage, Either silver or golde?

¹ These two lines as one in R. and W. I have omitted four lines of the Friar's speech, before 1. 119. ² Supplied by R.; W. omits to, also.

LYTELL JOHN. Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde, 135 For there is not among us al one That dare medle with that potter, man for man.

I felt his handes not long agone,

But I had lever have ben here by the;

Therfore I knowe what he is.

140

Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,

He is as propre a man as ever you medled 1 withal.

ROBYN HODE. I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read,

If I wyth that potter mete,

I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head.

145

LETTEL JOHN. I consente therto, so eate I bread!

If he pay passage, maugre his head,

Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

[Exeunt all but Robyn. Enter the Potter's Boy, Jacke.]

JACKE. Out, alas, that ever I sawe this daye! For I am clene out of my waye From Notyngham towne;

150

If I hye me not the faster,

Or I come there the market 2 wel be done.

ROBYN HODE. Let me se, are the 8 pottes hole and sounde?

JACKE. Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground. 155 ROBYN HODE. I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake;

And if they will 4 breake the grounde, Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

[Dashes the pots to the ground.]

JACKE. Out, alas! what have ye done? If my maister come, he will breke your crown.

¹ Co. medle.

² Co. maryet.

⁸ W. thy.

⁴ Co., R. will not.

[Enter the Potter.]

THE POTTER. Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet? Thou shouldest have bene at market.

JACKE. I met with Robin Hode, a good yeman; He hath broken my pottes,

And called you kuckolde by your name.

165

THE POTTER. Thou mayst be a gentylman, so God me save, But thou semest a noughty knave.

Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,

And I swere by God and Saynt John,

Wyfe had I never none: This cannot I denye.

170

But if thou be a good felowe,

I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,

Thou shalt have the one halfe, and I will have the other.

If thou be not so content,

175

Thou shalt have strypes, if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE. Harke, potter, what I shall say:

This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,

Yet were thou never so curteous to me

As one penny passage to paye.

180

THE POTTER. Why should I paye passage to thee?
ROBYN HOODE. For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene-woode tree.

THE POTTER. This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,

Yet payed I passage to no man,

185

Nor now I wyl not beginne, to 1 do the worst thou can.

ROBYN HODE. Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-wode tre,

Or els thou shalt leve a wedde 2 with me.

THE POTTER. If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Lay awaye thy bowe,
190

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande, And se what shall befall.

1 W. omits to; R. reads so.

² Co. wedded; W. wed; corr. by R.

ROBIN HODE. Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTEL [JOHN]. Here, mayster, I make God avowe.

I tolde you, mayster, so God me save,

That you shoulde fynde the potter a knave.

Holde your buckeler faste in your hande,

And I wyll styfly by you stande,

Ready for to fyghte;

Be the knave never so stoute,

I shall rappe him on the snoute,

And put hym to flyghte.

The rest is wanting.

² Co. your.

¹ Supplied by R.

ST. GEORGE PLAYS.

The first is printed from *Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, II, 503-505, to which it was communicated by the Rev. Frederick George Lee. Mr. Lee says: "The text was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839. . . . The man from whom I took [it] down had performed at Brill in the year 1807, and his father had done the same at Thame Park in the previous century. Nothing whatsoever has been altered or added by myself [except stage directions]."

The second is printed from W. Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," London, 1865, pp. 53-56. It was performed near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863.

I.

[OXFORDSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY.]

Dramatis Personae.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

St. George of England.

KING ALFRED.

KING ALFRED'S QUEEN.

KING WILLIAM.

OLD KING COLE (with a wooden leg).

GIANT BLUNDERBORE.
OLD DR. BALL.
LITTLE JACK.
THE OLD DRAGON.
THE MERRY ANDREW.
MORRIS-MEN.

All the mummers come in singing and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.

Enter 1 King Alfred and his Queen, arm in arm.

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.

I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side.

Stands apart.

1 In such plays enter means "advance from the circle of players."

Enter KING COLE.

I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.

Hurrah for King Charles! down with old Noll's Rump!

Stands apart.

Enter KING WILLIAM.

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry, Who came and pulled down the high gallows tree, And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty.

Stands apart.

Strikes him twice.

Enter GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum, Ready to fight ye all, — so I says, "Come";

Enter LITTLE JACK.

And this here is my little man Jack — A thump on his rump and a whack on his back!

10

5

I 'll fight King Alfred, I 'll fight King Cole, I 'm ready to fight any mortal soul; So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand, With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand, Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum!

15

The GIANT and LITTLE JACK stand apart.

Enter St. George.

I am St. George of Merry Eng-land, Bring in the morres-men, bring in our band.

Morres-men come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum. The dance being ended, St. George continues:

These are our tricks, Ho! men, ho! These are our sticks, — whack men so!

20

Strikes THE DRAGON, who roars, and comes forward.

THE DRAGON speaks.

Stand on head, stand on feet! Meat, meat, meat for to eat!

Tries to bite King Alfred.

I am the Dragon, here are my jaws; I am the Dragon, here are my claws. Meat, meat, meat for to eat! Stand on my head, stand on my feet!

25

Turns a summersault and stands aside.

All sing, several times repeated:

Ho! ho! ho! Whack men so!

The drum and fife sound. They all fight, and after general disorder, fall down.

Enter OLD DR. BALL.

I am the Doctor, and I cure all ills,
Only gullup my portions, and swallow my pills;
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy and the gout,
All pains within and all pains without.
Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore!

Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.

Get up, King; get up, Bride; Get up, Fool, and stand aside.

35

Gives them each a pill, and they rise.

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor Ball. Get up, St. George, old England's knight,

Gives him a pill.

You have wounded the Dragon and finished the fight.

All stand aside but THE DRAGON, who lies in convulsions on the floor. Now kill the Dragon and poison old Nick; At Yule-tyde, both o' ye, cut your stick!

40

THE DOCTOR forces a large pill down THE DRAGON'S throat, who thereupon roars, and dies in convulsions.

Then enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.

I am Father Christmas! hold, men, hold!
Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,
A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot!

¹ Lee suggests potions, which is right.

He sings:

Hold, men, hold!
Put up your sticks,
End all your tricks;
Hold, men, hold!

Chorus (all sing, while one goes round with a hat for gifts).

Hold, men, hold!
We are very cold,
Inside and outside,
We are very cold.
If you don't give us silver,
Then give us gold

From the money in your pockets —

Some of the performers show signs of fighting again.

Hold, men, hold!

Song and chorus.

God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,
Shut out the wolf, and keep out the cold!
You gev' us silver, keep you the gold,
For 't is money in your pocket. — Hold, men, hold!

Repeat in chorus.

God A'mighty bless, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

50

55

60

II.

LUTTERWORTH CHRISTMAS PLAY.

Dramatis Personae.

KING OF ENGLAND; in robes, wearing the crown.

PRINCE GEORGE, HIS SON; in robes, with sword by his side.

CAPTAIN SLASHER; in military costume, with sword and fistol.

TURKISH CHAMPION; ditto.

BEELZEBUB.

A NOBLE DOCTOR.

A CLOWN.

Enter CAPTAIN SLASHER.

[CAPT. S.] I beg your pardon for being so bold, I enter your house, the weather 's so cold.

5

25

30

Room, a room! brave gallants give us room to sport,

For in this house we do resort,

Resort, resort for many a day.

Step in, the King of England,

And boldly clear the way!

Enter KING OF ENGLAND.

[KING OF E.] I am the King of England that boldly does appear;

I come to seek my only son, — my only son is here.

Enter PRINCE GEORGE.

[PRINCE G.] I am Prince George, a worthy knight; 10 I'll spend my blood for England's right, England's right I will maintain, I'll fight for old England once again.

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT.

[TURK. KN.] I am the Turkish Champion,

From Turkey's land I come;

I come to fight the King of England

And all his noble men.

CAPTAIN SLASHER.

[CAPT. S.] In comes Captain Slasher,
Captain Slasher is my name;
With sword and pistol by my side
20
I hope to win the game.

KING OF E. I am the King of England,
As you may plainly see;
These are my soldiers standing by me.
They stand by me your life to end,
On them doth my life depend.

PRINCE G. I am Prince George, the champion bold, And with my sword I won three crowns of gold; I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter And won the King of Egypt's only daughter.

TURK. KN. As I was going by St. Francis' School.

I heard a lady cry, "A fool! a fool!"	
"A fool!" was every word;	
That man's a fool,	
Who wears a wooden sword.	35
PRINCE G. A wooden sword? you dirty dog!	
My sword is made of the best of metal free.	
If you would like to taste of it,	
I 'll give it unto thee.	
Stand off, stand off, you dirty dog!	40
Or by my sword you'll die;	
I 'll cut you down the middle	
And make your blood to fly.	
They fight; PRINCE GEORGE falls, mortally wounded.	
KING OF E. Oh horrible! terrible! what hast thou done?	
	4 -
Thou hast ruined me, ruined me, By killing of my only son!	45
Oh, is there ever a noble doctor to be found,	
To cure this English champion	
Of his deep and deadly wound?	
or ms deep and deady would.	
Enter Noble Doctor.	
[DOCTOR.] Oh yes, there is a noble doctor to be found,	50
To cure this English champion	
Of his deep and deadly wound.	
KING OF E. And pray what is your practice?	
DOCTOR. I boast not of my practice, neither do I study	
in the practice of physic.	55
KING OF E. What can you cure?	
DOCTOR. All sorts of diseases,	
Whatever you pleases:	
I can cure the itch, the pitch,	_
The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;	60
And if the devil's in the man,	
I can fetch him out.	
My wisdom lies in my wig.	
I torture not my patients with excations	
Such as nills holuses solutions and embrocations:	65

But by the word of command
I can make this mighty prince to stand.

KING. What is your fee?

DOCTOR. Ten pounds, is true.

KING. Proceed, noble doctor;

You shall have your due.

DOCTOR. Arise, arise! most noble prince, arise,

And no more dormant lay;

And with thy sword

Make all thy foes obey.

The PRINCE arises.

PRINCE G. My head is made of iron, My body is made of steel,
My legs are made of crooked bones,
To force you all to yield.

Enter BRELZEBUB.

BEEL. In comes I, old Beelzebub;
Over my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a frying-pan,
Pleased to get all the money I can.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. In comes I, who 's never been yet,
With my great head and little wit:
My head is great, my wit is small,
I'll do my best to please you all.

Song by all.

And now we are done and must be gone,
No longer will we stay here;
But if you please, before we go,
We'll taste your Christmas beer.

Exeunt omnes.

85

80

[THE REVESBY SWORD PLAY.]

Printed from *The Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 338-53, where it is published by T. F. Ordish. In the footnotes, O. indicates this edition. I have made no unindicated alteration except in capitals, punctuation, and the abbreviation of the names of the speakers. Although the play contains, as Ordish points out, many different elements, I have indicated in the title chosen for it only its most prominent feature.

OCTOBER YE 20, 1779.

The Morrice Dancers (named in Dramatis Personæ) acted their merry dancing, &c., at Revesby, in their ribbon dresses, &c., and two men from Kirtley, without any particular dresses, sung the song of Landlord and Tenant.¹

John Ironmonger acted the LANDLORD, and John Clarkson " " TENANT.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

THE FOOL	•	•	John Johnson.
PICKLE HERRING .	•	•	Richd. Johnson.
Blue Breeches .	•	•	Henry Johnson.
Pepper Breeches		•	John Tomlinson.
GINGER BREECHES	•	•	Chas. Hodgson.
Mr. Allspice .			Thos. Harness.

Women.

CICELY John Fisher.

FIDLER, or MR. MUSICK MAN, John Johnson, junr.

¹ This song is omitted here because it has nothing to do with the play and is a not very interesting specimen of the débat, examples of which will be given in vol. III.

THE PLOW BOYS, or MORRIS DANCERS.

Enter Fool.

You gentle Lords of honour,
Of high and low, I say,
We all desire your favour
For to see our pleasant play.

4

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,

That you would like to know;

And we will do our best, sirs,

And think it well bestowd.

8

Tho' some of us be little,

And some of a middle sort,

We all desire your favour

To see our pleasant sport.

I 2

You must not look on our actions,
Our wits they are all to seek,
So I pray take no exceptions
At what I am a-going to speak.

16

We are come over the mire and moss;
We dance an Hobby Horse;
A Dragon you shall see,
And a wild Worm for to flee.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

22

We are come both for bread and beer,
And hope for better cheer
And something out of your purse, sir,
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight. FIDLER. What is that, old father? FOOL. Ah! boy, times is hard! I love to have money in both pockets. FID. You shall have it, old father. FOOL. Let me see it.	30
The Fool then calls in his five sons: first Pickle Herring, then Blue Britches, then Ginger Britches, Pepper Britches, and last calls out: Come now, you Mr. Allspice! They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:	35
Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse, And bring thy old fool at thy arse! Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down a!	3 9
Then The Fool and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following song is singing by the rest: Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm! For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn. Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!	43
The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks round the room, and then goes out, and the Horse and The Fool fights again, whilst the following song is sung: Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,	
And take thy compass round about! Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!	47
Now you shall see a full fair fight Between our old Fool and his right. Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!	51
Now our scrimage is almost done; Then you shall see more sport soon.	

THE PLOW BOYS, OR MORRIS DANCERS. 2	299
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!	55
FOOL. Up well hart, and up well hind! Let every man then to his own kind. Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday, Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down!	5 9
Come, follow me, merry men all! Tho' we have made bold for to call, It is only once by the year That we are so merry here. Still we are all brave, jovial boys,	6.
And takes delight in Christmas toys. Then they all foot it round the room and follows The Fool out. They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass, The Fool running about the room.	65
PICKLE HERRING. What is the matter now, father? FOOL. Why, I tell the[e] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat thing.	70
P. H. You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this feat thing be, think you, father? FOOL. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again? P. H. Would you know it if you see it again?	-
P. H. Would you know it if you see it again? FOOL. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at. Pickle Herring, holding up the glass, says:	75
[P. H.] Is this it, father?	
THE FOOL, looking round, says:	
[FOOL.] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same thing! But what might thou call this very pretty thing? P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am.	80

That is the reason that makes you older.

How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

FOOL.

- FOOL. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing?
- P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.
- FOOL. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking- 85 glass. Here's a hole through it, I see. I see, and I see!
- P. H. You see and you see? and what do you see?
- FOOL. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!
- P. H. It is only your own face in the glass.
- FOOL. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost the[e]?
- P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.
- FOOL. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good 95 a one at my own door for three half-pence.
- P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!
- FOOL. That is as much to say thy father is one.
- P. H. Why, you pass for one!

THE FOOL, keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:

- FOOL. Why was thou such a ninnie, boy, to go to ware a 100 guinea to look for thy beauty where it never was? But I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.
 - Then The Fool flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the dancers every one drawing out his own sword, and The Fool dancing about the room, Pickle Herring takes him by the collar and says:
- P. H. Father, father, you are so merrylly disposed this good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad 105 news.
- FOOL. Very good news? I am glad to hear it; I do not hear good news every day.
- P. H. It is very bad news!
- FOOL. Why, what is the matter now, boy?

110

- P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.
- FOOL. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner! If you should do as you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds.

- P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It 115 is your head we desire to take off.
- FOOL. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my life!
- P. H. You both must and shall.
- FOOL. Hold, hold, boy! thou seem'st to be in good ear- 120 nest; but I'll tell thee where I'll be buryed.
- P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard, where other people are buried?
- FOOL. Churchyard? I never was buried there in all my life!
- P. H. Why, where will you be buried?
- FOOL. Ah! boy, I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's ale-celler.
- P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my life.
- FOOL. No, nor nobody else, boy.
- P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?
- FOOL. Ah! boy, I am oftens dry, and, when they come to fill the quart, I'll drink it off, and they will wonder what is the matter.
- P. H. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall take your head from your body, and you will be dead.
- FOOL. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light, for all you!

Then THE FOOL, kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says:

FOOL. Now, gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my chil- 140 dren is grown! When I had them all at home, small, about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning: I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the University of Loggerheads; and I took them home again this good time of Christmas, and I examin'd them all 145 one by one, all together 1 for shortness. And now they are grown so proud and so presumptious they are a-going to kill their old father for his little means. So I must dye for all this?

P. H. You must dye, father.

I 50

FOOL. And I will die for all the tother. But I have a little something, I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

P. H. I hope you will.

FOOL. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, — 1

155

I'll give him the roaned nag,

And that will make the rogue brag.

And to my second son, —

I'll give him the brindled cow.

And to my third son, —

160

I'll give him the sanded sow;

And hope I shall please you all enow.

And to my fourth son, -

I'll give him the great ruff dog,

For he always lives like a hog.

165

And to my fifth son, —

I'll give him the ram,

And I'll dye like a lamb.

Then they draw their swords, and The Fool falls on the floor, and the dancers walk once round The Fool; and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and The Fool rises on his knees again; and Pickle Herring says:

P. H. How now, father?

FOOL. How now, then, boy? I have another squeak for 170 my life?

P. H. You have a many.

Then, the dancers puting their swords round THE FOOL's neck again,

FOOL. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.

FOOL. Hold! I have yet a little something more to leave 175 amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So to my first son, Pickle Herring,—

I'll give him my cap and my coat, — A very good sute, boy.

1 Lines 156-185 as prose in O.

And to my second son, —

180

I 'll give him my purse and apparel, But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three, My executors they shall be.

Then, Pickle Herring puting his hand to his sword,

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy! Now I submit my soul to God. 185

P. H. A very good thought, old father!

FOOL. Mareham churchyard, I hope, shall have my bones.

Then the dancers walk round THE FOOL with their swords in their hands, and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and says:

[P. H.] Heigh, old father!

FOOL. Why, boy, since I have been out of this troublesome world I have heard so much musick of fiddles playing 190 and bells ringing that I have a great fancy to go away singing. So, prithee, Pickle Herring, let me have one of thy best songs.

P. H. You shall have it, old father.

FOOL. Let me see it.

195

They sing.

Good people all, I pray you now behold, Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold, But it is made of iron and good steel, And unto death we'll make this old Fool yield.

199

FOOL. I pray, forbear, my children small; For, as I am lost as parent to you all, O, let me live a while your sport for to advance, That I may rise again and with you have a dance.

203

THE SONS sing.

Now, old father, that you know our will, That for your estate we do your body kill, Soon after death the bell for you shall toll, And wish the Lord he may receive your soul.

Then THE FOOL falls down, and the dancers, with their swords in their hands, sings the following song:

Good people all, you see what we have done:
We have cut down our father like the 1 evening sun,
And here he lies all in his purple gore,
And we are afraid he never will dance more.

2 I I

FOOL rises from the floor and says:

[FOOL.] No, no, my children! by chance you are all mistaen! For here I find myself, I am not slain;
But I will rise, your sport then to advance,
And with you all, brave boys, I'll have a dance.

215

Then the Foreman and Cichly dances down and the other two couple stand their ground. After a short dance called "Jack, the brisk young Drummer," they all go out but The Fool, Fidler, and Cichly.

FOOL. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a fool? CICELY. A fool? for why?

FOOL. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut a caper thus high. [He capers.] Sound, music! I must be gon; the Lord of Pool draws nigh.

220

Enter PICKLE HERRING.

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,
And here begins my measure,²
And after me a fool,
To dance a while for pleasure
In Cupid's school.

225

FOOL. A fool, a fool, a fool, A fool I heard thou say,²
But more the other way,
For here I have a tool
Will make a maid to play,
Although in Cupid's school.
Come all away!

¹ O. ye.

² O. has these two lines as one.

Enter Blue BRITCHES.

BLUE B. I am the Knight of Lee, And here I have a dagger,

Offended not to be.

Come in, thou needy beggar,

And follow me!

237

Enter GINGER BRITCHES.

GINGER B. Behold, behold, behold

A man of poor estate!

Not one penny to infold!

240

Enter Pepper Britches.

PEPPER B. My money is out at use, or else I would.

Enter MR. ALLSPICE.

ALLSPICE. With a hack, a hack, a hack,

See how I will skip and dance

For joys that we have found!

Let each man take his chance,

245

And we will all dance around.

Then they dance the sword dance which is called "Nelly's Gig"; then they run under their swords, which is called "Runing Battle"; then three dancers dances with three swords, and the Foreman jumping over the swords; then The Fool goes up to Cicely.

FOOL. Here comes I that never come yet,

Since last time, lovy!

I have a great head but little wit.

Tho' my head be great and my wits be small,

250

I can play the fool for a while as well as [the] best of ye all.

¹ My name is noble Anthony;

I am as meloncholly as a mantle-tree.

I am come to show you a little sport and activity,

And soon, too!

255

Make room for noble Anthony

And all his good company!

Drive out all these proud rogues, and let my lady and I have a parl!

¹ Lines 253-266 as prose in O.

CICELY. O, ye clown! what makes you drive out my men	1
so soon?	261
FOOL. O, pardon, madam, pardon! and I Will never offend you more. I will make your men come in as fast As ever they did before.	265
CICELY. I pray you at my sight, And drive it not till night, That I may see them dance once more So lovely in my sight. 1	269
FOOL. A-faith, madam, and so I will! I will play the man 1 And make them come in As fast as ever I can. — 1	273
But hold, gip! Mrs. Clagars, How do you sell geese? CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock! Twelve pence apiece. 1	277
FOOL. Oh, the pretty pardon! CICELY. A gip for a frown! FOOL. An ale-wife for an apparitor! CICELY. A rope for a clown! FOOL. Why, all the devise in the country Cannot pull this down!	283
I am a valiant knight just come from the seas: 2 You do know me, do you? I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be but fleas. I can kill you a man for an ounce of mustard, Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good custard. I have an old sheep skin, And I lap it well in,	290
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready for to fight! 1 As one line in O. 2 Two lines in O.	- 3 -

Come forth, you whores and gluttons all! for, had it not been in this country, I should not have shewen my valour amongst you. But sound, music! for I must be gone. 294

[Exit Fool.]

____ TT____

Enter PICKLE HERRING.

P. H. In first and formost do I come, All for to lead this race, Seeking the country far and near So fair a lady to embrace.

298

So fair a lady did I never see, So comely in my sight, Drest in her gaudy gold And silver shining bright.

302

She has fingers long, and rings
Of honor of beaten gold:
My masters all, behold!
It is now for some pretty dancing time,
And we will foot it fine.

307

BLUE B. I am a youth of jollitree; Where is there one like unto me? My hair is bush'd very thick; My body is like an hasel stick;

311

My legs they quaver like an eel;
My arms become my body weel;
My fingers they are long and small:
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall?

315

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
Strike up the morris dance.

319

Then they foot it once round.

GINGER B. I am a jolly young man of flesh, blood and bone; Give eare, my masters all, each one!

32I

And especially you, my lady dear, I hope you like me well. Of all the gallants here It is I that doth so well.	325
Therefore, Mister Musick Man, Whatsoever may be my chance, It is for my ladie's love and mine, Strike up the morris dance. Then they foot it round.	329
PEPPER B. I am my father's eldest son, And heir of all his land, And in a short time, I hope, It will fall into my hands.	333
I was brought up at Lindsey Court All the days of my life. Here stands a fair lady, I wish she was my wife.	337
I love her at my heart, And from her I will never start. Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part. FOOL (rushing in). And mine, too!	341
Enter Allspice, and they foot it round. Pickle Herring, suter to Cicely, takes her by the hand, and walks about the room.	
P. H. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love, A thousand pounds I will give thee. CICELY. No, you're too old, sir, and I am too young, And alas! old man, that must not be.	345
P. H. I'll buy the [e] a gown of violet blue, A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee; Likewise my love to thee shall be true. CICELY. But alas! old man, that must not be.	349
P. H. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the day, If at night thou wilt but come home to me;	

THE PLOW BOYS, OR MORRIS DANCERS.	309
And in my house bear all the sway. CICELY. Your children they'll find fault with me.	353
 P. H. I'll turn my children out of doors. CICELY. And so, I fear, you will do me. P. H. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more, For I never loved lass before like the[e]. 1 	357
Enter Fool.	
FOOL. No, nor behind, neither. Well met, sweet Cis, well over-ta'en! CICELY. You are kindly wellcome, sir, to me. FOOL. I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll look again! Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the [e] see!	362
Methinks, sweet Cis, I now thele see:	302
CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me? FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e], And all I have it shall be thine. CICELY. Kind sir, I thank you heartelly.	366
P. H. (to The Fool). Stand back, stand back, thou silly old swain!	
This girl shall go with none but me. FOOL. I will not!	
P. H. Stand back, stand back, or I'll cleave thy brain!	
Then Pickle Herring goes up to Cis, and says:	
O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee!	371
CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest, Wherein you brag so lustilly.	
FOOL. For a thousand pounds she loves me best!	
I can see by the twinkling of her ee.	375
P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast; Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for the[e]; When all is done, love, I'll scour the coast, And bring in gold for thee and me.	379
¹ O. like the before; emend. by Kittredge.	
•	

CICELY. Your gold may gain as good as I, But by no means it shall tempt me;	
For youthfull years and frozen age	
Cannot in any wise agree.	3 83
Then Blue Britches goes up to her, and says:	
[Blue B.] Sweet mistress, be advised by me: Do not let this old man be denyed, But love him for his gold in store; Himself may serve for a cloak, beside.	387
CICELY. Yes, sir, but you are not in the right. Stand back and do not council me! For I love a lad that will make me laugh In a secret place, to pleasure me.	
FOOL. Good wench!	392
PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as white as milk. CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man! P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk. FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping pan.	396
 P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her? FOOL. Why a great deal more, boy, than there's in the[e]. P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defye. 	
CICELY. I pray, dear friends, fall not out for me!	400
P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing; Why will you not give place to me? FOOL. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defye; For thy nose stands like a Maypole tree.	404
Then goes up Ginger Britches 1 to Cisley and says:	
[GINGER B.] Sweet mistress, mind what this man doth say, For he speaks nothing but the truth: Look on the soldier, now I pray;	
See, is not he a handsome youth?	408

421

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love, And ever constant I will be,	
There is nothing that I prize above.	
P. H. For a thousand pounds, she 's gone from me!	
FOOL. Thou may lay two!	413
CICELY (to Pickle Herring). Old father, for your reverend years,	
Stand you the next man unto me;	
Then he that doth the weapon bear;	
For I will have the hind man of the three!	417
FOOL (to Pickle Herring). Old father, a fig for your old gold! The soldier, he shall bear no sway!	

Then the dancers takes hold of their swords, and foots it round the room; then every man makes his obeisance to the master of the house, and the whole concludes.

But you shall see, and so shall we,

'T is I that carries the lass away!

FINIS.

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[MANKIND.]

For the opportunity to print this specimen of the "Macro Moralities" I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Furnivall, who allowed me to have a copy made from his copy of the original MS. The original MS., now the property of J. H. Gurney, Esq., was written apparently in the reign of Edward IV (cf. l. 684), a few miles east or northeast of Cambridge (cf. ll. 499 ff.), and was once the property of a monk named Hyngham (cf. verse at end of play). I have disregarded the flourishes of n, ll, r, etc.

[Dramatis Personae.

MANKYNDE.

MERCY.

NEW GYSE.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Nought.

MYSCHEFF.

TITYVILLUS.]

[Enter Mercy.]

MERCY. The very fownder & begynner of ower fyrst creacion,

A-monge ws synfull wrechys he oweth to be magnyfyede, That for ower dysobedyenc[e] he hade non indygnacion

To sende hys own son to be torn & crucyfyede;

Ower obsequyouse seruyce to hym xulde be aplyede;

Where he was Lorde of all & made all thynge of nought,

For the synfull synner to late 1 hym revyuyde

And 2 for hys redempcyon sett hys own son at nought.

That may be seyde & veryfyede: Mankynde was dere bought; By the pytouse deth of Ihesu he hade hys remedye; He was purgyde of hys defawte, that wrechydly hade

He was purgyde of hys defawte, that wrechydly hade wrought,

By hys gloryus Passyon, that blyssyde lauatorye.

¹ MS. lade. ² Qy. omit And, and insert he before sett.

8

O souerence, I be-seche you yower condycyons to rectyfye	
Ande with humylite & reuerence to haue a remocyon To this blyssyde prynce that ower nature doth gloryfye, That ye may be partycypable of hys retribucyon.	16
I have be the very mene for yower restytucyon; Mercy ys my name, that mornyth for yower offence. Dyverte not yower-sylffe in tyme of temtacyon, That ye may be acceptable to Gode at yower goynge hence.	
The grett Mercy of Gode, that ys of most preemmynence,	
Be medyacyon 1 of Ower Lady, that ys euer habundante 2 To the synfull creature that wyll repent hys ne[g]lygence,— I prey Gode, at yower most nede that Mercy be yower defendawnte!	24
In goode werkys I a-wyse yow, souerence, to be perseuerante,	
To puryfye yower sowlys that thei be not corupte; For yower gostly enmy wyll make hys a-vaunte, ³	
Yower goode condycions yf he may interupte.	
O 3e souerens that sytt, & 3e brothern that stonde ryghte wppe,	
Pryke not yower felycytes in thynges transytorye! Be-holde not the erthe, but lyfte yower ey wppe!	
Se how the hede the members dayly do magnyfye!	32
Who ys the hede, forsoth, I xall yow certyfye: I mene ower Sauyower, that was lykynnyde to a lambe;	
Ande hys sayntes be the members, that dayly he doth satysfye	

With the precyose reuer that runnyth from hys wombe;

Ther ys non such foode be water ner by lande,

So precyouse, so gloryouse, so redefull to ower entent,

¹ MS. medytacyon.

² MS. habundance.

⁸ MS. a-vaunce.

For yt hath dyssoluyde Mankynde from the bitter bonde Of the mortall enmye, [the] venymouse 1 serpente;

40

From the wyche Gode preserue yow all at the last Iugement,
For sekyrly ther xall be a streat 2 examynacyon;
The corn xall be sauyde, the chaffe xall be brente:
I be-sech yow hertyly, haue this premedytacyone.

44

[Enter Myscheffe.]

Mys. I be-seche yow hertyly, leue yower calc[ul]acyon!

Leue yower chaffe, leue yower corn, leue yower dalyacyon!

Yower wytt ys lytyll, yower hede ys mekyll, ye are full of predycacyon!

But, ser, I prey this questyon to claryfye:
Dryff-draff, mysse-masche,
Sume was corn & sume was chaffe,
My dame seyde my name was Raffe,
On-shett yower loke & take an halpenye!

52

MERCY. Why come 3e hethyr, brother? 3e were not dysyryde.

MYS. For a wynter corn-threscher, ser, I haue hyryde;

Ande 3e sayde the corn xulde be sauyde & the chaffe xulde be fyryde,8

Ande he prouyth nay, as yt schewth be this werse: Corn seruit bredibus, chaffe horsibus, straw fyrybusque. Thys ys as moche to say, to yower leude wndyrstondynge, As, the corn xall serue to brede at the nexte bakynge;

Chaff horsibus & reliquid,

The chaff to horse xall be goode produce; When a man ys for-colde, the straw may be brent, And so forth, &c.

63

MERCY. A-voyde, goode brother! 3e ben culpable To interupte thus my talkynge delectable.

Mys. Ser, I haue nother horse nor 4 sadyll,

Therfor I may not ryde.

¹ MS. vemynouse.

⁸ MS. feryrde.

² MS. sterat.

⁴ MS. for.

MERCY. Hye yow forthe on fote, brother, in Godes name! I say, ser, I am cumme hedyr to make yow game. 3et bade 3e me not go out in the deullys name, Ande I wyll a-byde. 71 MERCY. Ande how, mynstrellys! pley the comyn trace. Ley on with thi bowys 2 tyll his bely breste. 73 Nought. I put case I breke my neke; 8 how than? New. I gyff no 4 force, by Sent Tanne! Now. Leppe 5 a-bout lyuely! thou art a wyght man; Let ws be mery wyll we be here! Nought. Xall I breke my neke to show yow sporte? Now. Therfor euer beware of thi reporte! I be-schrew ye all! her ys a schrewde sorte; Nought. Haue ther at them, with a mery chere! 81 Her thei daunce. Mercy sayth: MERCY. Do wey! dowey! this reuell, sers, do wey! Now. Do wey! goode Adam, do wey! Thys ys no parte of thin pley. Nought. 3ys, mary, I prey yow! for I loue not this rewelynge. Euer forth, goode fader, I yow prey; Be a lytyll 3e may assay. A-non of with yower clothes yf 3e wyll pray. Go to, for I have hade a praty scottlynge. 89

MERCY. Nay, brother, I wyll not daunce.⁶ NEW. Yf 3e wyll, ser, my brother wyll make yow to prawnce.

¹ These lines begin a new leaf in the MS. They seem highly inappropriate in the mouth of Mercy, cf. especially 1.73. Moreover, it is clear from 11.98, 111 that the entrance of New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nought was immediately preceded by Mercy's use of the words forming their names. I therefore suppose that at least one leaf of MS. (containing their entrance) has been lost at this point, and suggest that the command to the minstrels be assigned to New Gyse.

² MS. bollys.

⁸ MS. reke.

⁴ MS. us.

⁵ MS. Leffe.

⁶ MS. dauunce; but it often has the au-contraction for a.

Now. With all my herte, ser, yf I may yow a-vaunce; 3e may assay be a lytylle trace.

Nought. 3e, ser, wyll 3e do well?

Trace not with them, be my cownsell;

For I have tracyed sumwhat to fell,1—

I tell [yow] yt ys a narow space.

97

But, ser, I trow, of ws thre I herde you speke.

NEW. Crystes curse haue 3e 2 ther-for, for I was in slepe!

Now. A[nd] I hade the cuppe s in my honde redy to goo to met.

Therfor, ser, curtly grett yow well.

MERCY. Few wordes! few & well sett!

New. Ser, yt ys the new gyse & the new iett:

Many wordes & schortely sett,—

Thys ys the new gyse, euery dele.

105

MERCY. Lady, helpe! How wrechys delyte in ther synnfull weys!

Now. Say no[ugh]t ageyn the new gyse now-a-days.

Thou xall fynde ws sch[r]ewys at all assays;

Be ware, ze may son lyke a bofett!

MERCY. He was well occupyede that browte yow hether! 5

Nought. I harde yow call New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought,

— all thes thre to-gether.

Yf 3e sey that I lye, I xall make yow to slyther;

So take yow here a trefett!

113

MERCY. Say me yower namys; I know yow not.

NEW. New Gyse I!

[Now.] .

Now-a-days [I]!

- ¹ MS. fylde fell. Kittredge suggests that fylde was written by mistake, and that the copyist then, observing that fylde neither rhymed nor made sense, added the right word but neglected to erase fylde.
- ² MS. hade; corr. by Kittredge, who thinks the scribe may have caught up hade from the following line. I had conjectured had he.
 - 8 MS. has redy here as well as later in the line.
 - 4 MS. has three strokes each for nn and u.
 - ⁵ MS. brethern: possibly we ought to read brether.

I Nought! [Nought.] MERCY. Be Jhesu Cryst, that me dere bowte, 3e be-tray many men! NEW. Be-tray? Nay, nay, ser, nay, nay! We make them both fresch & gay. But of yower name, ser, I yow prey, That we may yow ken! 121 Mercy ys my name & my 1 denomynacyon! I conseyue 3e haue but a lytyll fors 2 in my commenycacyon. New. Ey, ey, yower body ys full of Englysch Laten! 8 Now. I prey yow hertyly, worschypfull clerke — 125 I have etun a dysch full of curdes, Ande I haue schetun yower mowth fulle of turdes; Now opyn yower sachell with Late[n] wordes, And sey me this in clerycall maner! Also I haue a wyf, her name ys Rackell; Betwyx her & me was a gret batell, Ande fayne of yow I wolde her[e] tell Who was the most master. 133 Thy wyf, Rachell, I dare ley xxti lyse! Now. Who spake to the, foll? Thou art not wyse! Go & do that 5 longyth to thin offyce: Osculare fundamentum! Nought. Lo, master! lo,6 here ys a pardon bely mett,7— Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett: Yf 3e wyll putt yower nose in hys wyffes sokett, 3e xall haue xlty days of pardon. 141 ¹ By written over in MS. ² MS. looks like fans. 8 A note in the margin says, Haue this Englysch made in Laytin: I am a-ferde yt wyll brest; "I rausch," quod the baeger on-to me, When I stall a leg a motun, Ye are a stronge cunnynge clerke. I trey, &c. 4 MS. late; corr. by Kittredge. ⁶ MS. to. ⁵ MS. doyt. ⁷ MS. melt; qy. be lymett.

MERCY. Thys ydyll 1 language 3e xall repent! Out of this place I wolde 3e went. NEW. Goo we hens 2 all thre with on assent; My fadyr ys yrke of ower eloquence, Ther-for I wyll no lenger tary. Gode brynge yow, master, & blyssyde Mary To the number of the demonycall frayry! 148 8 Now. Euer wynde! euer reyn! Thow I cumme new a-geyn. The deull put out both youre eyen! Felouse, go we hens tyght! NOUGHT. Go we hens, a deull wey! Her ys the dore, her ys the wey! Farwell, ientyll Iaffrey, I prey Gode gyf yow goode-nyght! 156 Exiant. MERCY. Thankyde be Gode, we have a fayer dylyuerance Of thes iij onthryfty gestes. They know full lytyll what ys ther ordynance; I preve by reson thei be wers then bestes: 160 A best doth after hys naturall instytucyon; 3e may conseque by ther dysporte & be-hauour, Ther ioy ande delyte ys in derysyon Of [t]her owyn Cryste to his dyshonur. 164 Thys condycyon of leuyng, yt ys preiudycyall; Be ware ther-of, yt ys wers than ony felony or treson. How may yt be excusyde be-for the Iustyce of all, When for euery ydyll 4 worde ws 5 must yelde a reson? 168 ¹ MS. yeyll, *cf.* l. 168. ² MS. haue; corr. by Kittredge. 8 There is no indication in MS. of the loss of this line. 4 MS. yeyll, *cf.* l. 142.

⁵ Perhaps this should be amended to we; but, as the construction us

must is common, I retain the MS. reading.

They have grett ca[u]se ther-for; the[i] wyll take no thought; But how than when the angell of hewyn xall blow the trumpe	
Ande sey to the transgressers that wykydly hath wrought:	•
	172
Then xall I, Mercy, be-gyn sor to wepe;	
Nother comfort nor cownsell ther xall non be hade,	
But such as thei haue sowyn, such xall thei repe;	
Thei be wanton now, but then xall thei be sade.	176
The goode new gyse now-a-days I wyll not dysalow; I dyscomende the vycyouse gyse, I prey haue me excusyde I nede not to speke of yt, yower reson wyll tell it yow, Take that 1 ys to be takyn & leue that 1 ys to be	,
	- 0 -
refusyde!	180
[Enter Mankynde.]	
Mank. Of the erth & of the gler 2 we have ower propagacyon. By the prouydens of Gode thus be we deryvatt, To whos mercy I recomende this holl congrygacyon; I hope on-to hys blysse ye be all predestynatt! Euery man for hys degre, I trust, xall be partycypatt, Yf we wyll mortyfye ower carnall condycyon And ower voluntarye dysyres, that euer be pervertonnat, To renunce thes & yelde ws wnder Godes provycyon.	188
My name ys Mankynde: I haue my composycyon Of a body & of a soull, of condycyon contrarye; Betwyx the tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon; He that xulde be as soiette, now he hath the victory. Thys ys to me a lamentable story, To se my flesch of my soull to haue gouernance: Wher the goode-wyff ys master the goode-man may be	
sory.	195

¹ MS. yt.

² MS. cler; emend. by Kittredge; but possibly cley.

⁸ MS. seietle; Collier, H. E. D. P., II, 213 has sojecte.

Alasse! what was thy fortune & thi chaunce 1	
To be assocyat with my flesch, that stynkynge dunge- hyll!	
	•
Lady, helpe! Souerens, yt doth my soull myche yll To se the flesch prosperouse & the soull trodyn wnder fote. I xall go to yondyr man, & assay hym I wyll; I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my bote.	201
[Goes to Mercy.]	
All heyll, semely father! 3e be welcom to this house! Of the very wysdaum 3e haue partycypacyon. My body with my soull ys euer querulose;	
I pray yow for sent charyte of yower supportacyon.	205
I be-seche yow hertyly of yower gostly comforte; I am onstedfast in lywyng; my name ys Mankynde; My gostly enmy, the deull, wyll haue a grett dysporte, In synnfull 2 gydynge yf he may see me ende. MERCY. Cryst sende yow goode comforte! 3e be welcum, my frende!	
Stonde wppe on yower fete; I prey yow aryse.	
My name ys Mercy; 3e be to me full hende. To eschew vyce I wyll yow avyse.	213
MANK. O Mercy, of all grace & vertue 3e are the well! I have herde tell of ryght worschypfull clerkes, 3e be approxymatt to Gode & nere of hys consell,	
He hat[h] instytut you aboue all hys werkes.	217
¹ Marginal note in MS.:	
I may both syth & sobbe, this ys a pituose remembrence	

I may both syth & sobbe, this ys a pituose remembrence & in my soulle sosotyll in thy substance.

This may be a part of the three lines necessary to restore the versification. I have indicated by dots the places where, in my opinion, the lines are missing.

² MS. has three strokes each for nn and m.

O! yower louely workes to my soull are swetere then hony! MERCY. The temtacyon of the flesch 3e must resyst lyke a man,	
For ther ys euer a batell betwyx the soull & the body: Vita hominis est milicia super terram.	221
Oppresse yower gostly enmy & be Crystes own knyght; Be neuer a cowarde ageyn yower aduersary. If 3e wyll be crownyde, 3e must nedes fyght. Intende well & Gode wyll be yow adiutory.	225
Remembre, my frende, the tyme of contynuance,— So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery-tyme! Spende yt well; serue Gode with hertes affyance; Dystempur not yower brayn with goode ale nor with wyn;	229
'Mesure ys tresure,' Y for-byde yow not the vse; Mesure yower-sylf, euer be-ware of excesse; The superfluouse gyse I wyll that 3e refuse; When natur ys suffysyde, a-non that 3e sese!	233
Yf a man haue an hors & kepe hym not to hye, He may then reull hym at hys own desyere; Yf he be fede ouer-well, he wyll dysobey Ande, in happe, cast his master in the myre.	237
New. 3e say trew, ser; 3e are no faytour! I haue fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys my master; I haue a grett wonde on my hede; lo! & theron leyth a playster Ande a-nother ther I pysse 2 my peson. Ande my wyff were yower hors, sche wolde yow all to-sane. 8 3e fede yower hors in mesur; 3e ar a wyse man! I trow 4 & 3e were the kynges palfrey-man, 5 A' goode horses 6 xulde be geson. 7	245
1 These two lines as one in MS. 2 MS. pyose. 8 This appears to be the reading of the MS; qy. to-lam. 4 MS. It row. 5 MS. mare (?). 6 MS. A goode horse; emend. by Kittredge. 7 MS. gesumma.	

MANK. Wher spekys this felow? Wyll he not come nere?

MERCY. All to sone, my brother, I fere me, for yow.

He was here ryght now, by hym that bowte me dere!

With other of hys felouse, — thei kan moche sorow!

249

They wyll be here ryght sone if I owt departe.

Thynke on my doctryne; that xall be yower defence; Lerne wyll I am here, sett my wordes in herte; With-in a schorte space I must nedes hens.

253

Now. The sonner, the leuer, & that be ewyn a-non! I trow 1 yower name ys do-lytyll, 3e be so longe fro hom! If 3e wolde go hens, we xall cum euerychon,

Me thynk a full goode sorte.2

3e haue leue,8 I dare well say;

To [t]hem 3e wyll, go forth yower wey;

Men haue lytyll deynte of yower pley,

Be-cause 3e make no sporte.

261

Nought. Yower potage xall be for-colde, ser; when wyll 3e go dyne?

I haue sene a man lost xx^{ti} noblys in as lytyll tyme, — 3et yt was not I, be Sent Gis, certeyn,⁴

For I was neuer worth a pottfull a' wortes sythyn I wos borne!

My name ys Nought, I loue well to make mery;
I haue be seche buith the comyn tapster of Bury;
I pleyde so longe the foll that I am ewyn very wery,

3yt xall I be ther ageyn to-morne!

269

MERCY. I have moche care for yow, my own frende;
Yower enmys wyll be here anon, thei made ther avaunte.8
Thynke well in yower hert yower name ys Mankynde;

¹ MS. It row.

² MS. Mo the a goode sorte; emend. by Kittredge.

⁸ MS. leuer.

⁴ This word is illegible in MS.; the last four letters look like ntyn.

⁵ MS. sechen.

⁷ MS. to morow.

⁶ MS. 3e.

⁸ MS. avaunce.

Be not wnkynde to Gode, I prey yow; be hys seruante.	
Be stedefast in condycyon; se 3e be not varyant; Lose not thorow foly that ys bowte so dere.	
God wyll proue yow sone; ande, yf that 3e be constant,	
Of hys blysse perpetuall 3e xall be partener.	277
3e may not haue yower intent at yower fyrst dysyer; — Se the grett pacyence of Iob in 1 tribulacyon:	
Lyke as the smyth trieth ern in the feer,	
So was he lede by Godes vysytacyon.	281
He was of yower nature & of yower fraylyte; 2	
Folow the steppys of hym, my own swete son,3	
Ande sey, as he seyde, in yower trobyll & aduersyte:	
Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sicut placuit; sit nomen	
Domini benedictum.	285
More oner in spectrall I crops tropy in charge	
More-ouer, in specyall I gyue yow in charge, Be-war of Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought, —	
Nyse in ther a-ray, in language thei be large;	
To peruerte yower 4 condycyons all ther menys xall be	
sowite.	289
Gode son, intyrmyse 5 yower-sylff not in ther cumpeny;	
Thei harde not a masse thi[s] twelmonyth, I dare well say;	
Gyff them non audyence, thei wyll tell yow many a lye;	
Do truly yower laboure & kepe 6 yower haly-day;	
Be-ware of Tytivillus, for he lesyth no 7 wey,	
That goth in-vysybull & wyll not be sen;	
He wyll ronde in yower ere & cast a nett be-for	
yower ey.8	
He ys worst of them all, Gode let hym neuer then!	297
¹ MS. &; corr. by Kittredge. ² MS. frayylyte. ⁸ Beside this line another hand has written ita factum est. ⁴ MS. ther.	
⁵ Over this another hand has written intromytt not.	
⁶ MS. kefe. ⁷ MS. us. ⁸ MS. eyn.	

315

Yff 3e dysples Gode, aske mercy a-non; Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace yow in hys brydyll. Kysse me now, my dere darlynge, Gode sche[l]de yow from yower fon!1 Do truly yower labure & be neuer ydyll. 301 The blyssynge of Gode be with yow & with all yower worschypfull men! MANK. Amen! for sent charyte, Amen! 303 Now, blyssyde be Ihesu, my soull ys well sacyatt With the mellyfluouse doctryne of this worschypfull man! The rebellyn of my flesch, now yt ys superatt, Thankyd 8 be Gode of the connynge that I kan !4 307 Her wyll I sytt & tytyll in this papyr The incomparable astat of my promycyon! Worschypfull souerence, I haue wretyn here The gloryuse remembrance of my nobyll condycyon. 311 To have remo[r]s & memory of my-sylff, thus wretyn yt ys, To defende me from all superstycyous charmys: Memento, homo, quod cinis es et [in] cinere[m] reuerteris;

[Enter New Gyse at the back of the stage.]

NEW. The wether ys colde, Gode send ws goode ferys!

Cum sancto sanctus eris, & cum peruerso peruerteris,

Ecce quam bonum & quam cocundum, quod the deull to the frerys,

Lo! I ber on my bryst the bagge of myn armys!

Habitare fratres in uno.8

MANK. Ther a felow speke; with hym I wyll not mell. Thys erth with my spade I xall assay to delffe;

¹ MS. son; corr. by Kittredge.
2 Qy. omit, or read yow.
5 MS. peruerse.

⁸ MS. Thankynge. 6 MS. quiam. 7 MS. Iocundie.

⁸ MS. vino, perhaps intentionally; but vnion, which is very near the MS. form, would rhyme with fusyon.

To eschew ydullnes ¹ I do <i>tha</i> t myn own selffe; I prey Gode sende ² hys fusyon!		323
[Enter Now-a-da	ys, Nought.]	
Now. Make rom, sers, for we have We wyll cum gyf yow a Crystemes Nought. Now I prey all the year To synge with ws with a mery che Yt ys wretyn with a coll! Yt	songe. nandry <i>tha</i> t ys here re: [He sings.] 3	327
Cantant omne	s :	
Holyke! holyke! holyke	! holyke! holyke! 3	36
New. Ey, Mankynde, Gode sped I xall tell yow of a maryage; I wolde yower mowth & hys ars the Wer maryede iunctly together Mank. Hey yow hens, felouse, w Leue yower derysyon & yower iapy I must nedes labure, yt ys my lyvyt Now. What, ser! we came b	at this 5 made ! ith bredynge! inge!	344
Xall all this corn grow here That 3e xall haue the nexte 3er? Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be der Ellys 3e xall haue a pore lyffe. Nought. A-lasse, goode fadere, the bone; But for yower croppe I take grett is 3e xall neuer spende yt a-lonne, I xall assay to geett yow a wy	this labor fretyth yow to	
How many acres suppose 3e here, I New. Ey! how 3e turne the erth	oy estymacyon?	
¹ MS. yeullnes. ⁸ New. and Now. reply with the same is vulgar song is similarly treated. ⁶ MS. ys. corr. by Kittredge.	² MS. that before hys. line; each of the four lines of the ⁴ MS. space. ⁶ MS. eat; corr. by Kittredge.	

I have be in my days in many goode town, . 3ett saw I neuer such a-nother tyllynge! MANK. Why stonde 3e ydyll? Yt ys pety that 3e were born!	
Now. We xall bargen with yow & nother moke nor scorne: Take a goode carte in herwest & lode yt with yower corne, Ande what xall we gyf yow for the levynge?	360
Nought. He ys a goode, starke laburer, he wolde fayn do well,	
He hath mett with the goode man Mercy in a schroude sell; For all this he may have many a hungry mele. 3yt well 3e se, he ys polytyke:	
Here xall be goode corn, he may not mysse yt; Yf he wyll haue reyn, he may ouer-pysse yt; Ande 1 yf he wyll haue compost,2 he may ouer-blysse yt A lytyll with hys ers lyke.	368
Mank. Go & do yower labur — Gode lett yow neuer the! Or with my spade I xall yow dynge, by the Holy Trinyte! Haue 3e non other man to moke but euer me? 3e wolle haue me of yower sett! Hye yow forth lyvely, for hens I wyll yow dryffe!	
[He beats them with his spade.]	
New. Alas, my iewelles! I xall be schent of my wyff. Now. A-lasse! & I am lyke neuer for to thryue, I haue such a buffett!	376
MANK. Hens, I say, Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nowte! Yt was seyde be-forn, all the menys xulde be sought To peruerte my condycions & brynge me to nought. Hens, thevys, 3e haue made many a lesynge!	
NOUGHT. Marryde I was for colde, but now am I warme! 3e are ewyll avysyde, ser, for 3e haue done harme. By Cokkys body sakyrde, I haue such a peyn in my arme	
I may not chonge a man a ferthynge!	384
 1 MS. Arde. 2 MS. compasse; corr. by Kittredge. 3 MS. Ieweller. 4 MS. xall. 	

MANK. Now I thanke Gode, knely	nge on my kne:	
B[l]yssyde be hys name, he ys of hy	ye degre!	•
By this spade,1 of hys grace that he	e hath sente me,	
Thre 2 of myn enmys I haue pu	itt to flyght;	
3yt this instrument, souerens, ys not	t made to defende.	
Dauide seyth: Nec in hasta,8 nec in		
Nought. No, mary, I be-schrew y	_	
Therfor Crystes curse cum on yower	•	
To sende yow lesse myght!	,	393
	Exiant.	393
MANK. I promytt yow, thes felous	e wyll no-more cum here;	
For summe of them, certenly, were		
My fadyr, Mercy, a-vysyde me to be		
And agayn my enmys manly for	•	397
	70 ,	0,1
I xall convycte b them, I hope, euery	ychon;	
3et I say a-mysse, I do yt not a-lon	;	
With the helpe of the grace of God	e I re[s]yst my fon	
Ande ther malycyuse herte.		
With my spade I wyll departe, my	worschypfull 6 sou <i>er</i> ence,	
Ande lyue euer with labure to corec	• -	
I xall go fett 7 corn for my londe; I	•	
Ryght sone I xall reverte.		405
, ,		•
[Exit: enter Myso	heff.]	
[Mys.] Alas! alasse, that euer I v	was wrought!	
Alasse the whyll! I [am] wers the[r	nought!	
Sythyn I was here, by hym that me	bought,	
I am utterly on-don!		
I, Myscheff, was here at the begynn	ynge of the game	
And arguyde with Mercy, Gode gyff		
He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I h		
To fyght manly a-geyn hys fon	•	413
¹ MS. By the fesyde; corr. by Ki	ittrados	
	⁵ MS. convytte.	
•	6 MS. worschyppull.	
4 MS. ons.	⁷ MS. sett.	

For with hys spade, that was hys wepyn, New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, hath all to-betyn. I haue grett pyte to se them wepyn.

Wyll 3e lyst? I here them crye!

[Enter New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought.]

A-lasse! a-lasse! cum hether, I xall be yower borow!
A-lac! a-lac! ven! ven! cum hethere, with sorowe!
Pesse, fayer babys! 3e xall haue a nappyll to-morow!
Why grete 3e so? why?

421

NEW. A-lasse, master! a-lasse my privyte! Mys. A! wher? A-lake! fayer babe, ba me! A-byde to sone, I xall yt se.

Now. Here, here! se my hede, goode master! Mys. Lady, helpe! Sely darlynge, ven, ven! I xall helpe the of thi peyn; I xall smytt of thi hede & sett yt on agayn.

Nought. By Ower Lady, ser, a fayer playster! 429

Wyll 3e of with hys hede? Yt ys a schreude charme! As for me I haue non harme!—
I were loth to for-bere myn arme;

3e pley, in nomine Patris, choppe!

NEW. 3e xall not choppe my iewellys, & I may!

Now. 3e, Cristes¹ crose ! wyll 3e smyght my hede a-wey?

Ther wer on anon! 8 Oute! 3e xall not assay!

I myght well be callyde a foppe!

437

Mys. I kan choppe yt of & make yt a-gayn.

New. I hade a schreude recumbentibus,4 but I fele no peyn.

Now. Ande my hede ys all saue & holl agayn.

Now, towchynge the mater of Mankynde,

Lett ws haue an interreccyon sythen 3e be cum hethere.

Yt were goode to haue an ende.

443

¹ MS. Craftes.

² For cross, or, perhaps, curse, cf. 1. 802

⁸ MS. wher on & on; corr. by Kittredge.

⁴ MS. recumtentibus.

Mys. How, how! A mynstrell! Know 3e ony ou[gh]t?
Nought. I kan pype in a Walsyngham 1 wystyll, I,
Nought, Nought.

Mys. Blow a-pase! Thou xall brynge hym in with a flewte.2

· [Tytivullus shouts outside.]

Tyt. I com with my legges vnder me!

Mys. How! Newgyse, Now-a-days, herke or I goo:

When ower hedes were to-gethere I spake of Si dedero.8

New. 3e,4 go thi wey, we xall gather mony on-to.

Ellys ther 5 xall no-man hym se.

451 .

Now gostly to ower purpos, worschypfull souerence: We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse yower neclygence, For a man with a hede that of grett omnipotens—

Now. Kepe yower tayll, in goodnes I prey yow, good brother!

He ys a worschypfull⁶ man, sers, sauynge yower reuerens; He louyth no grotes nor pens or⁷ to-pens,

Gyf ws rede reyallys yf 3e wyll se hys abhomynabull presens.

NEW. Not so! 3e that mow not pay the ton, pay the tother.

459

At the goode-man of this house fyrst we wyll assay.

Gode blysse yow, master! 3e say as yll, 3et 3e wyll not sey nay.

Lett ws go by & by, & do them pay.

3e pay all a-lyke, well must 3e fare!

Nought. I sey, New Gyse, Now-a-days! Estis vos pecuniatus?

I haue cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew yower patus!

Now. Ita uere, magister; cumme forth now yower gatus!

He ys a goodly man, sers; make space & be-ware!

467

1 MS. has the contraction for au.

⁵ MS. thei.

² Qy. flowte.

⁶ MS. worschyppull.

⁸ MS. Tidedere; corr. by Kittredge.

⁷ MS. of.

⁴ MS. 30.

[Enter Titivillus, arrayed like a devil and with a net in his hand.]

TIT. Ego sum dominantium¹ dominus, & my name ys Titivillus!

3e that have goode hors, to yow I sey caucatis; Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hym out at yower gates.

Ego probo sic: Ser New Gys, lende me a peny!

47I

Loquitur ad Newgyse.

NEW. I have a grett purse, ser, but I have no monay; By the masse, I fayll ij farthynges of an halpeny. 3yt hade I ten pownd 2 this nyght that wos.

TIT. What ys in thi purse? thou art a stout felow.3

Loquitur ad Now-a-days.

Now. The deull haue [the] qwyll, I am a clen ientyllman! I prey Gode, I be neuer wers storyde then I am.

Yt xall be otherwyse, I hope, or this nyght passe.

478

TYT. Herke now, I say thou hast many a peny.

Loguitur ad Nought.

NOUGHT. No[n] nobis, domine, non nobis, by sent Deny!

The deull may daunce in my purse for ony peny,—

Yt ys as clen as a byrdes ars.

482

TIT. Now I sey 3et a-geyn caucatis; Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem of yower gates.

484

Now, I say, New Gyse, Now-a-days & Nought, Go & serche the contre, anon that [yt] be sow3te, Summe here, summe ther, — what yf 3e may cache ow3te! — 487

Yf 3e fayll of hors, take what 3e may ellys.

New. Then speke to Mankynde for the recumbentibus of my iewellys.

Now. Remembre my brokyn hede, in the worschyppe of the v voli ellys! 4

¹ MS. düancum.

⁸ Qy. man.

² MS. x11.

⁴ Qy. the vij (or xx) devellys.

Nought. 3e, goode ser, tye sytica in my erme! TIT. I know full well what Mankynde dyde to yow, Myschyff hat[h] informyde of all the matere thorow; I xall venge yower quarell, I make Gode a-vow. Forth & espye were 3e may do harme. 495 Take w[ith yow] Fyde 2 yf 3e wyll haue ony mo. I say, New Gyse! wether art thou avysyde to go? 497 Fyrst I xall begyn at M[aster] Huntyngton of Sanston;8 Fro thens I xall go to Wyllam 4 Thuolay of Hanston; Ande so forthe to Pycharde of Trumpyngton: I wyll kepe me to thes thre.5 Now. I xall goo to Wyllyham 4 Bakere of Walton; 6 To Rycherde Bollman of Gayton; I xall spare Master Woode of Fullburn, He ys a noli me tangere! 505 I xall goo to Wyllyam Patryke of Massyngham;4 I xall spare Master Alyngton of Botysam Ande Hamonde of Soffeham.4 Felous, cum forth, & go we hens to-gethyr, For drede of in manus tuas, qweke!7 NEW. Syth we xall go, lett ws se 8 well ware & wether; Yf we may be take, we com no-more hethyr; Lett ws con 9 well ower neke-verse that we have not a cheke.10 513 TIT. Goo yower wey, a deull wey, go yower wey, all! I blysse yow with my lyfte hond; foull yow be-fall! Com a-geyn, I werne, as sone as I yow call, A[nde] brynge yower a-vantage in-to this place. ¹ Qy. the systica (= sciatica). 4 MS. has the contraction for au.

<sup>MS. Iake w . . . Fyde.
MS. sansten.
MS. Waltom.
The stanza-structure can be restored by interchanging ll. 509, 510.
MS. be.
MS. com.
MS. choke.</sup>

To speke with Mankynde I wyll tary here this tyde, Ande assay hys goode purpose for to sett a-syde. The goode man, Mercy, xall no lenger be [be] hys syde; I xall make hym to dawnce a-nother trace! 521 Euer I go invysybull, yt ys my rett, Ande be-for hys ey thus I wyll hange my nett To blench hys syght; I hope to haue hys fote wett. To yrke hym of hys labur I xall make a frame. Thys borde xall be 1 hyde wnder the erth preuely; Hys spade xall enter, I hope, on-redyly;2 Be then he hath a-wayde,8 he xall be uery angry Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame. 529 I xall menge hys corne with draw & with durnell, Yt xall not be lyke to sow 4 nor to sell. Yondyr he commyth, I prey of cownsell; He xall wene grace were wane.5 533 [Enter Mankynde.] Now, Gode, of hys mercy, sende ws of hys sonde! I have brought seed her to sow with my londe; I wyll ron dylewer, that 6 here yt xall stonde. In nomine Patris & Filii & Spir[i]tus Sancti, now I wyll be-gyn.8 Thys londe ys so harde, yt makyth wn-lusty & yrke, I xall sow my corn at wynter & lett Gode werke. A-lasse, my corn ys lost! Here ys a foull werke. I se well, by tyllynge lytyll xall I wyn. 541 Here I gyf wppe my spade for now & for euer; Here Titivillus goth out with the spade. To occupye my body, I wyll not putt me in deuer.9 I wyll here my ewynsonge here or I dysseuer; ¹ MS. he. ² MS. ouer redyly. 8 Unintelligible; read, perhaps, assayde. 4 MS. sew. ⁵ A later hand has added what looks like Cruis. 6 MS. yt. ⁷ MS. filius. 8 MS. le-fyn.

⁹ MS. eeuer.

Thys place I assynge as my kyrke. Her in my kerke I knell on my kneys. Pater noster, qui es in celis.

[Enter Tytyvillus.]

TYT. I promes yow I have no lede on my helys, I am here a-geyn to make this felow yrke.

549

I-wyst, pesse! I xall go to hys ere & tytyll ther-in.

[Goes to Mankynde.]

A schorte preyere thyrlyth 1 hewyn; of thi preyere blyn; Thou art holyer then euer was ony of thi kyn;

A-ryse & avent the, nature compellys.

553

MANK. I wyll in-to thi[s] zerde, souerens, & cum a-geyn sone;

For drede of the colyke & eke of the stone I wyll go do that 2 nedes must be don.

My bedes 8 xall be here for who-summe-euer wyll cumme. 557

Exiat.

TIT. Mankynde was besy in hys prayere, 3et I dyde 4 hym aryse;

He is conveyde, be Cryst! from hys devyn seruyce. Whether ys he, trow 3e? I-wysse, I am wonder wyse:

I have sent hym forth to schyte lesynges.

Yff 3e haue ony syluer, in happe pure brasse,

Take a lytyll pow[d]er of Parysch & cast ouer hys face,

Ande ewyn in the howll-flyght let hym passe, —

Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thynges!

565

I trow Mankynde wyll cum a-geyn son, Or ellys, I fer me, ewynsonge wyll be don. Hys bedes xall be trysyde a-syde, & that a-non.

3e xall [se] a goode sport 5 yf 3e wyll a-byde. Mankynde cummyth a-geyn, well fare he!

¹ MS. thyr lyth.

⁸ MS. ledes.

⁵ MS. spert.

² MS. yt.

⁴ MS. eyde.

I xall answere hym ad omnia quare.

Ther xall be set a-broche a clerycall mater;

I hope of hys purpose to sett hym a-syde.

573

[Enter Mankynde.]

MANK. Ewynsonge hath be in the saynge, I trow, a fayer wyll;

I am yrke of yt, yt ys to longe be on myle.

Do wey; I wyll no-more so oft on the chyrche-style; 1

Be as be may, I xall do a-nother.

Of labure & preyer I am nere yrke of both;

I wyll no-more of yt; though 2 Mercy be wroth.

My hede ys uery heuy, I tell yow for soth,

I xall slepe 8 full my bely & he were my brother!

581

TIT. Ande euer 3e dyde, for me kepe now yower sylence! Not a werde, I charge yow, peyn of xl pens!

A praty 4 game xall be schowde 5 yow or 3e go hens.

3e may here hym snore, he ys sade on 6 slepe.

I-wyst, pesse! The deull ys dede! I xall go ronde in hys ere:

Alasse, Mankynde, alasse! Mercy stown 7 a mere;

He ys runn a-way fro hys master, ther wot no man where; More-ouer he stale both a hors & a nete.

589

But 3et I herde say he brake hys neke as he rode 8 in Fraunce;

But I thynke he rydyth ouer the galous 9 to lern for to daunce,

By-cause of hys theft. That ys hys gouernance;

Trust no-more on hym, he ys a marryde man.

Mekyll sorow with thi spade be-forn thou hast wrought;

A-ryse & aske mercy of Newgyse, Now-a-days, & Nought.

¹ Lines 576-579 are added in a note at botton of page in MS.

² MS. then; corr. by Kittredge. ⁶ MS. &; corr. by Kittredge.

⁸ MS. skope.

⁷ That is, has stolen.

⁴ MS. pauty.

⁸ MS. reke ab herode; corr. by Kittredge.

⁵ MS. schende.

⁹ MS. galouf.

Thei cum; a-vyse the for the best; lett ther goode wyll be sought;

And thi own wyff brechell 1 & take the a lemman.

597

For-well, euerychon, for I have don my game,

For I have brought Mankynde to myscheff & to schame.

599

[Exit Tityvillus.]

MANK. Whope! who! Mercy hath brokyn hys neke-kycher, a vows,

Or he hangyth by the neke hye wppe on the gallouse.

A-dew, fayer mastere! I wyll hast me to the ale-house,

Ande speke with Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought, A[nde] geett me a lemman with a smattrynge face.

[Enter New Gyse.]

NEW. Make space! for Cokkes body sakyrde, make space!

A ha! well! on! ron! Gode gyff hym ewyll grace!

We were nere Sent Patrykes wey, by hym that me bought!

607

I was twychyde by the neke, the game was be-gunne;
A grace was, the halter brast a-sondre—ecce signum!—
The halff ys a-bowte my neke. We hade a rere rune!
Be-ware! quod the goode-wyff, when sche smot of here husbondes hede, beware!

Myscheff ys a convicte for he coude hys neke-verse;
My body gaff a swynge when I hynge wppon the casse.

A-lasse! he wyll hange such a lyghtly man & a fers

For stelynge of an horse, I prey Gode gyf hym care! 615

Do wey this halter! What deull doth Mankynde here, with sorow!

A-lasse, how my neke 3 ys sore, I make 4 a-vowe!

MANK. 3e be welcom, Newgyse! Ser, what chere with yow?

NEW. Well, ser, I have no cause to morn.

¹ Qy. brethell. ² So MS. ⁸ MS. nekes. ⁴ MS. made.

MANK. What was ther abowte yower neke, so Gode yow a-mende?

NEW. In feyth, Sent Andrys holy bende;

I haue a lytyll dyshes as yt plesse Gode to sende,

With a runnynge rynge-worme.

623

[Enter Now-a-days.]

Now. Stonde a rom, I prey the, brother myn! I haue laburyde all this nyght; wen xall we go dyn?

A chyrche her be-syde xall pay for ale, brede & wyn;

Lo! here ys stoffe wyll serue.

New. Now, by the holy Mary, thou art better marchande than I!

[Enter Nought.]

Nought. A-vante, knavys! lett me go by!
I kan not gret & I xulde sterue!

630

[Enter Myscheff.]

Mys. Here cummyth a man of armys; why stonde ye so styll?

Of murder & manslawter I haue my bely-fyll.

Now. What, Myscheff, haue ye bene in presun, & yt be yower wyll?

Me semyth 3e haue sco[w]ryde a payer of fetters.

Mys. I was chenyde by the armys,—lo! I haue them here; The chenys I brast a-sundyr & kyllyde the iaylere,

3e, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde in a cornere.

A! how swetly I kyssyde that 1 swete mowth of hers! 638

When I hade do, I was myn owyn bottler,

I brought a-wey with me both dysch & dublere.

Here ys a-now for me; be of goode chere.

3et well fare the new chesance!

MANK. I aske mercy of New Gyse, Now-a-days, & Nought.

Onys with my spade I remember that I faught;

1 MS. the.

I wyll make yow a-mendes yf I hurt yow ought, Or dyde ony grevaunce.

646

NEW. What a deull lykyth ye to be of this dysposycyon? MANK. I drempt Mercy was hange, this was my vysyon, Ande that to yow iii I xulde haue recors & remocyon.

Now I prey yow hertyly of yower goode wyll; I crye yow mercy of all that I dyde a-mysse.

Now. [Aside] I sey, New Gys, Nought! Tytivillus made all this;

As sekyr as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys.

Nought. Stonde wppe on yower feet! Why stonde 3e so styll?

NEW. Master Myscheff, we wyll yow exort Mankynde name in yower bok for to report.

Mys. I wyll not so; I wyll sett a corte;

A[nde] do yt in 1 forma iurys, desarde!

Now-a-days mak proclamacyon.

Now. Oy yt! Oy y3t! Oyet!

All maner of men & comun women,

To the cort of Myschyff othere cum or sen;

Mankynde xall retorn, he ys one of ower men!

Mys. Nought, cum forth! thou xall be stewerde.

NEW. Master Myscheff, hys syde gown may be solde; 2 He may haue a iakett 8 ther-of & mony tolde.

MANK. I wyll do for the best, so I haue no colde. Holde, I prey yow, & take yt with yow,

Ande let me haue yt a-geyn in ony 4 wyse.

Nought scri[bit].

New. I promytt yow a fresch iakett after the new gyse.

MANK. Go & do that longyth to yower offyce

A[nde] spare that 3e mow! 5

671

663

[Exit New Gyse.]

¹ MS, se.

8 MS. rakett.

⁵ MS. may.

² MS. tolde.

4 MS. mony for in ony.

679

NOUGHT. Holde, Master Myscheff, & rede this! Mys. Here ys blottybus in blottis

Blottorum blottibus istis.

Be-schrew yower erys, a 1 fayer hande!

Now. 3e, yt ys a goode rennynge fyst; 2

Such an hande may not be myst!

Nought. I xulde haue don better, hade I wyst.

Mys. Take hede, sers, yt stonde you on hande!

Garici tota ⁸ generalis,

In a place ther goode ale ys,

Anno regni regitalis

Edwardi millatene,⁴

On 3estern-day in Feuerere, the 3ere passyth ⁵ fully,

Do ⁶ Nought hath wrytyn, — here ys ower Tulli, —

Anno regni regis nulli.

686

Now. What how, Newgyse! Thou makyst moche [taryyng]. That iakett xall not be worth a ferthynge.

[Enter New Gyse].

NEW. Out of my wey, sers, for drede of fyghtynge!

Lo! here ys a feet tayll, lyght to leppe a-bowte!

Nought. Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of brede;

Ther ys to moche cloth, yt weys as ony lede;

I xall goo & mende yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.

Make space, sers; lett me go owte.

[Exit.] 694

Mys. Mankynde, cum hether, God sende yow the gowte! 3e xall goo [to] all the goode felouse in the cuntre a-boute, On-to the goode-wyff when the goode-man ys owte;

"I wyll," say 3e!

¹ MS. &.

² MS. syft.

⁸ A stroke over o.

⁴ An m written above n; the first part of the word may be nulla.

⁵ Qy. passyd.

⁶ Qy. Lo; or, as Kittredge suggests, So.

MANK.¹ I wyll, ser.

NEW. There arn but sex dedly synnys; lechery ys non, As yt may be verefyede be ws brethellys euerychon.

3e xall goo robbe, stell & kyll, as fast as ye may gon;

"I wyll," say 3e!

Mank.1

I wyll, ser.

702

Now. On Sundays, on the morow, erly be-tyme, 3e xall with ws to the all-house, erly to go dyne; And forber 2 masse & matens, owers & prime;

" I wyll," say 3e!

Mank.1

I wyll, ser.

Mys. 3e must haue be yower syde a longe da pacem, As trew-men ryde be the wey, for to on-brace them; Take the monay, kytt ther throtes, tans ouer face them;

"I wyll," say 3e!

MANK.4

I wyll, ser.

710

[Enter Nought.]

Nought. Here ys a ioly iakett; how say 3e?

New. It ys a goode iake[tt] of s[er]u[i]ce for a mannys body.

Hay, doo ye! hay, whoppe, whoo! go yower wey lyghtly; 3e are well made for to ren!

Mys. Tydynges! tydynges! I haue a-spyede on! Hens with yower stuff, fast we were gon! I be-schrew the last xall com to hys hom!

[ALL.] Amen! 5

718

[Enter Mercy.]

MERCY. What, how, Mankynde! fle 6 that felyschyppe, I yow prey.

MANK. I xall speke with [the] a-nother tyme, — to-morn or the next day;

¹ MS. has only M. 2 MS. A for bef.

⁸ Read trus! (or, perhaps, thus) overpass them!

⁴ MS. Ma. 5 MS. Amen dicant omnes.

⁶ MS. sle; corr. by Kittredge.

We xall goo forth to-gether to kepe my faders 3er-day.

A tapster! a tapster! stow, stall, stow!

Mys. A myscheff go with here, I have a foull fall!

Hens a-wey fro me, or I xall be-schyte yow all!

NEW. What how, ostler! hostler! lende ws a foot-ball.

Whoppe, whow! a-now, a-now!

726 -

MERCY. My mynde ys dyspersyde, my body trymmelyth as the aspen leffe;

The terys xuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not yower reuerence;

Yt were to me solace—the cruell vysytacyon of deth.

With-out rude behaver I kan [not] expresse this inconvenyens;

Wepynge, sythynge & sobbynge were my suffycyens;

All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull;

My inwarde aff[l]ixyon yeldyth me tedyouse wn-to yower presens;

I kan not bere yt ewynly, Mankynde ys so flexibull.

734

Man on-kynde, wher-euer thou be! for all this world was not apprehensyble

To dyscharge thin orygynall offence, thraldaum & captyuyte, Tyll Godes own welbylouyde son was obedient & passyble, — Euery droppe of his bloode wos schede to purge thin

iniquite.

I dyscomende & dysalow this oftyn mutabylyte! 1

To euery creature thou art dyspectuose & odyble.

Why art thou so on-curtess, so inconsyderatt? A-lasse, who is me!

As the fane that turnyth with the wynde, so thou art conuertyble.

742

In trust ys treson, this 2 promes ys not credyble;

Thys 8 peruersyose ingratytude I can not rehers;

To go ouer all the holy corte of hewyn, thou art despectyble,

¹ MS. imutabylyte.

² Oy. thi.

8 Qy. thy.

As a nobyll versyfyer makyth mencyon in this verse: "Lex et natura, Christus et omnia i iura Damnant in-gratum; lugetur eum fore natum."	748
Damnam in-graium; ingeim eum jore naium.	740
O goode Lady & Mother of Mercy, haue pety & compasyon Of the wrechydnes of Mankynde, that ys so wanton & so frayll!	
Lett mercy excede iustice; dere Mother, a[d]mytt this supply-cacyon, —	
Equyte 2 to be leyde ouer, pety 8 & mercy to prevayll!	752
To sensuall lyvynge ys reprouable, that ys now-a-days, As be the comprehence of this mater yt may be specy- fyede.	
New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, with ther allectuose ways They haue pervertyde Mankynde, my swet sun, I haue well espyede.	756
A! with thes cursyde caytyfs,4 and I may, he xall not long indur!	
I, Mercy, hys father gostly, wyll procede forth & do my propyrte.	
Lady, helpe! This maner of lyvynge ys a detestabull plesure;	
Vanitas vanitatum, all ys but vanyte!	760
Mercy xall neuer be convicte of hys oncurtes condycyon; With wepynge terys, be ny3te & be day, I wyll goo & neuer sease;	
Xall I not fynde hym? Yes, I hope. Now Gode be my protecyon!	
My predylecte son, wher be ye? Mankynde, vbi es?	764
Mys. My prepotent father, when 3e sowpe, sowpe owt yower messe.	
3e are all to-glosyede 5 in yower termys, 3e make many a lesse.	

MS. sit olat; corr. by Kittredge.
 MS. perty; corr. by Kittredge.
 MS. cayftys.
 MS. gloryede.

Wyll 3e here? he cryeth ouer Mankynde vbi es!

NEW. Hic, hyc, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic!

That ys to say, here, here, here, ny 2 dede in the cryke.

Yf 3e wyll haue hym, goo & syke, syke, syke!

Syke not ouer-longe, for losynge of yower mynde!

771

Now. Yf 3e wyll haue Mankynde, how domine, domine, domine!

3e must speke to the schryue for a cape corpus, 8
Ellys 3e must be fayn to retorn with non est inventus.
How sey 3e, ser? My bolte ys schotte.

Nought. I am doynge of my nedynges; be-ware how 3e schott!

Fy, fy, fy! I haue fowll a-rayde my fote!

Be wyse for schottynge with yower takyllys, for, Gode wott,

My fote ys fowly ouer-schott.

779

Mys. A parlement! a parlement! Cum forth, Nought, be hynde!

A cownsell be-lyue! I am a-ferde Mercy wyll hym fynde.

How sey 3e? & what sey 3e? How xall we do with Mankynde?

NEW. Tysche, a flyes weynge! Wyll 3e do well? He wenyth Mercy were honge for stelynge of a mere; Myscheff, go sey to hym that Mercy sekyth euery-were,—He wyll honge hym-selff, I wndyrtake, for fere.

Mys. I assent ther-to; yt ys wyttyly seyde & well.

Now. I! Wyppe yt in thi cote, a-non yt wer don!

Now, Sent Gabryelles modyr saue the clowtes of thi schon!

All the bokys in the worlde, yf thei hade be wndon,

Cowde on not a cownselde ws bett.

Hic exit Myscheff.8

787

¹ A line rhyming with 771 is needed to complete the stanza.

² MS. my; corr. by Kittredge.

⁸ MS. cepe coppus, which may be intentional.

⁴ MS. clothes.

⁵ MS. Howde.

⁶ Apparently he returns immediately with Mankynde.

Mys. How, Mankynde! cum & speke with Mercy! He ys here fast by.

MANK. A roppe! a rope! I am not worthy.

Mys. A-non, a-non! I haue yt here redy; With a tre also that I haue gett.

795

Holde the tre, Now-a-days! Nought, take hede & be wyse! NEW. Lo! Mankynde, do as I do; this ys the 1 new gyse.

Gyff the roppe iust to thy 2 neke, this ys myn a-vyse.

Mys. Helpe thi-sylff, Nought; lo! Mercy ys here.

He skaryth ws with a balef, we may no lengere tarye.

NEW. Qweke, qweke! A-lass, my thrott! I beschrew yow, mary!

A! mercy, Crystes coppyde curse go with yow, — and Sent Dauy!

A-lasse, my wesant 3e wer sum-what to nere!

803

Exiant.

MERCY. A-ryse, my precyose, redempt son! 3e be to me full dere.

He ys 4 so tymerouse, me semyth hys vytall spryt doth expy[re]

MANK. Alasse! I haue be so bestyally dysposyde, I dare not a-pere.

To se yower solacyose 5 face I am not worthy to dysyer.

807

MERCY. Yower crymynose compleynt wondyth my hert as a lance.

Dyspose yower-sylff mekly to aske mercy, & I wyll assent.

3elde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but yower humbyll obeysyance,

The voluntary subjection of yower hert, & I am content. 811

¹ MS. thi.

⁴ MS. He ys ys.

² MS. pye.

⁵ MS. solycyose.

⁸ MS. bales.

¹ Mank. What! Aske mercy 3et onys a-geyn? Alas yt were a wyld ² petysyon! ³

Ewyr to offend & euer to aske mercy, that ys a puerilite.

Yt ys so abhominabyll to rehers my wekit transgresion,
I am not worthy to haue mercy, be no possibilite.

815

MERCY. O Mankend, my singler solas, this is a lamentabyll excuse.

The dolorus feres of my hert, how thei begyn to amounte!

- O blyssed Ihesu, help thou this synfull synner to reduce:6

 Ira hec@mutaes dexire excelsi veint Impios et non sunt.7 819
- A-ryse & aske mercy, Mankend, & be associat to me!

 Thy deth schall be my hewynesse! Alas, tys pety yt schuld be thus!
- Thy obstinacy wyll exclude [the] fro the glorius per[p]etuite.

 3et, for my lofe ope 8 thy lyppys & sey miserere mei,

 Deus!

 823
- MANK. The egall Iustyse of God wyll not permytte sych a synfull wrech

To be reuyu[y]d & restoryd a-geyn; yt were impossibyll.

MERCY. The Iustice of God wyll as I wyll, as hym-sylfe doth pre-cyse:9

Nolo 10 mortem peccatoris, inquit, 11 yff he wyll [be] reducyble.

- ¹ The copyist remarks that the page beginning here seems to be in a different hand from what precedes. The remark probably applies to the whole remaining part of the play; certainly from here on the spelling is very different.
 - ² I take this to be vild (= vile.) ⁸ MS. pety syn.
 - 4 MS. appears to have werut, but is almost illegible.
 - 5 MS seres
 - 6 MS. redeme; corr. by Kittredge, cf. 1.827.
 - ⁷ So MS.; see Notes, vol. III. ⁸ MS. ofe.
- ⁹ Precyse does not rhyme; qy. preche or, as Kittredge suggests, precysely teche.
 - ¹⁰ MS. Mole.

MANK. Than, mercy, good Mercy! What ys a man wythowt Mercy?

Lytyll ys our parte of paradyse where Mercy ne were.

Good Mercy, excuse the ineuetabyll objection of my gostly enmy;

The prowerbe seyth, the trewth tryith the sylfe. Alas, I have mech care!

MERCY. God wyll not make 30w preuy on-to 1 hys last iugement:

Iustyce & Equite xall be fortyfyid, I wyll not denye;
Trowthe² may not so cruelly procede in hys streyt argument⁸
But that Mercy schall rewle the mater with-owte controuersaye.

835

Ryse 4 now & go with me in thys deambulatorye.

Inclyne yowur capacite, my doctrine ys conuenient.⁵

Synne not in hope of Mercy; That ys a cryme notorie!⁶

To truste ouermoche in a prince yt ys not expedient, 839

In hope when 3e syn 7 to haue mercy; be-ware of that awenture;

The 8 good Lord seyd to the lecherus woman of Chanane,—

The holy gospell ys the awtorite, as we rede in Scrypture,—
"Vade et iam amplius noli peccare."

843

Cryst preseruyt this synfull woman takyn in a-wowtry, He seyde to here theis wordes: "Go & syn no-more."

¹ MS. peruyon to.

² MS. Growthe.

⁸ MS. apparently acgmmes; corr. by Kittredge.

⁴ MS. Byse.

⁵ MS. My doctrine ys conuenient Inclyne yowur capacite.

⁶ MS. notaries.

⁷ MS. 3e thynke after syn; corr. by Kittredge.

⁸ MS. Then.

⁹ MS. ism amperhees.

So to yow: Go & syn no-more; be-ware of weyn confidens of Mercy; Offend not a prince on trust of hys fauour, as I 1 seyd before. 847 Yf 3e fele your-sylfe trappyd in the snare of your gostly enmy, Aske mercy a-non; be-ware of the contynuance; Whyll a wond ys fresch yt is prowyd curabyll be surgery, That, yf yt procede ouyrlonge, yt ys cawse of gret grevance.2 851 MANK. To aske mercy & to haue, — this ys a lyberall possescion! Schall this expedycius 8 petycion euer be a-lowyd, as 3e haue in-syght? In this presente lyfe mercy ys plente tyll deth MERCY. makyth hys dywysion; But whan 3e be go, vsque ad minimum quadrantem 3e scha[ll] rekyn this ryght. 855 Aske mercy & haue, whyll the body with the sow[l]e hath hys annexion; Yf 3e tarye tyll your dysesse, 3e may hap of your desyre to mysse; Be repentant here, trust not the ower of deth; thynke on this Ecce 5 nunc tempus acceptabile,6 ecce nunc dies salutis! 859 All the wertu in the wor[1]d yf 3e myght comprehend, Your merytes were not premyabyll to the blys a-boue, Not to the holest 7 ioy of heuyn of your proper efforte to ascend: With Mercy 3e may, — I tell yow no fabyll, Scrypture doth prove.8 863 ¹ MS. he. ⁵ MS. Este. ² MS. grewange. 6 MS. aūcptabile.

⁷ Qy. loliest or lest.

⁸ MS. prewe.

8 MS. expedicies.

4 MS. quadrūte[m].

MANK. O Mercy, my solatius 1 solas & synguler recreatory, My predilecte specyall, 3e are worthy to haue my lowe; For, wyth-owte deserte & menys supplicatorie, 3e be-com pacient to my inexcusabyll 2 reproue.	867
A! yt siremyth 8 my brest to thynk how on-wysely I haue wroght!	
Tytiuilly, that goth invisibele, hynge hys nett be-fore my eye,	
And, by hys fantasticall visionys sedulously 4 sowght, He 5 Newgyse, Now-a-days, Nought causyd me to obey.	871
MERCY. Mankend, 3e were oblivyous of my doctrine mary-torye;	
I seyd be-fore, Titiuilly wold a-say yow a bronte.6	
Be-ware fro hens-forth of hys fablys delusory, The prowerbe seyth: Iacula perfectum non ledunt.	875
3e haue iij aduersarys, — he ys master of [t]hem all, — That ys to sey, the dewell, the world, the flesch; & [I] the tell	٠
That 9 Newg yse, Now-a-days & Nought, the world we may [t]hem call;	
And propy[r]lly Titiuilly syngnyf[ie]th the fend of helle;	879
The flesch, — that ys the vnclene concupisens of 3our body; These be your iij gostly enmys in whom 3e haue put your confidens;	
Thei browt yow to Myscheffe to conclude 30ur temperull glory, As yt hath be schewyd this worschypfyll 10 audiens.	883
 1 MS. suatius; corr. by Kittredge, cf. l. 807. 2 MS. inexousobyll; inexorable may be better. 8 Kittredge suggests sore nyeth (= noieth); streinyth would be closer to MS. 	

⁴ MS. sedeculy.

⁵ MS. Be.

⁶ After bronte is apparently an a.

⁷ MS. perfectummus ledictur; corr. by Kittredge.
8 MS. would.
9 MS. The.

¹⁰ MS. worschyppyll.

Remembyr how redy I was	to	help	30w;	fro	sweche	I	was
not dangerous;							

Wherfore, good sunne, absteyne fro syn euer-more after this.

3e may both saue & spyll yower sowle, that ys so precyvs

Libere velle, libere velle, God may not deny, i-wys.

887

Beware of Titiuilly with hys net & of all hys enmys 2 wyll, Of 30ur synfull delectacion that grewyth 30ur gostly substans.

30ur body ys your enmy, let hym not haue hys wyll.

Take your lewe whan 3e wyll, God send 30w good perseuerans! 8

[Mank.] Syth I schall departe, blyse me, fader her then I go. God send ws all plente of hys gret mercy!

MERCY. Dominus 4 custodi[a]t te ab omni malo 5

In nomine Patris [et] Filii 6 et Spiritus Sancti. Amen! 895

Hic exit Mankende.

Wyrschep[f]yll sofereyns, I haue do my propirte;
Mankynd ys deliueryd by my sunerall 7 patrocynye.

God preserue hym fro all wyckyd captiuite
And send hym grace hys sensuall condicion to mortifye! 899

Now, for hys lowe that for vs receyuyd hys humanite,

Serche 8 your condicyons with dew examinacion!

Thynke & remembyr the world ys but a wanite,

As yt ys prowyd daly by diuerse mutacyon.

903

Mankend ys wrechyd, he hath sufficyent prowe;

There-fore God [kepe] 30w all, per suam misericordiam,

That ye may be pleseres with the angell[es] abowe,

And hawe to 30ur porcyon vitam eternam. Amen! 907

¹ MS. Libere welle leibere welle; corr. by Kittredge.

² Possibly enuius.

⁶ MS. filiis.

⁸ MS. perseuernas.

⁷ Kittredge suggests special.

⁴ MS. Domine.

⁸ MS. Serge.

⁵ MS. mali.

⁹ Perhaps partakers.

FYNIS.

- C.. ūber fi qi cui.. costu forte queretur
 h.y.gham quod omtche dices sup oia costa.1
- ¹ This is almost entirely effaced. At the end of Mind, Will and Understanding, the same lines occur in this form:

O liber, siquis cui costas queretur, Hyngham quod monacho dices super omnia costi.

Query:

O liber, si quidem cui constes forte queretur, Hyngham quod monacho dices super omnia constas.

(Kittredge.)

MUNDUS ET INFANS.

Printed from the Roxburghe Club reprint (London, 1817). A collation with the original, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, shows only two errors in this reprint. The editions of Collier (Coll.) and Hazlitt (Haz.), in Dodsley's "Old Plays," are quoted in the footnotes only for important variants and emendations. Punctuation, capitals, and division into stanzas are mine; other deviations from the Roxburghe reprint (R.) are indicated as they occur.

[Dramatis Personae.

MUNDUS, also called THE WORLDE.

INFANS, also called WANTON, LUST AND LYKYNGE, MANHODE, SHAME, and AGE.

CONSCYENCE.

FOLYE.

Perseueraunce.]

Here begynneth a propre newe Interlude of the worlde and the chylde / otherwyse called [Mundus & Infans]¹ & it sheweth of the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.²

[Mundus, seated on his throne.]

Mundus. Syrs, seace of your sawes, what-so befall,
And loke ye bow bonerly to my byddynge,
For I am ruler of realmes, I warne you all,
And ouer all fodys 8 I am kynge,

For I am kynge and well knowen in these realmes rounde.

I haue also paleys 4 ypyght;

- 1 These brackets are in R.
- ² Beneath this title R. has a wood-cut representing a crowned king seated on a throne and holding as symbols of his power a sceptre and a ball surmounted by a cross. Above the cut is his name, Mundus.
 - 8 Coll. suggests folys.
 - 4 A word, perhaps princely, has fallen out.

I haue stedes in stable stalworthe and stronge, Also stretes and strondes full strongely ydyght;	8
For all the Worlde 1 wyde, I wote well, is my name; All rychesse, redely, it renneth in me,	
All pleasure worldely, both myrthe and game. My-selfe semely in sale I sende with you to be,	I 2
For I am the Worlde, I warne you all,	
Prynce of powere and of plente.	
He that cometh not whan I do hym call,	
I shall hym smyte with pouerte,	16
For pouerte I parte in many a place	
To them that wyll not obedyent be.	
I am a kynge in euery case;	-
Me thynketh I am a 2 god of grace,	20
The floure of vertu foloweth me.	
Lo! here I sette semely in se!	
I commaunde you all obedyent be,	
And with fre wyll ye folowe me.	24
[Enter Infans.]	
Infans. Cryst, our kynge, graunte you clerly to know the case!	
To meue of this mater that is in my mynde,	
Clerely [to] declare it Cryst graunte me grace!	27
Now, semely syrs, beholde on me	
How mankynde doth begynne:	
I am a chylde, as you may se,	
Goten in game and in grete synne.	31
Fourty 4 wekes my moder me founde,	
Flesshe and blode my fode was tho;	
¹ R. storlde.	
² R. omits a; original has it, so also Coll., Haz. ⁸ A line out? ⁴ R. xl.	

MUNDUS ET INFANS.	355
Whan I was rype from her to founde, In peryll of dethe we stode bothe two.	35
Now 1 to seke dethe I must begyn, For to passe that strayte passage; For body and soule that shall than twynne And make a partynge of that maryage.	3 9
Fourty wekes I was frely fedde Within my moders wombe; ² Full oft of dethe she was adred Whan that I sholde parte her from.	43
Now in to the Worlde she hathe me sent, Poore and naked as ye may se; I am not worthely wrapped nor went, But powerly prycked in pouerte.	47
Now in to the Worlde wyll I wende, Some comforte of hym for to craue. [Goes to Mundus.] All hayle, comely crowned kynge! God, that all made, you se and saue!	51
Mund. Welcome, fayre chylde! What is thy name? Inf. I wote not, syr, withouten blame; But ofte tyme my moder, in her game, Called me Dalyaunce. Mund. Dalyaunce, my swete chylde? It is a name that is ryght wylde, For, whan thou waxest olde, It is a name of no substaunce.	59
But, my fayre chylde, what woldest thou haue? INF. Syr, of some comforte I you craue, Mete and clothe my lyfe to saue; And I your true seruaunt shall be.	J

8 Here and below R. spells the speakers' names in full.

Mund. Now, fayre chylde, I graunte the thyne askynge; I wyll the fynde whyle thou art yinge, So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddynge. These garmentes gaye I gyue to the;	67
And also I gyue to the a name	
And clepe the Wanton, in euery game, Tyll xiiij yere be come and gone,—	
And than come agayne to me.	
WANTON. Gramercy, Worlde, for myne araye!	
For now I purpose me to playe.	
MUNDUS. Fare-well, fayre chylde, and haue good-daye!	
All rychelesnesse is kynde for the.	75
WANTON. A ha! Wanton is my name!	
I can many a quaynte game:	
Lo, my toppe I dryue in same, —	
Se, it torneth rounde!	
I can with my scorge-stycke	
My felowe vpon the heed hytte,	
And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe,	
And blere on hym my tonge.	83
If brother or syster do me chyde,	
I wyll scratche and also byte;	
I can crye and also kyke	
And mocke them all be rewe.	
If fader or moder wyll me smyte,	
I wyll wrynge with my lyppe	
And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe	
And call my dame shrewe.	91
A ha! a newe game haue I founde!	
Se this gynne, it renneth rounde;	
And here another haue I founde;	
And yet mo can I fynde.	
I can mowe on a man;	

And make a lesynge well I can,

And mayntayne it ryght well than, —
This connynge came me of kynde.

99

Ye, syrs, I can well gelde a snayle; And catche a cowe by the tayle,¹—

This is a fayre connynge;

I can daunce and also skyppe;

I can playe at the chery-pytte;

And I can wystell you a fytte, Syres, in a wylowe 2 ryne.

106

Ye, syrs, and euery daye

Whan I to scole shall take the waye,

Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye,

Perys and plommes to plucke.

I can spye a sparowes nest.

I wyll not go to 8 scole but whan me lest,

For there begynneth a sory fest

Whan the mayster sholde lyfte my docke.

114

But, syrs, whan I was seuen yere of age, I was sent to the Worlde to take wage, And this seuen yere I haue ben his page And kept his commaundement.

Now I wyll wende to the Worlde, that worthy emperou[r].

[He approaches Mundus.]

Hayle, lorde of grete honour!

This vij yere I haue serued you in hall and in boure With all my trewe entent.

122

MUND. Now, welcome, Wanton, my derlynge dere!

A newe name I shall gyue the here:

Loue, Lust, Lykynge, in-fere, -

These thy names they shall be, —

All game and gle and gladnes,

All loue-longynge in lewdnes.

This seuen yere forsake all sadnes, And than come agayne to me.

130

LUST-AND-LYKYNG. A ha! now Lust and Lykyng is my name!

I am as fresshe as flourys in Maye; I am semely shapen in same,

And proudely apperelde in garmentes gaye;

134

My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye,

And in loue-longynge my harte is sore sette;

Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre,

To lye in hell tell domysdaye for loue 1 I wolde not let, My loue for to wynne.

All game and gle,

All myrthe and melodye,

All reuell and ribaudye,2

And of bost wyll I neuer blynne.

143

But, syrs, I am now * xix wynter olde;

I-wys, I waxe wonder bolde.

Now I wyll go to the Worlde,

A heygher seyence to assaye. For the Worlde wyll me auaunce, I wyll kepe his gouernaunce;

For he is a kynge in all substaunce,

His plesynge wyll I praye.4

151

[He approaches Mundus.]

All hayle, mayster, full of myght!
I haue you serued bothe day and nyght;
Now I come 5 as I you behyght,—

One and twenty wynter is comen and gone.

MUND. Now, welcome, Loue, Lust and Lykynge!

For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddynge,

¹ R. foue; Kittredge suggests the omission of for loue.

² R. ryotte; Kittredge suggests: All ryotte and reuellrye.

⁸ So in original; R. now am; Coll., Haz. now I am.

⁴ The order of ll. 150, 151 is reversed in R.

⁵ R. comen.

² The author evidently pronounced this Covetyse (cf. ll. 412, 441); but, as this spelling occurs many times and Couetys only once, it seems best to retain the spelling of the text.

⁸ After kynge, R. repeats without lesynge from 1. 184.

Mund. The fyrste kynge hyght Pryde. Manh. A, lorde! with hym fayne wolde I byde. Mund. Ye, but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde? Manh. Ye, syr; and therto my trouthe I plyght. That I shall truely Pryde present I swere by Saynt Thomas of Kent; To serue hym truely is myn entent, With mayne and all my myght.	195
Mund. Now, Manhode, I wyll araye the newe In robes ryall, ryght of good hewe; And I praye the pryncypally be trewe; And here I dubbe the a knyght, — And haunte alwaye to chyualry! I gyue the grace and also beaute, Gold and syluer, gret plente, Of the wronge to make the ryght.	203
MANH. Gramercy, Worlde and emperour! Gramercy, Worlde and gouernoure! Gramercy, comforte in all coloure! And now I take my leue; fare-well! MUND. Farewell, Manhode, my gentyll knyght! Fare-well, my sone, semely in syght! I gyue the a swerde 2 and also strength and myght, In batayle boldly to bere the well.	211
MANH. Now I am dubbed a knyght hende, Wonder wide shall waxe my fame! To seke aduentures now wyll I wende, To please the Worlde in gle and game.	215
Mund. Lo, syrs, I am a prynce, peryllous 8 yprovyde, 4 I-preuyd full peryllous 8 and pethely i-pyght, As a lorde in eche londe I am belouyd;	
Myne eyen do shyne as lanterne bryght; 1 Possibly for doloure, but perhaps correct as it stands. 2 R. aswerde. 4 R. yprobyde. 8 Probably pereles, see Notes.	219

I am a creature comely, out of care; Emperours and kynges they knele to my kne; Euery man is a-ferde whan I do on hym stare, For all mery medell-erthe maketh mencyon of me;	223
Yet all is my 1 hande-werke, both by downe and by dale, Bothe the see and the lande 2 and foules that fly; And I were ones moued, I tell you in tale, There durst no 8 sterre stere, that stondeth in the sky,	227
For I am lorde and leder so in that londe, All boweth to my byddynge bonerly aboute; Who that styreth with ony stryfe or wayteth me with wronge, I shall myghtly make hym to stamer and stowpe, For I am rychest in myne araye, I haue knyghtes and toures, I haue ladyes bryghtest in bourys. Now wyll I fare on these flourys; Lordynges, haue good-daye! [Exit.]	236
Manh. Peas, now peas, ye felowes all aboute! Peas now, and herken to my sawes! For I am lorde bothe stalworthy and stoute; All londes are ledde by my lawes.	240
Baron was there neuer borne that so well hym bare, A better ne a bolde[r] nor a bryghter of ble; For I haue myght and mayne ouer countrees fare, And Manhode myghty am I namyd in euery countre;	244
For Salerne and Samers and Ynde the loys, ⁴ Caleys, Kente, and Cornewayle I haue conquered clene, Pycardye and Pountes and gentyll Artoys, Florence, Flaunders and Fraunce, and also Gascoyne,— All I haue conquered as a knyght.	

¹ R. is at my.

² Perhaps Bothe the see and the sande, the common alliterative phrase.

⁸ R. do; corr. by Collier.

⁴ Haz. reads Andaluse.

There is no emperour so kene
That dare me lyghtly tene,
For lyues and lymmes I lene,
So mykyll is my myght;

253

For I haue boldely blode full dyspyteously spylde,¹
There many hath lefte fyngers and fete, both heed and face.

I have done harme on hedes and knyghtes have I kyld; And many a lady for my loue hath sayd alas.

257

Brygaunt Ernys² I haue beten to backe and to bonys,
And beten also many a grome to grounde;
Brestplates I haue beten as Steuen was with stonys;
So fell a fyghter in felde³ was there neuer yfounde.

To me no man is makyde;

For Manhode myghty, that is my name,

Many a lorde haue I do lame;

Wonder wyde walketh my fame,

And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd.

266

I am worthy and wyght, wytty and wyse,

I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryse,

I am proudely aparelde in purpure and byse,

As golde I glyster in gere;

I am styffe, stronge, stalworthe and stoute,

I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route,

There is no knyght so grysly that I drede nor dout,

.For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere.4 274

And the kynge of Pryde, full prest, with all his proude presens, And the kynge of Lechery louely his letters hath me sent, And the kynge of Wrathe full wordely, with all his entent,

They wyll me mayntayne with mayne and all theyr myght; 5

¹ R. pyteously dyspylde.

² R. Brygaunt Ernys; Coll. Brygaunt Ermys; Haz. Brigand harness.

⁸ R. in a felde.

⁴ Qy. after dyght, read no dint may me dere.

⁵ Qy. with mayne & with myght.

The kynge of Couetous, and the kynge of Glotony,
The kynge of Slouthe, and the kynge of Enuy,
All those sende me theyr leuery.
Where is now so worthy a wyght?

A wyght?

Ye, as a wyght wytty.

Ye, as a wyght wytty,
Here in this sete sytte I;
For no loues lette I
Here for to sytte.

287

[Enter Conscyence.]

Consc. Cryst, as he is crowned kynge,
Saue all this comely company,
And graunte you all his dere blessynge,
That bonerly bought you on the roode-tree!

291

Now praye you prestly on euery ¹ syde
To God omnypotent
To set our enemy sharpely on-syde, —

295

And all men to haue a clere knowynge Of heuen blysse, that hye toure. Me thynke it is a nessarye 2 thynge

For yonge and olde, both ryche and pore,

299

Poore Conscyence for to knowe;

For Conscyence clere it is my name.

That is, the deuyll and his couent, —

Conscyence counseyleth both hye and lowe,

And Conscyence comenly bereth grete blame, —

Blame?

Ye, and oftentymes set in shame.

Wherfore I rede you men, bothe in ernest and in game, Conscyence that ye knowe.

307

For I knowe all the mysterys of man, They be as symple as they can;

¹ R. enery.

² Probably intentional.

And in euery company where I come Conscyence is out cast.

All the worlde dothe Conscyence hate;

Mankynde and Conscyence ben at debate,

For yf mankynde myght Conscyence take

My body wolde they brast, —

Brast?1

Ye, and warke me moche wo.

MANHODE. Say, how felowe! who gaue the leue this way to go?

What! wenest thou I dare not come the to?
Say, thou harlot! whyder in hast?

320

CONSC. What! let me go, syr; I knowe you nought! MANHODE. No, bychyde brothell? Thou shalt be taught! For I am a knyght, and I were sought;

The Worlde hath auaunced me,

Consc. Why, good syr knyght, what is your name?

MANH. Manhode, myghty in myrthe and in game;

All powere of Pryde haue I tane;

I am as gentyll as iay on tre.

328

Consc. Syr, thoughe the Worlde haue you to manhode brought,

To mayntayne maner[s] ye were neuer taught:

No; Conscyence clere ye knowe ryght nought, And this longeth to a knyght.

MANH. Conscyence! what the deuyll, man, is he?

Consc. Syr a techer of the spyrytualete.

MANH. Spyrytualyte! what the deuyll may that be?

Consc. Syr, all that be leders in-to lyght.

336

MANH. Lyght? Ye, but herke, felowe, yet! Lyght fayne wolde I se.

CONSC. Wyll ye so, syr knyght? Than do after me.

MANH. Ye, and it to Prydes pleasynge be,

I wyll take thy techynge.

¹ In R. this word is in the following line.

Consc. Nay, syr; beware of Pryde, and you do well,—
For pryde Lucyfer fell in-to hell;
Tyll domysday ther shall he dwell,
Withouten ony out-comynge:

344

For pride, syr, is but a vayne glorye.

MANH. Peas, thou brothell, and lette those wordes be! For the Worlde and Pryde hath auaunced me;

To me men lewte full lowe.

CONSC. And to beware of pryde, syr, I wolde you counsayll; And thynke on Kynge Robert of Cysell,
How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell

For he wolde not Conscyence knowe.

352

MANH. Ye, Conscyence, go forthe thy waye, For I loue Pryde and wyll go gaye; All thy techynge is not worthe a straye, For Pryde I clepe my kynge.

Consc. Syr, there is no kynge but God alone, That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon,—

In Scrypture thus we fynde.

360

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, syth thou woldest haue Pryde fro me,

What sayest thou by the kynge of Lechery? With all mankynde he must be,

And with hym I loue to lende.2

CONSC. Nay, Manhode, that may not be;

From Lechery fast you fle,

For in combraunce it wyll brynge the

And all that to hym wyll wende.8

368

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, of the kynge of Slouthe! He hath behyght me mykell trouthe;
And I may not forsake hym for ruthe,
For with hym I thynke to rest.

¹ R. counsayll you.

Consc. Manhode, in Scrypture thus we fynde, That Slouthe is a traytour to heuen kynge; Syr knyght, yf you wyll kepe your kynde, ¹ Frome ² Slouthe clene you cast.

376

Manh. Say, Conscyence, [of] the kynge of Glotonye!

He sayth he wyll not for-sake me;

And I purpose his saruaunt to be,

With mayne and all my myght.

Consc. Thynke, Manhode, on substaunce,

And put out Glotonye for combraunce,

And kepe with you Good-Gouernaunce,

For this longeth to a knyght.

384

MANH. What! Conscyence, frome all my maysters thou woldest haue me;

But I wyll neuer forsake Enuy,

For he is kynge of company,

Bothe with more and lasse.

Consc. Nay, Manhode, that may not be;

And ye wyll cherysshe Enuy,

God wyll not well pleased be

To comforte you in that case.

392

MANH. Ey, ey! from fyue kynges thou hast counseyled me; But from the kynge of Wrathe I wyll neuer fle, For he is in euery dede doughty,

For hym dare no man rowte.

CONSC. Nay, Manhode, beware of Wrathe,

For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth;

Ye, and all men his company hateth,

For ofte they stonde in doubte.

400

MANH. Fye on the, fals, flatterynge frere!

Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here;

The deuyll mote set the on a fyre,

That ever I with the mete!

1 R. kynge; corr. by Collier.

² R. Rrome.

For thou counseylest me from all gladnes And wolde me set vnto all sadnes, But, or thou brynge me in this madnes, The deuyll breke thy necke! 408 But, syr frere, — euyll mote thou thye! — Frome vi kynges thou hast conseyled me; But that daye shall thou neuer se To counsayll me frome Couetous,1 Consc. No, syr, I wyll not you from Couetous brynge, For Couetous I clepe a kynge: Syr, Couetous in good doynge Is good in all wyse. 416 But, syr kynght, wyll ye do after me, And Couetous your kynge shall be? MANH. Ye, syr, my trouthe I plyght to the That I wyll warke at thy wyll. Manhode, wyll ye by this worde stande? Consc. MANH. Ye, Conscyence, here my hande! I wyll neuer from it fonge,2 Neyther loude ne styll. 424 CONSC. Manhode, ye must loue God aboue all thynge; His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge; Kepe your holy daye from worldly doynge; Your fader and moder worshyppe aye; Coueyte ye to sle no man; Ne do no lechery with no woman; Your neyboures good take not be no waye; 8 And all false-wytnesse ye must denaye; 432 Neyther ye must not couete no mannes wyfe, Nor no good that hym be-lythe, ---This couetys shall kepe you out of stryfe: These ben the commaundementes ten. Manhode,4 and ye these commaundementes kepe,

⁸ Oy. take not than.

4 R. Mankynde.

1 See note on 1. 176.

² Qy. wande.

Heuen blysse I you behete,

For Crystes commaundementes [ben] all ¹ full swete

And full necessary to all men.

440

MANH. What! Conscyence, is this thy Couetous? 2

CONSC. Ye, Manhode, in all wyse!

And coueyte to Crystes seruyse,

Bothe to matyns and to masse!

Ye must, Manhode, with all your myght

Mayntayne Holy Chyrches ryght,

For this longeth to a knyght,

Playnly in euery place.

448

MANH. What! Conscyence, sholde I leue all game and gle?

Consc. Nay, Manhode, so mote I thye;

All myrthe in measure is good for the,

But, syr, measure is in all thynge.

MANH. Measure, Conscyence? what thynge may measure be?

Consc. Syr, kepe you in charyte,

And from all euyll company

For doubte of foly doynge.

456

MANH. Folye? what thynge callest thou folye?

CONSC. Syr, it is Pryde, Wrathe, and Enuy,

Slouthe, Couetous and Glotonye, —

Lechery the seuente is:

These seuen synnes I call folye.

MANH. What, thou lyest! 3 To this

Seuen the Worlde delyuered me,

And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute

And most of mayne and myghtes;

465

But yet I pray the, syr, tell me: May I not go arayde honestly?

¹ Haz. emends all to are. 2 See note on 1. 176.

⁸ The stanza is abnormal, it can be reduced to the usual form by omitting, What, thou lyest.

Consc. Yes, Manhode, hardely, In all maner of degre.

But I must have sportynge of playe. Manh.

Consc. Sykerly, Manhode, I say not naye,

But good gouernaunce kepe both nyght and daye, And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy.

473

All mercy, Conscyence? what may that be? MANH.

Consc. Syr all dyscrecyon that God gaue the.

Dyscressyon I knowe not, so mote I the! MANH.

Consc. Syr, it is all the wyttes that God hath you sende.1 477

A, Conscyence, Conscyence! now I knowe and se Thy cunnynge is moche more than myne;

But yet I pray the, syr, tell me:

What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme?

481

Consc. Syr, in euery tyme beware of folye, —

Folye is full of false flaterynge;

In what occupacyon that euer ye be,

Alwaye, or ye begyn, thynke on the endynge, For blame.

Nowe fare-well, Manhode; I must wende.

Now fare-well, Conscyence, myne owne frende!

CONSC. I pray you, Manhode, have God in mynde

And beware of Folye and Shame.

490

MANH. Yes, yes! Ye, come wynde and rayne, God let hym neuer come here agayne!

Now he is forwarde,2 I am ryght fayne,

For in faythe, syr, he had nere counsayled me all amys. 494

[Exit Conscyence.]

A, a! now I haue be-thought me! Yf I shall heuyn wyn Conscyence techynge I must begyn, And clene forsake the kynges of synne That the Worlde me taught,

¹ Qy. hath sent the.

² Kittredge suggests frowarde.

And Conscyence seruaunt wyll I be, And beleue, as he hath taught me, Upon one God and persones thre That made all thynge of nought.	502
For Conscyence clere I clepe my kynge And [me] his knyght in good doynge, For, ryght of reason as I fynde, Conscyence techynge trewe is.¹ The Worlde is full of boost, And sayth he is of myghtes moost; All his techynge is not worthe a toost,² For Conscyence he dothe refuse.	510
But yet wyll I hym not forsake, For mankynde he doth mery make. Thoughe the Worlde and Conscyence be at debate, Yet the Worlde wyll I not despyse; For bothe in chyrche and in chepynge And in other places beynge, The Worlde fyndeth me all thynge And dothe me grete seruyse.	518
Now here full prest I thynke to rest! Now myrthe is best!	59 T
[Enter Folye.]	521
FOLYE. What, hey how, care awaye! My name is Folye! Am I 4 not gaye? Is here ony man that wyll saye naye! That renneth in this route! A, syr, God gyue you good eue! MANH. Stonde vtter, felowe! Where doest thou thy curtesy preue? FOLYE. What! I do but clawe myne ars, syr, be your leue.	
I praye you, syr, ryue me this cloute.	529

¹ R. is trewe.

⁸ R. to ro rest.

² R. coost; corr. by Kittredge.

⁴ R. I am.

MANH. What, stonde out, thou sayned 1 shrewe! FOLYE. By my 2 faythe, syr, there the cocke crewe, For I take recorde of this rewe My thedome is nere past. MANH. Now, trewely, it may well be so. FOLYE. By God, syr, yet haue I felowes mo, For in euery countre where I go Some man his thryfte hath lost. 537 MANH. But herke, felowe; art thou ony craftes man? FOLYE. Ye, syr, I can bynde a syue and tynke a pan; And, therto, a coryous bukler-player I am. Aryse, felowe; wyll thou assaye? Now, truely, syr, I trow thou canst but lytell skyl MANH. of playe. FOLYE. Yes, by Cockes bones, that I can! I wyll neuer fle for no man That walketh by the waye. 545 Felowe, thoughe thou have kunnynge, I counsayll the leue thy bostynge, For here thou may thy felowe fynde, Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte. FOLYE. Come, loke, and thou darest; aryse and assaye! MANH. Ye, syr, but yet Conscyence byddeth me naye. FOLYE. No, syr, thou darest not, in good faye, For truely thou faylest no false herte. 553 What sayst thou? haue I a false herte? FOLYE. Ye, syr, in good faye. Manhode wyll not that I saye naye! Defende the, Folye, yf thou 8 maye, For, in feythe, I purpose to wete what thou art. 558

[They fight.]

How sayste thou now, Folye? hast thou not a touche? No, ywys, but a lytell on my pouche; FOLYE.

¹ Collier suggests fayned.

² R. By by. ⁸ R. tyou.

On all this meyne I wyll me wouche, That stondeth here aboute.

MANH. And I take recorde on all this rewe

Thou hast two touches, though I saye but fewe.

FOLYE. Ye, this place is not without a shrewe, I do you all out of doute.1

566

MANH. But herke, felowe; by thy faythe, where was thou bore?

FOLYE. By my faythe, in Englonde haue I dwelled yore, And all myne auncetters me before;

But, syr, in London is my chefe dwellynge.

MANH. In London? Where, yf a man the sought?

FOLYE. Syr, in Holborne I was forthe brought;

And with the courtyers I am betaught;

To Westmynster I vsed to wende.

574

MANH. Herke, felowe! why doost thou to Westminster drawe?

FOLYE. For I am a seruaunt of the lawe;

Couetous is myne owne felowe, —

We twayne plete for the kynge;

And poore men that come from vplande,

We wyll take theyr mater in hande, —

Be it ryght or be it wronge,

Theyr thryfte with vs shall wende.

582

MANH. Now here, felowe! I praye the whyder wendest thou than?

FOLYE. By my feyth, syr, into London I ran To the tauernes to drynke the wyne;

And than to the innes I toke the waye,

And there I was not welcome to the osteler,

But I was welcome to the fayre tapester,

And to all the housholde I was ryght dere,

For I have dwelled with her 2 many a daye.

590

¹ R. dewe.

² Oy. for with her, read there, or with them.

M' Now, I praye the, whyder toke thou the waye than? 1

FOLYE. In feythe, syr, ouer London-brydge I ran,

And the streyght waye to the stewes I came,

And toke lodgynge for a nyght;

And there I founde my brother, Lechery:

There men and women dyde folye,

And every man made of me as worthy

As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght.

598

MANH. I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduentures.

FOLYE. In feythe, euen streyght to all the freres,

And with them I dwelled many yeres;

And they crowned Folye a kynge.

MANH. I praye the, felowe, whyder wendest thou tho?

FOLYE. Syr, all Englande to and fro,

In-to abbeys and in-to nonnerves also;

And alwaye Folye dothe felowes fynde.

606

MANH. Now, herke, felowe! I praye the, tell me thy name.

FOLYE. I-wys, I hyght bothe Folye and Shame.

MANH. A ha! thou arte he that Conscyence dyd blame, Whan he me taught.

I praye the, Folye,² go hens and folowe not me.

FOLYE. Yes, good syr, let me your seruaunt be!

MANH. Naye, so mote I thye,

For than a shrewe had I caught!

614

FOLYE. Why, good syr, what is your name?

MANH. Manhode myghty, that bereth no blame.

FOLYE. By the roode, and Manhode mystereth in euery game

Somdele to cherysshe Folye;

For Folye is felowe with the Worlde,

And gretely beloued with many a lorde,

And yf ye put me out of your warde,

The Worlde ryght wroth wyll be.

622

¹ R. than the waye.

² R. folyc.

MANH. Ye, syr, yet had I leuer the Worlde be wrath Than lese the cunnynge that Conscyence me gaue. FOLYE. A cuckowe for Conscyence, he is but a dawe! He can not elles but preche. 626 MANH. Ye; I praye the, leue thy lewde claterynge, For Conscyence is a counseler for a kynge. FOLYE. I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techynge, He dooth but make men wrothe. 630 But wottest thou what I saye, man? By that ylke trouthe that God me gaue, Had I that bychyde Conscyence in this place, I sholde so bete hym with my staffe That all his stownes sholde stynke. MANH. I praye the, Folye, go hens and folowe not me. FOLYE. Yes, syr, so mote I thye, Your seruaunt wyll I be; I axe but mete and drynke. 639 MANH. Peace, man! I may not haue the for thy name; For thou sayst thy name is bothe Folye and Shame. FOLYE. Syr, here in this cloute I knyt Shame, And clype me but Propre Folye. MANH. Ye, Folye, wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt? FOYLE. Ye, syr Manholde; here my hande! MANH. Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt, For that is curtesy. 647 FOLYE. Mary, mayster, ye shall haue in hast. [Aside] A ha! syrs, let the catte wynke! For all ye wote not what I thynke! I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke That Conscyence he shall awaye cast. 652

Haue, mayster, and drynke well,
And let vs make reuell, reuell!
For I swere by the chyrche of Saynt Myghell
I wolde we were at stewes,

For there is nothynge but reuell-route;
And we were there, I haue 1 no doubte
I sholde be knowen all aboute,
Where Conscyence they wolde refuse.

660

MANH. Peas, Folye, my fayre frende!

For, by Cryste, I wolde not that Conscyence sholde me here fynde.

FOLYE. Tusshe, mayster, thereof speke no-thynge, For Conscyence cometh no tyme here.

MANH. Peace, Folye; there is 2 no man that knoweth me?

FOLYE. Syr, here my trouthe I plyght to the,

And thou wylte go thyder with me,

For knowlege haue thou no care.

668

MANH. Pease! but it is hens a grete waye?

FOLYE. Parde, syr, we may be there on a daye.

Ye, and we shall be ryght welcome, I dare well saye, In Estchepe for to dyne;

And than we wyll with Lombardes at passage playe,

And at the Popes Heed swete wyne assaye;

We shall be lodged well a-fyne.

675

MANH. What sayest thou, Folye; is this the best?

FOLYE. Syr, all this is manhode, well thou knowest.

MANH. Now, Foly, go we hens in hast;

But fayne wolde I chaunge my name,

For well I wote yf Conscyence mete me in this tyde,

Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde.

FOLYE. Syr, for fere of you his face he shall hyde:

I shall clepe you Shame.

683

MANH. Now, gramercy, Folye, my felowe in-fere! Go we hens; tary no lenger here;

Tyll we be gone me thynke it seuen yere, — I haue golde and good to spende.

¹ R. had.

² Qy. is there.

8 *Oy*. is it.

FOLYE. A ha! mayster, that is good chere.

[Aside] And or it be passed halfe a yere,

I shall the shere ryght a lewde frere,

And hyther agayne the sende.

691

MANH. Folye, go before and teche me the waye.

FOLYE. Come after, Shame, I the praye,

And Conscyence clere ye cast awaye.

[Aside] Lo, syrs, this Folye techeth aye,
For where Conscyence cometh with his cunnynge,
Yet Folye full fetely shall make hym blynde:
Folye before and Shame behynde,—

Lo, syrs, thus fareth the worlde alwaye!

699

[Exit Folye.]

MANH. [Sings] 1 Now I wyll folowe Folye,
For Folye is my man;
Ye, Folye is my felowe
And hath gyuen me a name:
Conscyence called me Manhode,
Folye calleth me Shame.

705

[Speaks] Folye wyll me lede to London to lerne reuell; Ye, and Conscyence is but a flaterynge brothell, For euer he is carpynge of care.

The Worlde and Folye counseylleth me to all gladnes; Ye, and Conscyence counseylleth me to all sadnes, 2—Ye, to moche sadnes myght brynge me in-to madnes.

And now haue good-daye, syrs; to London to seke
Folye wyll I fare.
712

[Enter Conscyence.]

Consc. Saye, Manhode, frende, whyder wyll ye go? Manh. Nay, syr, in faythe, my name is not so. Why, frere, what the deuyll hast thou to do Whyder I go or abyde?

¹ This is not indicated as a song in R., and is printed as three long lines.

² R. sadnts.

MUNDUS ET INFANS.	377
CONSC. Yes, syr, I will counsell you for the best! MANH. I wyll none of thy counsell, so haue I rest! I wyll go whyder me 1 lest, For thou canst nought elles but chyde.	720
[Exit Manhode.]	
Consc. Lo, syrs, a grete ensample you may se: The freylnes of Mankynde, How oft he falleth in folye	
Throughe temptacyon of the fende;	724
For, whan the fende and the flesshe be at one assent, Than Conscyence clere is clene out cast; Men thynke not on the grete iugement That the sely soule shall haue at the last;	728
But wolde God, all men wolde haue in mynde Of the grete daye of dome, How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge Of euyll dedes that he hath done.	732
But natheles, ² syth it is so, That Manhode is forthe with Folye wende, To seche Perseueraunce now wyll I go, With the grace of God Omnypotent.	736
His counseylles ben [with God] in-fere; Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere; Nexte to hym is Conscyence clere From synnynge. Now in-to ⁸ thys presence, to Cryst I praye To spede me well in my iournaye! Fare-well, lordynges, and haue good daye;	
To seke Perseueraunce wyll I wende.	744
[Exit Conscyence; enter Perseueraunce.]	
¹ R. my. ² R. nedeles; Haz. [it is] nedeles. ⁸ Qy. in.	

PERS. Now Cryst, our comely Creature, 'clerer than crystal clene,	
That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon,	
Saue all this company that is gathered here, bydene,	
And set all your soules in-to good saluacyon!	748
Now good God, that is moost wysest and welde 2 of wyttes,	
This company counsell, comforte and glad,	
And saue all this multytude 8 that semely here syttes!	
Now, good God, for his mercy, that all men made,—	752
Now Mary, Moder, mekest that I mene,	
Shelde all this company from euyll conuersacyon,4	
And saue you from our enemy, as she is bryght and clene,	
And at the last day of dome delyuer you from euerlast-	
<pre>ynge dampnac[y]on!</pre>	756
Syrs, Perseueraunce is my name;	
Conscyence [my] borne broder is;	
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne,	
That they sholde to no vyces enclyne,	
For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys	
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame.	
Therfore in this presens to Cryst I praye,	
Or that I hens wende awaye,	
Some good worde that I may saye	
To borowe mannes soul from blame.	766
[Enter Manhode 5 old and broken.]	
AGE. Alas, alas, that me is wo!	
My lyfe, my lykynge I haue forlorne;	
My rentes, my rychesse, it is all ygo;	
Alas the daye that I was borne!	770

770

¹ This spelling of Creator is too common to change.

² Welde (= weldy) seems more likely than welder or welle.

⁸ R. symylytude; apparently a confusion of semely (= assembly) and multitude.

⁴ R. Inuersacyon.

⁵ Henceforth called Age.

For I was borne Manhode, moost of myght,
Styffe, stronge, both stalworthy and stoute;
The Worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght,
All bowed to my byddynge bonerly aboute;

774

Than Conscyence clere, comely and kynde,

Mekely he met me in sete there I sate,

He lerned me a lesson of his techynge,

And the vij deedly synnes full lothely he dyde hate:

778

Pryde, Wrathe and Enuy and Couetous in kynde,—
The Worlde all these synnes delyuered me vntyll,—
Slouthe, Glotony, and Lechery, that is full of false flaterynge,—
All these Conscyence reproued both lowde and styll. 782

To Conscyence I helde vp my hande
To kepe Crystes commaundementes,²
He warned me of Folye, that traytour, and bade me beware;
And thus he went his waye.
But I haue falsly me forsworne,—
Alas the daye that I was borne!

790

In London many a daye
At the passage I wolde playe,
I thought to borowe and neuer paye;
Than was I sought and set in stockes.
In Newgate I laye vnder lockes;
If I sayd ought, I caught many knockes,
Alas! where was Manhode tho?
Alas, my lewdenes hath me lost!
Where is my body so proude and prest?
I coughe and rought, my body wyll brest,
Age dothe folowe me so.

For body and soule I have forlorne,

I clynge as a clodde in claye.

¹ R. couetous, Glotony being omitted.

² Qy. commaunde.

⁸ Line out?

I stare and stacker as I stonde,	
I grone grysly 1 vpon the grounde;	
Alas! Dethe, why lettest thou me ly	yue so longe?
I wander as a wyght in wo	,
And care.	•
For I haue done yll,	
Now wende I wyll	
My-selfe to spyll,	
I care not whyder nor who	er e ! 810
PERS. Well ymet, syr! well ymet!	and whyder awaye?
AGE. Why, good syr, wherby do y	ve saye?
PERS. Tell me, syr, I you praye,	•
And I with you wyll wende.	
AGE. Why, good syr, what is your	r name?
PERS. Forsothe, syr, Perseueraund	———————————————————————————————————————
AGE. Syr, ye are Conscyence	brother that me dyd
blame,	·
I may not with you lende.2	818
PERS. Yes, yes, Manhode, my frem	nde in-fere.
AGE. Nay, syr, my name is in ano	
For Folye his owne selfe was here	·
And hath clepyd me Shame.	
PERS. Shame!8 Nay, Manhode, le	et hym go,
Folye and his felowes also;	
For they wolde the brynge in-to car	e and wo,
And all that wyll folowe his ga	
AGE. Ye, game who-so game,	
Folye hath gyuen me a name; 4	
So where-euer I go	•
He clypped me Shame.	
Now Manhode is gone, ⁵	
Folye hath folowed me so.	832
¹ R. glysly.	4 R. aname.
² R. lynge.	⁵ Qy. go.
8 R. has Shame in a line	oy useif.

Whan I fyrst from my moder cam,
The Worlde made me a man,
And fast in ryches I ran
Tyll I was dubbed a knyght:
And than I met with Conscyence clere,
And he me set in suche manere
Me thought his techynge was full dere
Bothe by daye and nyght:

840

And than Folye met me,
And sharpely he beset me,
And from Conscyence he fet me,
He wolde not fro me go;
Many a daye he keped me,
And to all folkes he cleped me
For 1 Shame,
And vnto all synnes he set me.

Alas, that me is wo!

849

For I have falsely me forsworne;
Alas that I was borne!
Body and soule I am but lorne;
Me lyketh neyther gle nor game.

853

Pers. Nay, nay, Manhode, saye not so!

Be-ware of Wanhope, for he is a fo.

A newe name I shall gyue you to,

I clepe you Repentaunce;

For, and you here repente your synne,

Ye are possyble heuen to wynne,

But with grete contrycyon ye must begynne

And take you to abstynence.

86ı

For, thoughe a man had do alone
The deedly synnes euerychone,
And he with contrycyon make his mone
To Cryst our heuyn kynge,

¹ R. Fro.; Coll., Haz. omit.

² R. Wanhode; corr. by Kittredge; Coll., Haz. Manhode.

God is also gladde of hym As of the creature that neuer dyde syn.

AGE. Now, good syr, how sholde I contrycyon begyn?

Pers. Syr, in shryfte of mouthe without varyenge;

869

And another ensample I shall shewe you to:

Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo,

Thomas, James, and Johan also,

And also Mary Maudeleyn;

For Poule dyde Crystes people grete vylany,

And Peter at the Passyon forsoke Cryst thry,1

And Maudelayne lyued longe in lechery,

And Saynt Thomas byleued not in the Resurreccyon,

877

And yet these to Cryst are derlynges dere,

And now be sayntes in heuen clere;

And therfore, thoughe ye haue trespased here,

I hope ye be sory for your synne.

AGE. Ye, Perseuerance, I you plyght,

I am sory for my synne both daye and nyght;

I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght

How I sholde heuyn wynne.

885

Pers. So² to wynne heuyn v nessarye thynges there ben

That must be knowen to all mankynde;

The v wyttes doth begynne,

Syr, bodely and sprytually.

AGE. Of the v wyttes I wolde haue knowynge.

PERS. Forsoth, syr, herynge, seynge, and smellynge,

The remenaunte, tastynge and felynge, —

These ben the v wyttes bodely.

893

And, syr, other v wyttes ther ben.

AGE. Syr Perseueraunce, I knowe not them.

PERS. Now, Repentaunce, I shall you ken,—
They are the power of the soule:

¹ R. thryes.

Clere in mynde, — there is one, — Imagynacyon and all reason, Understondynge and compassyon, — These belonge vnto Perseueraunce.

901

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techynge!
But, good syr, is there ony more behynde
That is necessary to all mankynde
Frely for to knowe?
PERS. Ye, Repentaunce, more there be
That euery man must on byleue,—
The xij artycles of the byleue!
That mankynde must on trowe:

909

The fyrst, that God is in one substaunce,
And also that God is in thre persones,
Begynnynge and endynge without varyaunce,
And all this worlde made of nought;
The seconde, that the Sone of God, sykerly,
Toke flesshe and blode of the Vyrgyn Mary
Without touchynge of mannes flessh[1]e 2 companye,—
This must be in euery mannes thought;

917

The thyrde, that that same God Sone,

[Was] born of that Holy Vyrgyn,

And she after his byrthe mayden as she was beforne

And clerer in all kynde;

Also the fourthe, that same Cryst, God and man,

He suffred payne and passyon

Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon,

And on a crosse dyde hynge;

925

The fyfte artycle I shall you tell,—
Than the Spyryte of Godhed went to hell,
And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell,
By the power of his owne myght;

¹ R. fayth.

The vi artycle I shall you saye, —	
Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye,	
Very God and man withouten naye,	
That all shall deme and dyght;	933
He sent mannes soule 1 in-to heuen,	
Alofte all the aungelles euerychone,	
There is the Fader [and] the Sone,	
And sothfast Holy Goost; 2.	
The eyght artycle we must beleue on, —	
That same God shall come downe,	
And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome	
And on mercy than must we trust;	941
The ix artycle, with-outen stryfe, —	
Euery man, mayden, and wyfe,	
And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe	
And at the daye of dome body and soul	e shall pere; 8
Truely the x artycle is, —	
All they that hath kepyd Goddes seruyce,	
They shall be crowned in heuen blysse	
As Crystes seruauntes, to hym full dere	949
The xi artycle, the sothe to sayne,—	
All they that hath falsely to God guyded 4 th	em,
They shall be put in-to hell-payne,	
There shall be no synne couerynge;	
Syr, after the xii we must wyrche,	
And beleue in all the sacramentes of Holy C	hyrche,
That they ben necessary to 5 both last and fy	rste,
To all maner of mankynde.	957
Syr, ye must also here and knowe the comm	aundementes x.
Lo, syr, this is your beleue and all men;	
Do after it and ye shall heuen wyn,	
Without doubte, I knowe.	
¹ R. sonle. ⁴ R.	gayded.

² These two lines as one in R.

⁵ Qy. omit to.

⁸ Qy. omit And and body and soule.

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techynge, For in the spyryte of my soule wyll I fynde
That it is necessary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe.

965

Now, syrs, take all ensample by me,
How I was borne in symple degre;
The Worlde ryall receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght;
Than Conscyence met me;
So after hym came Folye;
Folye falsely deceyued me,
Than Shame my name hyght.

973

PERS. Ye, and now is your name Repentaunce
Throughe the grace of God Almyght;
And therfore, withoute ony dystaunce,
I take my leue of kynge and knyght;
And I praye to Jhesu whiche [h]as made vs all,
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall!

979

Amen!

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus et Infans. Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by me wynkyn de worde. The yere of our Lorde M.CCCCC. and .xxij. The .xvij. daye of July.

HYCKESCORNER.

The basis of the text is a collation of the reprint by Hawkins, "The Origin of the English Drama, Oxford, 1773," I, 69-111, with the original edition by Wynkyn de Worde (indicated in the footnotes by W.). Hawkins interchanged z and z, to conform to modern usage, and in this I have followed him, as the collation made for me does not go into detail on this particular point. In the footnotes I have tried to record all really important variants in both Hawkins (Haw.) and Hazlitt's Dodsley (Haz.), but no note is made of insignificant variations in spelling.

[Dramatis Personae.

HYCKE-SCORNER.

IMAGYNACYON.

FREWYLL.

PYTE.

CONTEMPLACYON.

PERSEVERAUNCE.]

[Enter Pyte alone.]

PYTE. Now Ihesu the gentyll, that bought 1 Adam fro hell, Save you all, soveraynes, and solas you sende;

And, or 2 this mater that I begynne to tell,

I praye you of audyence tyll I have made an ende;

For I saye to you my name is Pyte,

That ever yet hath ben mannes frende.

In the bosome of the Seconde Persone in Trynyte

I sprange as a plante, mannes mysse to amende.

You for to helpe I put to my honde, —

Recorde I take of Mary that wepte teres of blode;

I, Pyte, within her herte dyde stonde,

Whan she sawe her sone on the rode.

¹ So W.; Haw. Haz. brought.

² Haz. of.

8

The swerde of sorowe gave that lady [a] wounde,
Whan a spere clave her sones herte a-sondre;
She cryed out and fell to the grounde;
Thoughe she was woo, hyt was lytell wonder.

16

This delycate colour,1 that goodly lady,

Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone, all deed, Splayed on a crosse with the fyve welles of pyte,

Of purple velvet poudred with roses reed.

Lo! I, Pyte, thus made your erande to be spede, Or elles man for-ever sholde have ben forlore;²

A mayden so layde hys life to wedde; Crowned as a kynge, the thornes prycked hym sore.

24

Charyte and I of true love ledes the double rayne; Who-so me loveth dampned never shall be.

Of some vertuous company I wolde be fayne;

For all that wyll to heven nedes must come by me, Chefe porter I am in that hevenly cyte.

And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space, Tyll hyt please Ihesu of his grace

Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende.

32

[Enter Contemplacyon, soliloquizing.]

CONT. Chryste, that was crystened, crucyfyed and crowned,
In his bosum true love was gaged with a spere;
His vaynes braste and brosed, and to a pyller bounde,
With scourges he was lashed, the knottes the skyn tare;
On his necke to Calvary the grete crosse he bare;
His blode ran to the punde, as Scrypture doth tel,
His burden was so her, that downe under it he fell.

39

Lo! I am kyn to the Lorde which is Goddes Sone; My name is wryten formest in the boke of lyfe;

¹ Haz. inserts had; qy. creature; the original reading may, however, be right, and, as Kittredge suggests, possibly ll. 17 and 19 should change places.

² W. forlorne; Haz. forlore.

For I am	perfyte Contemplacyon,	
And 1	brother to Holy Chyrche, that is our Lordes wyfe.	43
Johan Bap	otyst, Anthony, and Jherome, with many mo,	
Folov	ved me here in holte, hethe, and in wyldernes;	
I ever wit	h them went where they dyde go,	•
Nygh	t and daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes.	47
I am the o	chefe lanterne of all holynes,	
Of pr	elates and preestes I am theyr patron;	
No armur	e so stronge in no dystresse, —	
Habe	rgyon, helme, ne yet no jeltron.	51
To fyght	with Sathan I am 1 the champyon	
That	dare abyde and manfully stonde;	
Fendes fle	away where they se me come.	
But I	wyll shewe you why I came to this londe:	55
For to pre	che and teche of Goddes soth sawes	
Ayenst vy	ce, that dothe rebell ayenst hym and hys lawes.	
	God spede, good brother! Fro whens came you	
	ow?	
	Syr, I came frome Perseveraunce to seke you.	
	Why, syr, knowe you me?	
	Ye, syr, and have done longe; your name is Pyte.	
PYTE.	Your name fayne wolde I knowe.	62
_	n-dede I am called Contemplacyon,	
	useth to lyve solytaryly;	
	and in wyldernesse 2 I walke alone	
	use I wolde saye my prayers devoutly.	
	e not with me to have moche company,	
	veraunce ofte with me doth mete	
_	I thynke on thoughtes that is full hevenly, —	
Thus he a	nd I togyder full swetely doth slepe.	70

¹ W.; Haw. Haz. am I.

² W.; Haw. wyldenesse; Haz. wildness.

PYTE.	I thanke God t	hat we be mette	togyder.	
CONT.			shortly wyll come	
1	nyder.			
PYTE.	Than I thynke	to here some go	ood tydynge.	•
CONT.	I warant you, l	prother, that he	is comynge.	74
	[Perseveraunce ente	ers, and addresses the	audience.]	
Pers. T	he eternal God,	that named was	Messyas,	
He g	yve you grace to	come to his glo	orye,	
Wher eve	r 1 is joye, in the	e celestyall place	•	
Wha	n you of Sathan	wynneth the vy	ctorye!	
Ever	y man ought to l	be gladde to hav	e [me] in company,	
For I am	named good Pe	rseveraunce,		
That ever	is guyded by ve	ertuous governau	ince.	81
I am neve	er varyable, but	doth contynue,	•	
	•	e the ladder of	grace,	
And lode	² in me planted	is so true,		
And	fro the poore ma	n I wyll never t	ourne my face.	85
Whan I g	go by my-selfe, o	fte I do rememb	ore	
		that God shewed		
	•	oneth of Decemb	·	
Wha	n the daye waxe	th shorte and th	e nyght longe:	
Of h	is goodnesse tha	t Champyon stre	onge	
Descende	d downe fro the	Fader of Ryght	twysnes,	
_		doure of mekene	•	92
Now to tl	his place hyder o	ome I am		
To seke (Contemplacyon r	ny kynnesman.		
CONT.	What, brother	Perseveraunce?	Ye be welcome!	95
PERS.	And so be you	also, Contempla	cyon.	
	• · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	our mayster, Pyte	•	
		be welcome in-to		
		ertely, syr Perse		
1 H	Iaz. Wherever.	² <i>Qy</i> . love.	8 W. knydnes.	

PERS. Mayster Pyte, one thynge is com to my remembraunce: What tythynges here you now? PYTE. Syr, suche as I can I shall shewe you: 102 I have herde many men complayne pyteously; They saye they be smyten with the swerde of poverty In every place where I do go. Fewe frendes poverte dooth fynde, And these ryche men ben unkynde, For theyr neyghboures they wyll nought do. Wydowes dooth curse lordes and gentyll-men, For they constrayne 1 them to mary with theyr men, Ye, wheder they wyll or no. III Men mary for good, and that is dampnable, Ye, with olde women that is fyfty and beyonde. The peryll now no man drede wyll, --All is not Goddes lawe that is used in londe; Beware wyll they not tyll Deth in his honde Taketh his swerde and smyteth asonder the lyfe vayne And with his mortall stroke cleveth the herte atwayne. 118 They trust so in Mercy, the lanterne of bryghtnesse, That no-thynge do they drede Goddes Ryghtwysnes.2 PERS. O Ihesu, syr, here is a hevy tydynge! PYTE. Syr, this is trewe that I do brynge. CONT. How am I beloved, Mayster Pyte, where ye come? PYTE. In good faythe, people have now small devocyon; And as for with you, brother Contemplacyon, 125 There medleth fewe or none. CONT. Yes, I trust that prestes love me wele. PYTE. But a fewe, i-wys, and some never a dele.8 CONT. Why, syr, without me they maye not lyve clene! Nay, that is the leest thought 4 that they have of PYTE. fyftene, 130 And that maketh me full hevy.

¹ Misprinted contrayne in Haw.

⁸ W. adele.

² Misprinted ryghtwynes in Haw.

⁴ W. though; Haw. Haz. thought.

CONT. How, trowe you that there be no remedy?

PYTE. Full harde; for synne is now so grevous and yll

That I thynke that it be growen to an impossyble.

And yet one thynge maketh me ever mournynge,

That prestes lack utterance to showe theyr cunnynge;

And, al the whyle that clerkes do use so grete synne,

Amonge the lay people loke never for no mendynge.

PERS. Alas! that is a hevy case

That so grete synne is used in every place;

I praye God hyt 1 amende!

Pyte.² Now God, that ever hath ben mannes frende, Some better tydynges soone us sende;

For now I must be gone.

Fare-well, good bretherne 3 here,

A grete erande I have elles-where,

That must nedes be done.

I trust I wyll not longe tary;

Theder wyll I hye me shortely,

And come agayne whan I have done.

150

PERS. Hyder agayne I trust you wyll come;
Therfore God be with you!

PYTE.² Syr, nedes I must departe now;
Ihesu me spede this daye!

PERS. Now, brother Contemplacyon, let us go our waye.

155

[Exeunt; enter Frewyll.]

FREWYLL. Aware, felowes, and stande a-roume!

How saye you, am not I a goodly persoune?

I trowe you knowe not suche a geste.

What! syrres, I tell you, my name is Frewyll;

I may chose wheder I do good or yll,

But, for all that, I wyll do as me lyst.

ne lyst. 161

¹ W.; Haw. it.

⁸ W.; Haw. brethrene.

² These two speeches are assigned to Contemplacyon by W. Haw. and Haz., but see Notes.

⁴ W. personue.

My condycyons ye knowe not perde;	
I can fyght, chyde and be mery;	
Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery	
And you 1 knewe all!	
What! fyll the cup and make good chere;	
I trowe I have a noble here!	•
Who lente hyt me? By Cryste, a frere;	
And I gave hym a fall!	169
Where be ye, syr? be ye at home?	
[Searching his pockets.]	
Kockes passyon, my noble is tourned to a stone!	
Where laye I last? Beshrewe your herte, Jone!	•
Now, by these bones, she hath begyled me!	
Let se! a peny my souper, a pece of flesshe x pence,	
My bedde ryght nought: let all this expence —	
Now, by these bones, I have lost an halfpeny!	176
Who laye there? My felowe Imagynacyon.	
He and I had good communycacyon	
Of syr Johan and Sybbell,	179
How they were spyed in bedde togyder,	
And he prayed her ofte to come thyder,	
For to synge lo-le, lo-lowe!	
They twayne togyder had good sporte;	
But at the stewes syde I lost a grote,	
I trowe I shall never ythe!	185
My felowe promysed me here to mete;	
But I trowe the horesone be a-slepe	
With a wenche some-where.	
How, Imagynacyon! come hyder!	
And you thryve, I lose a feder!	
Beshrowe your herte, appere!	191

1 W.; Haw. Haz. ye.

[Enter Imagynacyon.]

IMAG. What, how, how! who called after me? FREWYLL. Come nere! Ye shall never i-the! Where have ye be so longe?

194

IMAG. By God, with me hyt is 1 all wronge,

I have a payre of sore buttockes;

All in irons was my songe,

Even now I satte gyved in a payre of stockes.

198

FREWYLL. Cockes passyon, and how so?

IMAG. Syr, I wyll tell you what I have do:

200

I mette with a wenche, and she was fayre,
And of love hertely I dyde praye her,
And so promysed her monaye.

Syr, she wynked on me and sayd nought,
But by her loke I knewe her thought;
Than in-to loves daunce we were brought,
That we played the pyrdewy.

I wote not what we dyde togyder,
But a knave catchpoll nyghed us nere,
And so dyde us aspye.

210

A strype he gave me; I fled my touche;
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche,—
By your leve, he lefte me never a peny.
Loo, nought have I but a buckyll,
And 2 yet I can imagen thynges sotyll,
For to get monaye plenty.
In Westminister Hall every terme I am;
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll-man;

219

And I were deed, the lawyers thryfte were lost, For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost:

I am knowen in every countre.

¹ W.; misprinted it in Haw.

² Haw. Ane; no note in my collation.

Prove ryght wronge, and all by reason, And make men lese bothe hous and londe; For all that they can do in a lytell season. 224 Peche men of treason prevyly I can, And, whan me lyst, to hange a trewe man. If they wyll me monaye tell, Theves I can helpe out of pryson; And into lordes favours I can get me soone, And be of theyr prevy counseyll. 230 But, Frewyll, my dere broder, Sawe you nought 1 of Hyckscorner? He promysed me to come hyder. FREWYLL. Why, syr, knowest thou hym? IMAG. Ye, ye, man; he is full nye of my kynne, 235 And in Newgate we dwelled togyder, For he and I were bothe shakeled in a fetter. FREWYLL. Syr, laye you beneth, or on hye on the soller?2 IMAG. Nay, ywys, amonge the thyckest of yemen of the coller. FREWYLL. By God, than ye were in grete fere! 240 IMAG. Syr, had I not be, cc had be thrast in an haltere. FREWYLL. And what lyfe have they there, al that grete sorte? IMAG. By God, syr, ones a yere som taw halts of Burporte; Ye, at Tyburne there stondeth the grete frame, And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame. 245 FREWYLL. Ye, but can they than go no more? IMAG. O no, man; the wrest is twyste so sore; For as soone as they have sayd in manus tuas ones, By God, theyr brethe is stopped at ones. FREWYLL. Why, do they praye in that place there? 250 IMAG. Ye, syr; they stonde in grete fere,

Hyt falleth to theyr lotte to have the same share.

And so fast tangled in that snare,

¹ Haz.; W. not.

² W. Haw. Haz. seller.

285

FREWYLL. That is a knavisshe syght to se them totter on a beme. IMAG. Syr, the horesones coude not convaye clene; 255 For, and they coude have caryed by crafte, as I can, In processe of yeres eche of them sholde be a gentyll-man. Yet, as for me, I was never thefe. If my handes were smyten of, I can stele with my tethe; For ye knowe well there is crafte in daubynge. 260 I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse; And tell newe tydynges that was never trewe, ywys, For my hood is all lyned with lesynge. FREWYLL. Ye, but wente ye never to Tyburne a pylgrymage? IMAG. No, ywys, nor none of my lynage; 1 265 For we be clerkes all, and can our necke-verse, And with an oyntment the iuges hande I can grece That wyll hele sores that be uncurable. FREWYLL. Why, were ye never founde reprovable? 269 IMAG. Yes, ones I stall a hors in the felde, And lepte on hym for to have ryden my waye; At the last a bayly me mette and behelde And badde me stonde, — than was I in a fraye. 273 He asked wheder with that horse I wolde gon, And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne; He sayd I hadde stollen hym, and I sayde naye; "This is," sayd he, "my brothers hacknaye"; For, and I had not scused me without fayle, By Our Lady, he wolde have lad me strayte to iayle; And than I tolde hym the horse was lyke myne, 280 A browne baye, a long mane, and dyde halte behyne, -Thus I tolde hym that such an-other hors I dyde lacke, And yet I never sawe hym nor came on his backe. So I delyvered hym the hors agayne;

And whan he was gone, than was I fayne;

¹ W. lygnages; Haw. lynages; Haz. lineage.

For, and I had not scused me the better,

I knowe well I sholde have daunsed in a fetter.

FREWYLL. And sayd he no more to the but so?

IMAG. Yes, he pretended me moche harme to do;

But I tolde hym that mornynge was a grete myste,

That what horse hyt was I ne wyste;

Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne

That made me dasell so in myne eyen

That I myght not well se:

And thus he departed shortely frome me.

295

290

FREWYLL. Ye, but where is Hycke-scorner now?

IMAG. Some of these yonge men hath hydde hym in

Theyr bosomes, I warraunt you,1

Let us make a crye, that he may us here!

FREWYLL. How, how! 2 Hycke-scorner appere!

300

310

I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere.

HYCKE-SCORNER [without]. A-le 3 the helme! a-le! 8 vere! shot of! vere sayle! vera!

FREWYLL. Cockes body! herke, he is in 4 a shyppe on the see!

[Enter Hycke-scorner.]

HYCKE. God spede! God spede! Who called after me?
IMAG. What! brother, welcome, by this precyous body! 305
I am gladde that I you se;

Hyt was tolde me that ye were hanged.5

But out of what countre come ye?

HYCKE. Syr, 6 I have ben in many a countre;

As, in Fraunce, Irlonde, and in Spayne,

Portyngale, Sevyll, also in Almayne,

Freslonde, Flaunders, and in Burgoyne,

Calabre, Poyle,7 and Erragoyne,

¹ These two lines ought perhaps to be printed as one.

² W.; Haw. Haz. How now.

⁸ W. Haw. ale; Haz. ale (= heel).

⁴ Haw. Haz. omit in.

⁵ Qy. That ye were hanged hyt was told me.

⁶ W.; Haw. Haz. Syrs. ⁷ Haz. Pugle.

Brytayne, Byske, and also in Gascoyne,
Naples, Grece, and in myddes of Scotlonde,
At Cape 1 Saynt Vyncent, and in the Newe-founde Ilonde;
I have ben in Gene and in Cowe,
Also in the londe of Rumbelowe,
Thre myle out of hell;
At Rodes, Constantyne, and in Babylonde,
In Cornewale, and in Northumberlonde,
Where men sethe russhes in gruell;
322

Ye, syr, in Caldey, Tartare, and Inde, And in the Londe of Women, that fewe men dothe fynde: In all these countres have I be.

Frewyll. Syr, what tydynges here ye now on the see? 326

HYCKE. We mette of shyppes a grete nave,

Full of people that wolde in-to Irlonde,

And they came out of this countre;

They wyll never-more come to Englonde.

330

IMAG. Whens were the shyppes of them? Knowest thou none?

HYCKE. Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one:

Fyrst was the Regent with the Myghell, of Brykylse,
The George, with the Gabryell and the Anne, of Foye,
The Starre of Salte-Asshe, with the Ihesus of Plumoth,
Also the Hermytage with the Barbara of Darmouth,
The Nycolas and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,
With the Elyn of London and James also.
Grete was the people that was in them,
All true relygyous and holy women:
There was Trouthe and his kynnesmen,²
With Pacyence, Mekenes, and Humylyte,
And all true maydens wyth theyr vyrgynyte,
Ryall prechers, Sadnes, and Charyte,

¹ Haw. Haz. comma after Cape (= Cape of Good Hope).

² W. Haw. kynnesman; Haz. kinsmen.

Ryght Conscyence, and Fayth, with Devocyon, And all true monkes that kepe theyr relygyon, True byers and sellers, and almes-dede 2 doers, Pyteous people, that be of synne destroyers, With Just Abstynence and good counseyllers,	345
Mourners for synne, with Lamentacyon,	350
And good ryche men that helpeth folke out of pryson,	
True Wedlocke was there also, With yonge men that ever in prayer dyde go:	
The shyppes were laden with suche unhappy company;	•
But at the laste God shope a remedy,	255
For they all in the see were drounde,	355
And on a quycke-sonde they strake to grounde, —	
The see swallowed them everychone,	
I wote well alyve there scaped none.	
IMAG. Lo! now my herte is gladde and mery;	360
For joye now let us synge "dery, dery!"	
HYCKE. Felowes, they shall never more us withstonde,	
For I se them all dr[o]wned in the Rase of Irlonde.	
FREWYLL. Ye, but yet herke, Hycke-scorner:	
What company was in your shyppe that came over?	365
HYCKE. Syr, I wyll ayd 8 you to understande;	
There were good felawes above fyve thousande,	
And all they ben kynne to us thre;	
There was Falshode, Favell, and Sotylte,4	
Ye, theves and hores, with other good company,	370
Lyers, bacbyters, and flaterers the whyle,	
Braulers, lyers, getters, and chyders,	
Walkers by nyght, with grete murderers,	
Overthwarte gyle[rs], ⁵ and joly carders,	
Oppressers of people, with many swerers;	375
There was False Lawe, with Oryble Vengeaunce,	

¹ W. Haw. relyon; Haz. religion.

² W. dede; Haw. dedes; Haz. deed.

⁸ W. Haw. sayd; corr. by Haz.

⁴ W. fotylte; Haw. jolyte; Haz. jollity.

⁵ Corr. by Haz.

Froward Obstynacyon, with Myschevous Governaunce,	
Wanton wenches, and also mychers,	
With many other of the devylles offycers;	
And Haterede, that is so myghty and stronge,	380
Hath made a-vowe for-ever to dwell in Englonde.	
IMAG. But is that true that thou doste shewe now?	
HYCKE. Syr, every worde as I do tell you.	
FREWYLL. Of whens is your shyppe? of London?	
HYCKE. Ye, ywis, frome thens dyde she come;	385
And she is named the Envy, —	
I tell you, a grete vessell and a myghty;	
The owner of her is called Yll Wyll,	
Brother to Jacke Poller of Shoters Hyll.	
IMAG. Syr, what offyce in the shyppe bare ye?	V
HYCKE. Mary, I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudrye:	391
I had thre wenches that were full praty,	
Jane true, Ann 1 thryftles, and wanton Sybble;	
If ye ryde her a journay, she will make you wery, For she is trusty at nede.	
If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure,	
I warraunt, tere her shall ye never,	
She is so sure in dede;	
Ryde and you wyll ten tymes a daye,	
I warraunt you she wyll never saye naye, —	
My lyfe I dare lay to wedde.	401
IMAG. Now plucke up your hertes, and make good chere, These tydynges lyketh me wonder wele.	
Now vertu shall drawe arere, arere!	
Herke, felous, a good sporte I can you tell:	405
At the stues we wyll lye to-nyght,	
And, by my trouth, yf all go aryght,	
I wyll begyle some praty wenche	
To gette me monaye at a pynche.	
How saye you? shall we go thyder?	410

¹ W. Haw. Haz. and.

Let us kepe company all togyder,	
And I wolde that we had Goddes curse	
If we some-where do not get a purse!	413
Every man bere his dagger naked in his honde,	
And, if we mete a treue man, make hym stonde,	
Or elles that he bere a strype!	
If that he struggle and 1 make ony werke,	
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte,	
And throwe hym into Temmes quyte!	419
FREWYLL. Naye, thre knaves in a lease is good at nale!	•
But, thou lubber, Imagynacyon,	
That cukcolde, thy fader, — where is he become?	
At Newgate dothe he ly styll at gayle?	423
IMAG. Avant, horsone! thou shalt bere me a strype!	
Sayst thou that my moder was a hore?	
FREWYLL. Naye, syr, but the last nyght	
I sawe syr Johne and she tombled on the flore.	427
IMAG. Now, by Kockes herte, thou shalte lose an arme!	
HYCKE. Naye, syr, I charge you, do hym no harme.	
IMAG. And thou make to moche, I wyll breke thy heed,	
to!	430
HYCKE. By Saynt Mary, and I wyst that, I wolde be ago!	
IMAG. Aware! aware! the horsone shall aby!	
His preest wyll I be, by Cockes body!	
HYCKE. Kepe pease, lest knaves blode be shedde.	
FREWYLL. By God, if his was nought, myn was as	
badde!	435
IMAG. By Kockes herte, he shall dye on this dager!	.05
HYCKE. By Our Lady, than wyll ye be straungled in a	
halter.	
IMAG. The horesone shall ete hym as fer as he shall	
wade!	
HYCKE. Beshrewe your herte! and put up your blade!	
1 Haw. ond; no note in my collation.	

Shethe your whytell! or by Hyz¹ that was never borne

I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne!

What! wyll ye playe all the knave?

IMAG. By Kockes herte, and thou a buffet shalte have!

[Imagynacyon and Hycke-scorner fight.]

FREWYLL. Lo, syrres, here is a fayre company, God us save!

For, yf ony of us thre be mayre of London, 445 I-wys, ywys, I wyll ryde to Rome on my thom! Alas! a! se! is not this a² grete feres? I wolde they were in a myll-pole above the eres; And than, I durst warraunt, they wold departe anone. HYCKE. Helpe! helpe! for the passyon of my soule! 450 He hath made a grete hole in my poule, That all my wytte is set to the grounde. Alas, a leche for to helpe my wounde! IMAG. Naye, ywys, horesone, I wyll bete the or I go! FREWYLL. Alas, good syr! what have I do? 455 IMAG. Ware! make rome! he shall have a strype, I trowe!

[Enter Pyte.]

PYTE. Peas, peas, syrres! I commaunde you!
IMAG. Avaunt, old churle! Whens comest thou?
And thou make to moche, I shall breke thy browe
And sende the home agayne!
460

PYTE. A! good syr, the peas I wolde have kepte fayne; Myne offyce is to se no man slayne, And, where they do amyse, to gyve them good counseyl Synne to forsake, and Goddes lawe them tell.

IMAG. A! syr, I wende thou haddest ben drowned and gone!

But I have spyed that there scaped one.

466

HYCKE. Imagynacyon, do by the counseyll of me: Be a-greed with Frewyll, and let us good felowes be;

¹ Haz. changes to Jis.

² Qy. are not these.

And than, as for this chorle, Pyte, Shall curse the tyme that ever he came to londe! Brother Frewyll, give me your honde! And all myne yll wyll I forgyve the. 472 FREWYLL. Syr, I thanke you hertely. But what shall we do with this chorle, Pyte? I wyll go to hym, and pyke a quarell, 475 And make hym a thefe and saye he dyde stele Of myne forty pounde in a bagge. FREWYLL. By God, that tydynges wyll make hym sadde! And I wyll go fetche a payre of gyves, For, in good faythe, he shall be sette fast by the heles. 480 HYCKE. Have ado lyghtly, and be gone, And let us twayne with hym alone! FREWYLL. Now, farewell; I beshrewe you everychone! Ho, ho! Farewell, you shrewel, and no mo! HYCKE. 484 Thou lewde felowe, sayst thou that thy name is Pite? Who sente the hyder to controll me? PYTE. Good syr, hyt is my properte For to dyspyse synfull lyvynge. And unto vertu men to brynge If that they wyll do after me. 490 IMAG. What, syr, art thou so pure holy? A! se! this caytyfe wolde be praysed, trowe I.2 And you thryve this yere, I wyll lose a peny! Lo! syrres, outwarde he bereth a fayre face, But, and he mette with a wenche in a prevy place, 495 I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace, By God, ye maye trust me! HYCKE. Loo! wyll ye not se this caytyves menynge? He wolde destroye us all, and all our kynne! 1 W. Haw. Haz. Frewyll you threwe; emend. by Kittredge.

2 W. Haw. Haz. I trowe.

1 W. Haw. Haz. have an unnecessary be here.

They fared even so.

² Haw. traytove; not noticed in collation.

⁸ W. Haw. Haz. forlorne.

⁴ Haz. hedge-cast, which is unintelligible to me.

PYTE. Awaye, syr! what have I do	17
IMAG. Well, well; that thou shalte knowe or	
PYTE. O syrres, I se hyt can not be amended.	,
You do me wronge, for I have not offended.	
Remembre God, that is our heven Kynge,	
For he wyll rewarde you after your deservynge,	534
Whan Deth with his mace dooth you areest;	
We all to hym owe fewte 2 and servyce.	
Fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste;	
Than maystershyp may not helpe nor grete o	offyce. 538
FREWYLL. What! Dethe, and he were here, he	e sholde syt
by the!	, , Q ,
Trowest thou that he be able to stryve with us the	re ?
Nay, nay, nay!	
IMAG. Well, felawes, now let us go our	r waye,
For at 8 Shoters Hyll we have a game to playe.	542
HYCKE. In good fayth, I wyll tary no lenger	
FREWYLL. Beshrewe hym for me that is last	out of this
place!	
[Exeunt Imagynacyon, Frewyll and Hycke-scor	ner.]
PYTE. Lo, lordes, they may curs the tyme they	were borne

PYTE. Lo, lordes, they may curs the tyme they were borne For the wedes that over-groweth the corne;
They troubled me gyltelesse, and wote not why;
For Goddes love, yet wyll I suffre pacyently.

548

We all may say weleaway

For synne that is now-adaye; 5

Loo, vertue is vanysshed for ever and aye: 6

Worse was hyt never!

¹ Haz. changes Awaye to Well-a-way.

² Haz. prints fea'ty.

⁸ W. Haz.; Haw. a.

⁴ W. lender; Haw. Haz. lenger.

⁵ These two lines as one in W. Haw. Haz.

⁶ W. Haz.; Haw. ever daye.

We have plente of grete othes And clothe ynoughe in our clothes, But charyte many men lothes: Worse was hyt never! Alas! now is lechery called love, indede, And murdure named manhode in every nede; Extorsyon is called lawe, so God me 1 spede: Worse was hyt never! 560 Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyves, And, ever amonge, true men leseth theyr lyves; Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyves Now-a-dayes in Englonde. Baudes be the dystryers of many yonge women, And full lewde counseyll they gyve unto them; How you do mary, beware, you yonge men, The wyse never taryeth to longe. 568 There be many grete scorners, But for synne there be fewe mourners; We have but fewe true lovers In no place now-a-dayes. There be many goodly gylte knyves; 2 And, I trowe,8 as well 4 apparaylled wyves, Yet many of them be unthryfty of theyr lyves And all set in pryde to go gaye. 576 Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon, Gentyll-men ⁵ bereth trouthe adowne, Avoutry is suffred in every towne, Amendyment is there none. And Goddes commaundementes we breke them all x; Devocyon is gone many dayes syn; Let us amende us, we trewe Crysten men, Or Deth make you grone! 584 1 W. Haz.; Haw. we. 8 W.; Haw. Haz. knowe. 4 W.; Haw. Haz. many. ² W. knyues; Haw. Haz. knaves.

⁵ W. Haw. With gentyll men; Haz. changes With to While.

Courtyers go gaye and take lytell wages, And many with harlottes at the taverne hauntes, They be yemen of the wrethe that be shakled in gyves,

On themselves they have no pyte.

God punyssheth full sore with grete sekenesse, As pockes, pestylence, purple[s] and axes; Some dyeth sodeynly that deth full peryllous;

Yet was there never so grete poverte.

592

There be some sermones made by noble doctoures, But truly the fende dothe stoppe mennes eres; For God nor good man some people not feres:

Worse was hyt never!
All trouth is not best sayd,
And our prechers now-adayes be halfe afrayde.
Whan we do amende, God wolde be well apayde:
Worse was hyt never!

600

[Enter Contemplacyon and Perseveraunce.]

CONT. What, mayster Pyte; how is hyt with you?

PERS. Syr, we be sory to se you in this case now.

PYTE. Bretherne, here were thre peryllous men, Frewyll, Hycke-scorner and Imagynacyon; They sayd I was a thefe and layd felony upon me, And bound me in irons as ye maye se.

605

CONT. Where be the traytours become nowe?

PYTE. In goode faythe, I can not shewe you.

PERS. Brother, let us unbynde hym of his bondes.

CONT. Unlose the fete and 2 the hondes.

610

[They release Pyte.]

PYTE. I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you two shewe in this dystresse;
For they were men without ony mercy,
That delyteth all in myschefe and tyranny.

PERS. I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne, Frewyll and Imagynacyon, bothe twayne;

615

1 Haw. Brethrene.

² Qy. insert I.

Them wyll I exorte to vertuous lyvynge
And unto vertu them to brynge
By the helpe of you, Contemplacyon.
CONT. Do my counseyll, brother Pyte:

620

Go you and seke them throughe the countre, In vyllage, towne, bourghe and cyte,

Throughe-out all the realme of Englonde;
Whan you them mete, lyghtly them arest
And in pryson put them faste,
Bynde them sure in irons stronge,

For they be so faste 1 and sotyle

That they wyll you begyle

And do true men wronge.

629

PERS. Brother Pyte, do as he hath sayd;

In every quarter loke you aspye, And let good watche for them be layde

In all the haast that thou can, and that pryvely;
For, and they come hyder, they shall not scape
For all the crafte that they can make.

635

PYTE. Well, than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye

And travayle throughe every countre; Good watche shall be layde in every waye

That they stele not into sentwary.

639

Now fare-wele, bretherne; and praye for me, For I must go hens, in-dede.

Pers. Now God be your good spede! 2

CONT. And ever you defende, whan you have nede!

Pyte. Now, bretherne 8 bothe, I thanke you. [Exit.] 644

[Enter Frewyll.]

FREWYLL. Make you rome for a gentylman, syrs, and pease! Duegarde, seygnours, tout le preasse!

¹ Oy. false.

⁸ Haw. brethrene.

² W. spende.

⁴ Haz. prints Dieu garde.

And of your jangelynge yf ye wyll sease I wyll tell you where I have be.1	'
Syrres, I was at the taverne and dronke wyne;	
Methought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne,	
And, syr[res], all my fyngers were arayed with lyme,	
So I convayed 2 a cuppe manerly.	652
And yet, ywys, I played all the fole;	
For there was a scoler of myne own scole, And, syr[res], the horesone aspyed me.	
Than was I rested and brought in pryson;	
For woo than I wyste not what to have done,	
And all bycause I lacked monaye.	
But a frende in courte is worth a peny in purs;	
For Imagynacyon, myne owne felowe, i-wys,	
He dyde helpe me out full craftely:	661
Syrres, he walked thrughe Holborne	
Thre houres after the sonne was downe,	
And walked up towarde Saynte Gyles in the Felde;	
He hoved styll, and there behelde,	665
But there he coude not spede of his praye;	_
And strayght to Ludgate he toke the waye, —	
Ye wote well that potycaryes wake 8 very late, —	
He came to a dore, and pryvely spake	
To a prentes for a peny-worth of uforbyum,	670
And also for a half-peny-worth of alom plomme;	
This good servaunte served hym shortely,	
And sayd, "Is there ought elles that you wolde bye?"	
Than he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone;	
And, doune in-to the seller whan the servant was gone,	675
Asyde as he kest his eye,	
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye,	,
Therin was an hondred pounde.	
He trussed hym to his fete and yede his waye rounde;	
He was lodged at Newgate at the Swanne,	68 0
¹ W. Haw. Haz. bene. ⁸ W. Haw. Haz. walke.	

² Haw; W. conuayued.

And every man toke hym for a gentyll-man; So on the morowe he delyvered me	
Out of Newgate by this polyce;	
And now wyll I daunce an[d] make ryall chere!	
But I wolde Imagynacyon were here,	685
For he is pereles at nede.	
Labour to hym, syrres, yf ye wyl your maters spede.	
Now wyll I synge and lustely sprynge!	
But whan my feters on my leges dyde rynge,	
I was not gladde, perde! but now: Hey, trolly, lolly!	690
Let us se who can descaunt on this same.	
To laughe and gete monaye, hyt were a good 2 game!	
What! whome have we here?	_
A preest, a douctoure, or else a frere!	694
What, mayster doctour Dotypoll,	
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll,	
Or dispute ony dyvynyte?	
If ye be cunnynge I wyll put hyt in a prefe:	
Good syr, why do men ete mustarde with befe?	
My * questyon can you assoyle me?	700
PERS. Peas, man! thou talkest lewdly;	
And of thy lyvynge, I reed, amende the!	
FREWYLL. Avaunt, catyfe! dost thou thou me?	•
I am come of good kynne, I tell the:	
My moder was a lady of the stewes blode borne,	
And, knyght of the halter, my fader ware an horne;	
Therfore I take hyt in full grete scorne	
That thou sholdest thus cheke me.	708
CONT. Abyde, felowe; thou ca[n]st 1 lytell curtesye!	
Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pase,	
For thou troubled Pyte and layd on hym felony.	
Where is Imagynacyon, thy felawe that was?	712
The state of the s	/12
¹ W. Haw. manaye; Haz. money. ⁸ W. Haw. Haz. By.	
² Misprinted goed in W. ⁴ W. Haw. cast; Haz. hast.	

FREWYLL. I defye you bothe! Wyll you arest me? PERS. Naye, naye, thy grete wordes maye not helpe the. Fro us thou shalte not escape. FREWYLL. Make rome, syrres, that I maye breke his pate! I wyll not be taken for them bothe. CONT. Thou shalt abyde, whether thou be leve or lothe!	1 5
[Seizes him.]	
Therfore, good sone, lysten unto me, And marke these wordes that I do tell the:	20
Thou hast followed thyne one wyll many a daye And lyved in synne without amendement; Therfore in thy conceyte assaye	
To axe God mercy, and kepe his commaundement; Than on the he wyll have pyte	
	26
FREWYLL. What, horesone, wyll ye have me now a fole? Naye, yet had I lever be captayne of Calays; For, and I sholde do after your scole To lerne to pater to 1 make me pevyss[h]e, Yet had I lever loke with a face full thevysshe: And therfore prate no lenger here Leest my knaves fyste hytte you under the yere! 7:	•
What, ye dawes, wolde ye reed me For to lese 2 my pleasure in youth and jolyte, To basse and kysse my swete trully mully, As Jane, Cate, Besse, and Sybble, [to]? I wolde that hell were full of suche prymmes! Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnes As fast as I myght go.	40
PERS. Why, syr, wylte ³ thou not love vertu And forsake thy synne for the love of God Almyghty? 74	42
 1 Qy. wolde. 2 W. Haw. lesese. 8 Misprinted whylte in Haw. 	

FREWYLL. What, God Almyghty? By Goddes fast at Salys-	
bury, —	
And I trowe Eester-day fell on Whytsonday that yere, —	-
There were v score save an hondred in my company,	
And at Pety Judas we made ryall chere.	
There we had good ale of Myghelmas bruyng,	
There heven-hye lepynge and spryngynge;	748
And thus dyde I	
Lepe out of Burdeaus unto Caunterbury,	
Almost ten myle bytwene!	751
CONT. Frewyll, forsake all this worlde wylfully here	
And change by-tyme! Thou oughtest to stonde in fere,	
For Fortune wyll tourne her whele to 1 swyfte,	
That clene fro thy welthe she wyll the lyfte.	755
FREWYLL. What, lift me? Who? And Imagynacyon	
were here now,	
I-wys, with his fyst he wolde all to-cloute you.	
Hens, horesone[s], tary no lenger here,	
For by Saynt Pyntell the apostell I swere	
That I wyll dryve you bothe home, —	760
And yet I was never wonte to fyght alone;	
Alas, that I had not one to bolde me!	
Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully.	
Alas, hyt wolde do me good to fyghte!	
How saye you, lordes, shall I smyte?	765
Have amonge you, by this lyght!	
Hens, horesones! and home at ones!	
Or with my wepen I shall breke your bones!	
Avaunt, you knave[s], walke, by my counseyll!	
PERS. Sone, remembre the grete paynes of hell;	770
They are so horryble that no tonge can tell;	
Beware lest thou thyder do go!	
FREWYLL. Naye, by Saynt Mary, I hope, not so!	
I wyll not go to the devyll whyle I have my lyberte;	

1 W. Haw. to; Haz. so.

He shall take the laboure to fet me and he wyl have me! For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll voluntary,¹ The devyll and the worlewynde go wyth hym! I wyll you never fro thens tydynges brynge; Go you before and shewe me the waye,		775
And as to followe you I wyll not say	•	78 0
For, by Goddes body, and you be in	•	
By the masse, I wyll shytte the dore		
And than be ye taken in a pytfall!		
CONT. Now, Ihesus soone defen	ide us frome that hole!	
For Qui est in inferno, nulla est re	edemptio:	785
Holy Job spake these wordes full lo		
FREWYLL. Nay, I have done a with scopes!8	and you lade? out Latyn	٠
But therewith can you cloute me a p	payre of botes?	
By Our Lady, ye sholde have some	werke of me;	
I wolde have them well underlayd a	and easely,	790
For I use alwaye to go one 4 the one And trowe ye how? By God, in the I trowe a thre wekes, and more And there I laboured sore daye by	e stockes I sate tyde 5 e a lytell stounde;	
And so I tred my shone inwarde, in	good faye.	
Lo, therefore, methynke, you m	nust soule them rounde!	796
If you have ony newe botes, a payre I wolde by; But I thynke your pryce be to hye.		
Syr, ones at Newgate I bought a pa	ayre of sterrups,6	
A myghty payre and a stronge;	•	800
A hole yere I ware them so longe,		
But they came not fully to my knee,		
And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny.		
Even now, and ye go thyder, ye shall fynde a grete hepe;		
And you speke in my name, ye shall have good chepe.		805
² Haz. laid.	Haz., of course, on. W. Haw. tyd(e); Haz. till. W.; Haw. sterrup.	

Pers. Syr, we came never there, ne never shall do.	
FREWYLL. Mary, I was taken in a trap there, and tyde	
by the to,	
That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go.	
I wolde ye bothe sate as fast there;	809
Than sholde ye daunce as a bere,	
And all by gangelynge of your chaynes.	
CONT. Why, syr, were ye there?	
FREWYLL. Ye, and that is sene by my braynes;	813
For, or I came there, I was as wyse as a woodcock,	
And, I thanke God, as wytte as a haddocke.	•
Yet I trust to recover, as other dose;	
For, and I had ones as moche wytte as a gose,	
I sholde be marchaunt of the banke.	
Of golde than I sholde have many a franke;	
For yf I myzt make iii good vyages to Shoters Hyl,	820
And have wynde and weder at my wyll,	
Than wolde I never travell the see more.	
But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore,	
And yf hyt happe to ryse a storme;	
Than throwen in a rase,1 and so aboute borne,	825
On rockes or brachis for to ronne,	
Elles to stryke grounde at Tyborne, —	
That were a myschevous case!	
For that rocke of Tyborne is so peryllous a place	_
Yonge galauntes dare not venture into Kente,	830
But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente,	
With theyr longe botes 2 they rowe on the baye, —	
And ony man-of-warre lye by the waye,	
They must take a bote and throwe the helme a-le;	0
And full harde hyt is to scape that grete jeopardye,	835
For at Saynt Thomas of Watrynge and they stryke a sayle,	
Than must they ryde in the haven of hempe 4 without fayle.	

¹ Haz. raft. ² Haz. prints boots.

⁸ W. Haw. Haz. ale; in spite of the rhyme, Haz. explains it as heel.

⁴ Haz. hemp; W. Haw. hepe.

And were not these two jeopords. Ther is many a marchaunt that But yet we have a sure canell 1 at A thousande shyppes of theves to For yf they may have ankerhold. They may lyve as mery as ony keeping the sure of the sure o	thyder wolde spede. at Westmynster, therin may ryde sure; le and grete spendynge,	840
PERS. Good 2 wote, syr, ther Than ye drede not the grete may Sone, forsake thy mysse for his And than mayst thou come to the FREWYLL. Why, what wolde CONT. For to go towarde he FREWYLL. Mary, and you w	re is a pyteous lyvynge! yster above? love, ne blisse also. e you that I sholde do? ven.8	845
I wolde do after you. Pers. I praye you remembre		852
Frewyll, bethynke the that thou And of the houre thou art 5 Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde For, and thou dye in synne, Than shall thy soule be styl Loste and dampned for evermore Helpe is past, thoughe thou Than thou wylte curse the tyme	uncertayne, e a remedy; , all laboure is in vayne, — ll in payne, e, wolde fayne,	86o
FREWYLL. Syr, yf ye wyll a be, I wyll do all the penaunce that y CONT. If that thou for thy sy Our Lorde wyll forgyve them the	you wyll sette me. ynnes be sory,	864
FREWYLL. Now of all my synn Here I forsake synne and to I beseche Ihesu, that is moost m To forgyve all that I have of	rust to amende;	868
² Haz. prints God. 5	Qy. me brynge therto. Haz.; W. Haw. are, which is possible W. Haw. Haz. the them.	ble.

900

PERS. Our Lorde now wyll shewe the his mercy; A new name thou nede none have, For all that wyll to heven hye, By his owne frewyll he must forsake folye, — Than is he sure and save. 873 CONT. Holde here a newe garment, And here-after lyve devoutly, And for thy synnes do ever repente, -Sorowe for thy synnes is very remedy. And, Frewyll, ever to Vertue applye; Also to Sadnes gyve ye attendaunce, Let hym never out of remembraunce. FREWYLL. I wyll never frome you, syr Perseveraunce; 188 With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght, Of mynde never to be varyable, And Goddes commandementes to kepe them ryght In deed and worde, and ever full stable. PERS. Than heven thou shalte have, without fable, But loke that thou be stedfaste, And let thy mynde with good wyll laste! 888 [Enter Imagynacyon.] Huffe! huffe! who sent after me? I am Imagynacyon, full of jolyte; Lorde, that my herte is lyght! Whan shall I perysshe? I trowe, never! By Cryst, I recke not a feder! Even now I was dubbed a knyght. 894 Where? At Tyburne. Of the coller. And of the stewes I am made controller, Of all the houses of lechery; There shall no man playe doccy there, At the Bell, Hertes Horne, ne elles-where, Without they have leve of me.

But, syrres, wote ye why I am come hyder?

By Our Lady, to gyder 1 good company togyder.

Sawe ye no[ugh]t of my felawe, Frewyll?

I am aferde lest he be serchynge on a hyll;

By God, than one of us is begyled!

What felawe is this that in this cote is fyled?

Kockes deth! whome have we here?

What! Frewyll, myn owne fere?

Arte thou out of thy mynde?

FREWYLL. God graunte the waye to heven I maye fynde, 910 For I forsake thy company.

IMAG. Goddes armes! my company? and why?

FREWYLL. For thou lyvest to synfully.

IMAG. Alas! tell me how hyt is with the!

FREWYLL. Forsake thy synne for the love of me.

IMAG. Kockes herte! arte thou waxed made?

FREWYLL. Whan I thynke on my synne, it makes me ful sade.

IMAG. Goddes woundes! who gave the that counsell?
FREWYLL. Perseveraunce and Contemplacyon, I the tell.
IMAG. A vengeaunce on them! I wolde they were in hell! 920
FREWYLL. Amende, Imagynacyon, and mercy crye!

IMAG. By Goddes sydes, I hadde lever be hanged on hye!

Naye, that wolde I not do; I hadde lever dye. By Goddes passyon, and I hadde a longe knyfe,

I wolde bereve these two horesones of theyr lyfe!

How, how !2 twenty pounde 8 for a dagger!

CONT. Peas, peas, good sone, and speke softer!

And amende or Deth drawe his draught,

For on the he wyll stele full softe, —

He gyveth never no man warnynge,

And ever to the he is comynge:

Therfore remembre the well.

1 W. Haw. togyder; Haz. to gather.

905

915

925

932

² Haz. modernizes to how, not ho.

⁸ W.; Haw. Haz. pounds.

IMAG. A! horesone, if I were jayler of hell, I-wys, some sorowe sholde thou fele; For to the devyll I wolde the sell, Than sholde ye have many a sory mele. 936 I wolde never gyve you mete ne drynke; Ye sholde faste, horesones, tyll ye dyde stynke Even as a roten dogge, - ye, by Saynt Tyburne of Kent! Imagynacyon, thynke what God dyd for the: Pers. On Good Frydaye he hanged on a tre, And all his precyous blode spent; 1 942 A spere dyde ryve his herte a-sonder; The gates he brake up with a clappe of thunder, And Adam and Eve there delyvered he. 945 IMAG. What devyll, what is that to me? By Goddes fast, I was ten yere in Newgate, And many more felawes with me sate, Yet he never came there to helpe me ne my company. CONT. Yes, he holpe the, or thou haddest not ben here

IMAG. By the masse, I can not sewe? you; 951

For he and I never dranke togyder, Yet I knowe many an ale-stake;

Neyther at the stues, I wyste 8 hym never come 4 thyder.

Gooth he arrayed in whyte or in blacke?

955

For, and he out of pryson hadde holpe me,
I knowe well ones I sholde hym se;
I praye you, what gowne wereth he? 5
PERS. Syr, he halpe you out by his myght.

¹ W. Haw. Haz. And spent all his precyous blode.

² W. Haw. Haz. shewe.

⁸ Haz. i-wis.

⁴ W.; Haw. Haz. he never came.

W. Haw. Haz. What gowne wereth he, I praye you?

IMAG. I can not tell you, by this lyght! But me thought that I laye there to longe; And the horesone fetters were so stronge That hadde almost brought my necke out of joynt. PERS. Amende, and thou shalt knowe hym, sone,1	960
That delyvered the out of pryson;	965
And, yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse,	
Surely thou shalt come to the blysse	
And be inherytoure of heven.	968
IMAG. What, syr, above the mone?	
Naye, by the masse; then sholde I fall soone!	
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye;	
But to clymme for a byrdes neste,	
There is none bytwene eest and weste	
That dare therto ventre better than I!	974
But to ventre to heven — what and my fete slyppe?	
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke,	
And, by God, than hadde I the worse syde!	
Yet had I lever be by the nose tyde	
In a wenches ars somewhere	
Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere,	980
For to go up to heven. Naye, I praye you lette be.	
FREWYLL. Imagynacyon, wylte thou do by the counseyll of me?	
IMAG. Ye, syr, by my trouthe, what-somever it be.	
FREWYLL. Amende yet, for my sake;	
Hyt is better be-tyme than to late!	
How saye you, wyll you Goddes hestes fulfyll?	
IMAG. I wyll do, syr, even as you wyll.	987

But, I praye you, let me have a newe cote Whan I have nede, and in my purse a grote Than wyll I dwell with you styll.

1 W. Haw. Haz. Amende, sone, and thou shalt knowe hym.

FREWYLL. Beware, for whan thou arte buryed in grounde,	the
Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde:	
Remembre this styll!	993
IMAG. No-thynge drede I so sore as deth;	
Therefore to amende I thynke hyt be tyme.	
Synne have I used all the dayes of my breth,	
With pleasure, lechery and mysusynge,	997
And spent amys my v wyttes; therfore I am sory.	
Here of all my synnes I axe God mercy.	
PERS. Holde! here is a better clothynge for the.	1000
And loke that thou forsake thy foly;	
Be stedfast, loke that thou fall never.	
IMAG. Now, here I forsake my synne for-ever.	
FREWYLL. Syr, wayte thou now on Perseveraunce,	
For thy name shall be called Good Remembraunce;	1005
And I wyll dwell with Contemplacyon,	
And folowe hym where-ever he become.	
CONT. Well, are ye so bothe agrede?	
IMAG. Ye, syr, so God me spede!	1009
Pers. Syr, ye shall wete on me soone,	
And be Goddes servaunt daye and nyght;	
And in every place where ye become	
Gyve good counseyle to every wyght;	1013
And men axe your name, tell you Remembraunce,	
That Goddes lawe kepeth truly every daye,	
And loke that ye forget not Repentaunce;	
Than to heven ye shall go the nexte waye,	1017
Where ye shall se in the hevenly quere	
The blessyd company of sayntes so holy,	
That lyved devou[t]ly whyle they were here:	
Unto the whiche blysse I beseche God Almyghty	

To brynge there your soules that here be present
And unto vertuous lyvynge that ye maye applye,
Truly for to kepe his commaundemente.1

1024

Of all our myrthes here we make an ending;²
Unto the blysse of heven Ihesu your soules brynge!

1026

AMEN.

Enprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde.

¹ Haz. commandments.

² W. Haw. Haz. ende.

THE PLAY OF WYT AND SCIENCE.

By JHON REDFORD.

Printed from the edition by J. O. Halliwell (Shakespeare Society, 1848). In the footnotes, H. indicates this edition. The MS., formerly the property of B. H. Bright, Esq., is now in the British Museum. The play is incomplete at the beginning; a reconstruction of the plot of the missing part will be found in vol. III of this book.

[Dramatis Personae.

WYT. STUDY.

Science. Dylygence.
Reason. Instruccion.

Experyence. Tediounes. Confydence. Idellnes.

HONEST RECREACION, SHAME.

Cumfort, Quycknes, Strength. Fame, Ryches, Favor, Woorshyp.]

5

REASON. Then in remembrance of Reson hold yee A glas of Reson, wherein beholde yee Youre-sealfe to youre-selfe. Namely when ye Cum neere my dowghter, Science, then see That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye, Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye. Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all; Whyle ye have that, ye have me, and shall. Get ye foorth, now! Instruccion, fare-well! INSTR. Syr, God keepe ye!

Heere all go out save Resone.

1 H. gives the name of each speaker in full.

REASON.	And ye all from parell!	10
If anye man now marvell that I		
Woolde bestowe my dowghter th	us baselye,	
Of truth I, Reson, am of thys my	vnde:	
Where partyes together be encly	nde	
By gyftes of graces to love ech o	ther,	15
There let them joyne the tone wy	th the toother.	
Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces	hath in hym	
That makth my dowghter to wys	h to wyn hym:	
Yoong, paynefull, tractable and c	apax, —	
Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Sci	ence doth axe.	20
And as for her, as soone as Wyt	sees her,	
For all the world he woold not the	ien leese her.	
Wherfore, syns they both be so r	neete matches	
To love ech other, strawe for the	patches	
Of worldly mucke! Syence hath	inowghe	25
For them both to lyve. Yf Wyt	be throwhe	
Stryken in love, as he synes hath	showde,	
I dowte not my dowghter well be	stowde.	
Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove	e all.	
Yf Wyt hold owte, no more proo	fe can fall;	30
And that the better hold out he 1	may,	
To refresh my soone, Wyt, now b	y the way	
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyd	le.	
An honest woman dwellth here b	esyde	
Whose name is cald Honest Rec	reacion;	35
As men report, for Wytes consol	acion	
She hath no peere; yf Wyt were	halfe deade,	
She cowld revyve hym, — thus is	yt sed.	
Wherfore, yf monye or love can	hyre her,	
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre I	ner.	40

[Exit Reason.] Confydence cumth in with a pycture of Wyt.

[CONF.] Ah! syr, what tyme of day yst, who can tell? The day ys not far past, I wot well, For I have gone fast and yet I see

45

I am far from where as I wold be.
Well, I have day inowgh yet, I spye;
Wherfore, or I pas hens, now must I
See thys same token heere, a playne case,
What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.

[Examines his packet.]

Now wyll ye see a goodly pycture Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure, — 50 Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt, — As lyke hym as can be, in every poynt; Yt lakth but lyfe. Well I can hym thanke, Thys token in-deede shall make sum cranke; For, what wyth thys pycture so well faverde, 55 And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd Dystyllyng from the mowth of Confydence, -Shall not thys apese the hart of Science? Yes; I thanke God I am of that nature Able to compas thys matter sure, 60 As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt, How neately and feately I shall warke yt.

[Exit Confydence.] Wyt cumth in without Instruccion, with Study, &c.

[WYT.] Now, syrs, cum on; whyche is the way now, Thys way or that way? Studye, how say you?

[Study considers.]

Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym.

Dyl. That way, belyke; most usage hath wrowht hym.

Stud. Ye, hold your pesse! Best we here now stay

For Instruccion; I lyke not that waye.

Wyt. Instruccion, Studye? I weene we have lost hym.

Instruccion cumth in.

[INSTR.] Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym! 70 What mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte Runnynge before thus, styll owt of syghte, And therby out of your way now quyghte?

What doo ye here excepte ye woold fyghte?	
Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye	75
An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.	
WYT. What ayleth thys way? Parell here is none.	
INSTR. But as much as your lyfe standth upon;	
Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye, —	
Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye!	80
WYT. Tedyousnes? Doth that tyrant rest	
In my way now? Lord, how am I blest	
That occacion so nere me sturres	
For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres!	
Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe,	85
Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?	
INSTR. And what woold ye doo, — you havyng nowghte	
For your defence? for though ye have cawghte	
Garmentes of Science upon your backe,	
Yet wepons of Science ye do lak.	90
WYT. What wepons of Science shuld I have?	
INSTR. Such as all lovers of ther looves crave, —	
A token from Ladye Science wherbye	
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye	
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles	95
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.	
WYT. Yf hope or comfort may be my weapen,	
Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten;	
For, as for hope, of my deere hartes faver—	
And therby comfort — inowghe I gather.	100
INSTR. Wyt, here me! Tyll I see Confydence	
Have browght sum token from Ladye Science,	
That I may feele that she favorth you,	
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew.	
WYT. Whych way than?	
INSTR. A playner way, I told ye,	105
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.	
WYT. Instruccion, here me! Or my swete hart	
Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start	
One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke!	

Foorth I wyll, sure, what-ever I lacke!	IIO
DYL. Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.	
WYT. Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art alone!	
How say ye, syr; is not here weapon?	
INSTR. Wyth that weapon your enmy never threton,	
For wythowt the returne of Confydence	115
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all Dylygence.	
DYL. God, syr! and Dylygence, I tell you playne,	
Wyll play the man or my master be slayne!	
INSTR. Ye; but what! sayth Studye no wurde to thys?	
WYT. No, syr; ye knowe Studyes ofyce is	I 20
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld.	
But tell me, Studye, wylt thow now yeld?	
STUD. My hed akth sore; I wold wee returne!	
WYT. Thy hed ake now? I wold it were burne!	
Cum on; walkyng may hap to ese the.	125
INSTR. And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee?	
WYT. Ye, by my fayth; except ye hy ye after,	
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.	
Exceat Wyt, Study and Dylygence.	

INSTR. Well, go your way! Whan your father, Reson,	
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,	130
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now	
May mary another man for you.	
When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,	
Best let them go, tyll pryde at hys heyghte	
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne,	135
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.	
Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,	
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather;	
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,	
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set mee.	140

Exceat Instruccion. Tedyousnes cumth in with a vyser over hys hed.

[TEDY.] Oh the body of me! What kaytyves be those

That wyll not once flee	
From Tediousnes nose,	
But thus dysese me	145
Out of my nest,	•
When I shoold ese mee	•
Thys body to rest!	
That Wyt, that vylayne,	
That wrech, — a shame take hym! —	150
Yt is he playne	
That thus bold doth make hym,	
Wythowt my lycence	
To stalke by my doore	
To that drab, Syence,	155
To wed that whore!	
But I defye her; 1	
And for that drabes sake,	
Or Wyt cum ny her,	
The knaves hed shall ake;	160
Thes bones, this mall,	
Shall bete hym to dust	
Or that drab shall	
Once quench that knaves lust!	
But, hah! mee thynkes	165
I am not halfe lustye;	
Thes jo[y]ntes, thes lynkes,	
Be ruffe and halfe rustye;	
I must go shake them,	
Supple to make them!	170
Stand back, ye wrechys!	
Beware the fechys	
Of Tediousnes,	
Thes kaytyves to bles!	
Make roome, I say!	175
Rownd evry way,	
Thys way, that way!	
What cares 2 what way?	

² Qy. What care I or Who cares.

¹ H. here.

Before me, behynd me, Rownd abowt wynd me! 180 Now I begyn To swete in my skin; Now am I nemble To make them tremble. Pash hed! pash brayne! 185 The knaves are slayne, All that I hyt! Where art thow, Wyt? Thow art but deade! Of goth thy hed 190 A' the fyrst blow! Ho, ho! ho, ho!

Wyt spekyth at the doore.

[WYT.] Studye! STUD. Here, syr! WYT. How, doth thy hed ake? STUD. Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take! WYT. Dylygens! Dyl. Here, syr, here! WYT. How dost thow? 195 Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now? Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, — a vengans on DYL. hym! That thretneth you thus. Set evyn upon hym! STUD. Upon hym, Dylygence? Better nay! 1 DYL. Better nay, Studye? Why shoold we fray? 200 STUD. For I am wery; my hed akth sore. DYL. Why, folysh Studye, thow shalt doo no more But ayde my master wyth thy presens. WYT. No more shalt thow nether, Dylygence. Ayde me wyth your presence, both you twayne, 205 And for my love myselfe shall take payne!

¹ Lines 199-201 erased in MS.

² Kittredge suggests that fray may be a misreading of stay.

STUD. Syr, we be redye-to ayde you so.
WYT. I axe no more, Studye. Cum then, goe!

Tedyiousnes rysyth up.

[TEDY.] Why, art thow cum?

WYT. Ye, wrech, to thy payne!

TEDI. Then have at the!

WYT. Have at the, agayne'

Here Wyt fallyth downe and dyeth.

TEDI. Lye thow there! Now have at ye, kaytyves!

Do ye fle, ifayth? A! horeson theves!

By Mahowndes bones, had the wreches taryd,

Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!

Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have patted them,

In twenty gobbetes I showld have squatted them,

To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte

Of Tediousnes! Walke furder abowte

I trow now they wyll. And as for thee,

Thow wylt no-more now troble mee.

220

Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,

The horeson shall bere me another kuffe.

[Strikes him.]

Now ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest, Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest.

224

226

210

Exceat Tedy[ousnes].

Here cumth in Honest Recreacion, Cumfort, Quycknes, and Strenght, and go and knele abowt Wyt; and at the last verce reysyth hym up upon hys feete, and so make an end.

[While they kneel, they sing this song:] 1

Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreacion; Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

When travelles grete in matters thycke Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,

¹ The song inserted here occurs in MS. among the songs that follow the play. It clearly belongs here, however, as it has the superscription: "The fyrst song in the play of Science."

Upon his feete woold God he were!

To rayse hym now we neede not fere.

Stay you hys handes, whyle we hym 1 bere;

Now all at once upryght him rere!

Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion!

256

O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation; Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!

262

And than Honest Recreacion sayth as folowyth:1

Hon. Rec. Now, Wyt, how do ye? Wyll ye be lustye?

WYT. The lustier for you needes be must I.

HON. REC. Be ye all hole yet after your fall?

WYT. As ever I was, thankes to you all.

Reson cummth in, and sayth as folowyth:

[RESON.] Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye; But syns the[y] have [do] that the[y] shoold do ye, Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.

WYT. Oh father Reson, I have had an hard Chance synce ye saw me!

RESON.² I wot well that.

The more to blame ye,8 when ye wold not

Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.

What marvell though Tedyousness had kyld ye?

But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne.

275

270

Set forward agayne Syence to attayne!

WYT. Good father Reson, be not to hastye;

In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.

I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.

RESON. Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse her? 280 I say, yf ye love my dowghter Science, Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

Al go out save Honest.4

Here Comfort, Quiknes and Strength go out.

¹ In H. this and the stage direction preceding the song form a single sentence. For the sake of clearness, I have broken the sentence and inserted the song between the parts.

- ² MS. Reson cumth in; corr. by H.
- 8 H. says: "This sentence is repeated in the MS. by mistake, but part of the previous line seems to be wanting"; but I see no reason for the latter statement.
- 4 H. adds [RECREACION]. But it should seem that the scribe began to write: Al go out save Honest Recreacion, Reason and Wyt, but halfway through the sentence decided upon another form of expressing the same fact, and then neglected to erase what he had written.

WYT. Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet!	
RESON. No? wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?	
WYT. Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,	285
For we parte not yet.	
RESON. Well, Wyt, I went ye	
Had bene no such man as now I see.	
Fare-well!	Exceat.
Hon. Rec. He ys angry.	
WYT. Ye, let hym be!	
I doo not passe!	
Cum now, a basse!	290
Hon. Rec. Nay, syr, as for bassys,	
From hence none passys	
But as in gage	
Of mary-age.	
Wyr. Mary, evyn so.	295
A bargayne, lo!	
Hon. Rec. What, wythout lycence	
Of Ladye Science?	298
Wyт. Shall I tell you trothe?	
I never lovde her.	
Hon. Rec. The common voyce goth .	
That mariage ye movd her.	302
2 1110 1110 1110 1110 1110 1110 1110 11	3-2
WYT. Promyse hath she none.	
Yf we shalbe wone,	
Wythout no wurdes grawnt!	
Hon. Rec. What, upon this soodayne?	
Then myghte ye playne	
Byd me avawnt!	308
Nay, let me see	
In honeste	
What ye can doo	
To wyn Recreacion;	
Upon that probacion	
I grawnt therto	212

WYT AND SCIENCE.

43 I

WYT. Small be my dooinges, But apt to all thynges

I am, I trust.

Hon. REc. Can ye dawnce than?

WYT. Evyn as I can,

Prove me ye must.

320

Hon. REc. Then for a whyle

Ye must excyle

This garment cumbryng.1

WYT. In-deede, as ye say,

This cumbrus aray

Woold make Wyt slumbryng.

326

Hon. Rec. Yt is gay geere

Of Science cleere, —

Yt seemth her aray.

WYT. Whose-ever it were,

Yt lythe now there!

[Takes off his gown.]

HON. REC. Go to, my men, play!

332

Here [the minstrels play and Honest Recreacion and Wyt] dawnce,² and in the mene-whyle Idellnes cumth in and sytth downe, and when the galyard is doone, Wyt sayth as followyth, and so falyth downe in Idellnes lap.

WYT. Sweete hart, gramercys!

HON. REC. Why, whether now? Have ye doone, synce?

WYT. Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me; Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.

HON. REC. What, there?

WYT. Ye, here; I wylbe so bold.

IDLE. Ye, and wellcum, by hym that God sold!

HON. REC. Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see?

IDLE. As honest a woman as ye be!

340

HON. REC. Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you?

IDLE. Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene, you?

¹ H. cum bryng; but cf. l. 325.

² H. Here they dawnce.

WYT. Ther, go to! Lo! now for the best game!	
Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame!	
HON. REC. Ye, Wyt; by youre fayth, is that youre	
facion?	345
Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreacion,	
For that common strumpet, Idellnes,	
The verye roote of all vyciousnes?	
WYT. She sayth she is as honest as ye.	
Declare yourselves both now as ye be!	350
Hon. Rec. What woolde ye more for my declaracion	
Then evyn my name, Honest Recreacion?	
And what wold ye more her to expres	
Then evyn her name, to, Idlenes—	
Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?	355
Wherfore cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!	
IDEL. Wyll I mar hym, drabb, thow calat, thow!	
When thow hast mard hym all-redye now?	
Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreacion,	
Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,	360
To lame hym thus and make his lymmes fayle	
Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle?	
The dyvyll set fyre one the! for now must I,	
Idlenes, hele hym agayne, I spye.	
I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym	365
To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame hym.	
Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vyciousnes?	
Nay; thow art roote of all vyce dowteles!	
Thow art occacion, lo! of more evyll	
Then I, poore gerle, — nay, more then the dyvyll!	370
The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse	
More devlyshnes then by the doth ryse.	
Under the name of Honest Recreacion,	
She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!	
Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng —	375
Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng?	
Her cardyng, her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye —	
Where fynd ve more falcehod then there? Not lyghtly.	

Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,	
But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.	3 80
As for her syngyng, pypyng and fydlyng,	_
What unthryftynes therin is twydlyng!	
Serche the tavernes and ye shall here cleere	
Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.	
And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,	385
And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion!	
But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.	
WYT. Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.	
HON. REC. No? Ys youre judgment such then that ye	
Can neyther perseve 1 that best, how she	390
Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet	
Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?	
Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare	
By whome so manye wytes curyd are?	
When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,	3 95
Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?	
And as I savyd you, so save I all	
That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.	
When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,	
Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them	400
Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes or games	
As unto myne honest nature frames,	
And not, as she sayth, with pastymes suche	
As be abusyd lytell or muche, —	
For where honest pastymes be abusyd,	405
Honest Recreacion is refused;	
Honest Recreacion is present never	
But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.	
But in-deede Idlenes, she is cawse	
Of all such abuses; she, lo! drawes	410
Her sort to abuse myne honest games,	
And therby full falsly my name defames.	
Under the name of Honest Recreacion	
She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,	

1 MS. peseve; corr. by H.

INGN. Um! mother wyll not let me cum.

IDLE.

I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum!

445

She wyll never let the thryve, I trow. Cum on, goose! Now, lo! men shall know That Idlenes can do sumwhat, ye, And play the scoolemystres, to, yf neade bee. 450 Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes! Say thy lesson, foole. Upon my thummes? INGN. Ye, upon thy thummes; ys not there thy name? IDEL. INGN. Yeas. IDLE. Go to, than; spell me that same. 454 Where was thou borne? INGN. Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed. IDLE. In Ingland? Ingn. Yea. IDLE. And whats 2 half Ingland? Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys? INGN. Whats tys? IDEL. Whats tys? horeson, whats tys? Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys? 459 INGN. Tys my thum. Thy thum? Yng, horeson, ing, ing! IDEL. INGN. Yng, yng, yng, yng. IDEL. Foorth! Shall I bete thy narse, now? INGN. Um-m-m — IDEL. Shall I not bete thy narse, now? INGN. Um-um-um – Say "no," foole, say "no." IDEL. Noo, noo, noo, noo! INGN. 465 Go to, put together: yng! IDEL. Yng. INGN. No! IDEL. INGN. Noo. Forth now! What sayth the dog? IDEL.

¹ It will aid the reader to follow this exemplification of the syllabic method if he bears in mind from the start that the name of Ignorance is pronounced Ing-no-ran-s-y.

² H. prints what's here only.

```
INGN.
                                           Dog barke.
IDLE.
                      Dog ran, horeson, dog ran!
        Dog barke?
        Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran.
INGN.
        Put together: ing!
IDEL.
                            Yng.
INGN.
IDEL.
                                 No!
INGN.
                                      Noo.
IDEL.
                                            Ran!
INGN.
                                                  Ran.
                                                           470
        Foorth now; what seyth the goose?
IDLE.
INGN.
                                            Lag! lag!
        Hys, horson, hys!
IDLE.
                            Hys, hys-s-s-s.
ING[N].
IDLE.
        Go to, put together: yng.
INGN.
                                    Ing.
IDLE.
        No.
              Noo.
Ingn.
IDLE.
                    Ran.
INGN.
                           Ran.
IDLE.
                                  Hys.
ING[N].
                                         Hys-s-s-s-s.
        No[w], who is a good boy?
IDLE.
INGN.
                                      I, I, I, I, I, I.
                                                           475
IDLE. Go to, put together: ing.
INGN.
                                   Ing.
IDLE.
        No.
INGN.
              Noo.
IDEL.
                     Ran.
INGN.
                            Ran.
IDEL.
                                   His.
INGN.
                                         Hys-s-s-s-s.
        I.
IDEL.
           I.
INGN.
               Ing-no-ran-his-I.
IDEL.
INGN.
        Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s.
IDLE.
       I.
           I.
INGN.
```

IDEL. Ing. INGN. Ing. Foorth! IDEL. INGN. Hys-s-s. **4**80 Ye, no, horeson, no. IDEL. INGN. Noo, noo, noo, noo. IDLE. Ing-no. INGN. Ing-noo. IDLE. Forth now! INGN. Hys-s-s-s. IDEL. Yet agayne; ran, horeson, ran, ran. INGN. Ran, horson, ran, ran. IDLE. Ran, say! INGN. Ran-say. IDLE. Ran, horson! INGN. Ran, horson. IDLE. Ran. INGN. Ran. 485 IDLE. Ing-no-ran. INGN. Ing-no-ran. Foorth, now! What sayd the goose? IDEL. INGN. Dog barke. Dog barke? Hys, horson, hys-s-s-s-s, IDLE. INGN. Hys-s-s-s-s. ¹ IDLE. I; Ing-no-ran-hys-I. 490 Ingn. Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s. I. IDLE. INGN. I. How sayst, now, foole? Is not there thy name? IDLE. INGN. Yea. Well than; can me that same! IDLE. What hast thow lernd? ¹ H. has: IDLE I.

Ing. Ing-no-ran-hys-I. Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s.

and says that the whole speech assigned to Ingn. "should possibly be given to IDLE., but the MS. is apparently carelessly written in this place."

Ingn. Ich can not tell.

IDLE. "Ich can not tell"? thou sayst evyn very well, 495
For, yf thow cowldst tell, then had not I well
Towght the thy lesson which must be tawghte,—
To tell all when thow canst tell ryghte noght.

INGN. Ich can my lesson.

IDLE. Ye; and therfore

Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!

500

INGN. A new cote?

IDLE. Ye, a new cote by-and-by.

Of wyth thys old cote; "a new cote" crye!

INGN. A new cote, a new cote, a new cote!

IDLE. ¹ Pease, horson foole!

Wylt thow wake hym now? Unbuttun thy cote, foole! Canst thow do nothyng?

Ingn. I note how choold be.1

505

510

IDLE. "I note how choold be"? A foole betyde the! So wysly hyt spekyth; cum on now; whan? Put bak thyne arme, foole!

[Takes off Ingnorance's coat.]

INGN.

Put backe?

IDLE. So, lo! now let me see how thys geere
Wyll trym this jentle-man that lyeth heere,—
Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe!—
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,
As feete as can be for this one arme.

[Puts Wyt's gown on Ingnorance.]

Ingn. Oh! cham a-cold.

Hold, foole! keepe the warme,
And cum hyther; hold this hed here; softe now, for wakyng! 515
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe
As it had bene made evyn for thys bodye.

[Puts Ingnorance's coat on Wyt.]

1-1 As three lines in H., ending, now, nothyng, be.

So! It begynth to looke lyke a noddye!	520
Ingn. Um-m-m-	
IDLE. What aylest now, foole?	
Ingn. New cote is gone	
IDLE. And why is it gone?	
INGN. 'Twool not byde on.	
IDLE. "'Twool not byde on"? 'Twoold if it cowlde!	
But marvell it were that byde it shoold, —	
Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak! —	525
But now lets se, syr; what do ye lak?	
Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,	
So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!	
Ingn. He is I now!	
IDLE. Ye; how lykste hym now?	
Is he not a foole as well as thow?	530
Ingn. Yeas.	
IDLE. Well, than, won foole keepe another!	
Geve me this, and take thow that brother.	
Ingn. Um-m—	
IDLE. Pyke the home, go!	
IDLE. Pyke the home, go! INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! [Exit.]	
7 (1 11 41 41 41 41	
Ingn. Chyll go tell my moother! [Exit.]	535
Ingn. Chyll go tell my moother! [Exit.] IDLE. Yea, doo!	
Ingn. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!	
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!	
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele	
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele,	
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole,	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole!	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth:	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth: [CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth: [CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth: [CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde Wandryng all abowt seakyng his master.	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth: [CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde	535
INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! IDLE. Yea, doo! But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo! And heere agayne! and now this heele To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele, By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole, Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! [Exit Idlenes.] Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth: [CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde Wandryng all abowt seakyng his master. Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster	535

570

574

The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee!		
I have doone thye message in such sorte		
That I not onlye, for thy comfort,		
To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere		
A swoord of comfort from thy love deere,		550
But also, furder, I have so enclynd her		
That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her		
In her owne parson half-way to meete thee,		
And hytherward she came for to greete thee.		
And sure, except she be turned agayne,		5 55
Hyther wyll she cum or be long, playne,		
To seake to meate the heere in this cost.		
But now, alas! thy-selfe thow hast lost,		
Or, at the least, thow wylt not be found.		
Alas! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde		560
Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,		
To lease my credence to Ladye Science!		
Thow lesyst me, to; for yf I can not		
Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,		
But shortly get me evyn into a corner		565
And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner!	Exceat.	

Here the[y] cum in with vyols.

FAME. Cum syrs, let us not dysdayne to do
That the World hath apoynted us too.

EAVOR Syns to serve Science the World hat

FAVOR. Syns to serve Science the World hath sent us, As the World wylth us, let us content us.

RYCHES. Content us we may, synce we be assynde To the fayrest lady that lyvth, in my mynde!

WOORSHYP. Then let us not stay here muet and mum, But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum.

Here the[y] syng "Excedynge Mesure." 1

Exceedyng mesure, wyth paynes continewall,
Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I doe,
Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,

¹ In MS. this song immediately follows "The fyrst song in the play of Science," and is headed "The ij song."

Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe, And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe?	
Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne Ever to serve where I may not attayne!	581
Truth byndyth me ever to be true, How-so-that fortune faverth my chance. Duryng my lyfe none other but you	,
Of my tru hart shall have the governance! O good swete hart, have you remembrance Now of your owne, whych for no smart	
Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart!	588
[Whyle they sing, Experyence and Science enter.]	
EXPER. Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng? Science. Oh mother, for heere remaynth a thynge!	
Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures, Takyn on us as chance to us measures. Woorshyppe. Ladye, thes our plesures, and parsons too,	
Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.	
FAME. Ladye Science, to set foorth your name The World, to wayte on you, hath sent me, — Fame.	595
FAVOR. Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye The World, to cherysh you, Favor hath sent ye. RYCHES. Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne	
The World, to mayntayne you, Ryches hath thrown. WOORSHYP. And as the World hath sent you thes three,	600
So he sendth mee, — Woorshypp, — to avawnce your degre. Science. I thank the World; but cheefly God be praysed,	
That in the World such love to Science hath raysed! But yet, to tell you playne, ye iiij ar suche	605
As Science lookth for lytell nor muche; For beyng, as I am, a lone wooman, Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can.	
But, thankyng the World and you for your payn,	
	610
WOORSHYPPE. Why, ladye, set ye no more store by mee, —	

Woorshypp? Ye set nowght by yourselfe, I se!

FAME. She setthe nowght by Fame; wherby I spye her, She carethe not what the World sayth by her:

FAVOR. She setthe nowght by Favor; wherby I trye her, 615 She caryth not what the World sayth or dooth by her.

RYCHES. She setth nowght by Ryches; whych dooth showe

She careth not for the World. Cum, let us goe!

[The four go out.]

Science. In-deede, smalle cawse gevyn to care for the Worldes favering, Seeyng the wyttes of [the] Worlde be so waveryng. 620 EXPER. What is the matter, dowghter, that ye Be so sad? Open your mynd to mee. Science. My marvell is no les, my good moother, Then my greefe is greate, to see — of all other — The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to Dame Nature, 625 Who sent me a pycture of hys stature, Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng, — Hys amorous love therby betokenyng, Borne toward me in abundant facion; And also, furder, to make ryght relacion 630 Of this hys love he put in commyshion Such a messenger as no suspicion Cowld growe in mee of hym, — Confydence. EXPER. Um! Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence SYENCE. And faythfull behavoure in hys movynge 635 Set foorth the pyth of hys masters lovynge That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect. EXPER. So? Now, this beinge synce the space SCIENCE. Of three tymes sendyng from place to place 640

Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more

Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.

How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother? EXPER. Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother But that it is true — thys proverbe old: Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold! Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust	645
To lyght lovers, to hot at the furst!	
For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd	
And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,	650
Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye	
But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.	
Science. I thynke so.	
Exper. Ye; thynke ye so or no,	
Youre mother, Experience, proofe shall showe	
That Wyt hath set hys love — I dare say	655
And make ye warrantyse — another way.	
Wyt cumth before.	
[WYT.] But your warrantyse warrant no trothe!	
Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe	
Tyll you here more; for, deere Ladye Science,	
Had your lover, Wyt, — ye, or Confydence,	66o
Hys man, — bene in helth all this tyme spent,	
Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent;	
But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,	
Wyt and hys man, ye and wyth paynes thycke	
Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover	665
Could neyther cum 1 nor send by none other.	
Wherefore, blame not hym, but chance of syknes.	
SCIENCE. Who is this?	
Exper. Ingnorance, or his lykenes.	
Science. What, the common foole?	
EXPER. Yt is much lyke hym.	
Science. By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym!	670
What sayst thow, Ingnorance? Speak agayn!	-
WYT. Nay, ladye, I am not Ingnorance, playne,	
But I am your owne deere lover, Wytt,	

¹ MS. cumne; corr. by H.

That hath long lovd you, and lovth you yet;	(
Wherefore, I pray the now, my nowne swetyng,	675
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.	
Science. Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet.	
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt!	
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now-a-dayes?	
Your mother shall charme you; go your wayes!	68o
WYT. What nedth all this, my love of long growne?	
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?	
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye;	
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,	
Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott.	685
SCIENCE. Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got?	
WYT. Well, I perseve my foolyshnes now;	
Indeede, ladyes no dasterdes alowe;	
I wylbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng!	
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng!	690
Science. What wylt thow, arrand foole?	·) ·
WYT. Nay, by the mas,	
I wyll have a bas or I hence pas!	
SCIENCE. What wylt thow, arrande foole? Hence, foole,	
I say!	
WYT. What! nothyng but foole and foole all this day?	
By the mas, madam, ye can no good.	695
	093
Science. Art a-sweryng, to? Now, by my hood,	
Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj strypes shall bere! WYT. Ye, Godes bones! foole and knave to? be ye there?	
By the mas, call me foole once agayne,	
And thow shalt sure call a blo or twayne.	700
	700
EXPER. Cum away, dowghter, the foole is mad.	
WYT. Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad!	
We will gre better, or ye pas hence.	
I praye the now, good swete Ladye Science,	= ~ =
All this strange maner now hyde and cover,	705
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover!	

¹ H. says that the scribe here began to write the preceding speech of Science, but erased it.

Science. What goodfelowshyppe wold ye of me,	
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye?	
WYT. Know ye not me?	
Science. No; how shoold I know ye?	
WYT. Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye?	710
SCIENCE. Your pycture?	•
Wyт. Ye, my picture, ladye,	
That ye spake of. Who sent it but I?	
SCIENCE. Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we	
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.	
Lo, here! the pycture that I named is this.	715
WYT. Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is.	
You havyng this, ladye, and so lothe	
To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe?	
Science. Why, you are nothyng lyke, in myne eie.	
WYT. No? How say ye? [To Experience.]	
EXPER. As she sayth, so say I.	720
WYT. By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde!	•
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd?	
EXPER. Marye, this is fayer, plesant and goodlye,	
And ye are fowle, dysplesant and uglye.	
WYT. Mary, avawnt, thow fowle ugly whoore!	725
Science. So! lo! now I perseve ye more and more.	
WYT. What! perseve you me as ye wold make me,	
A naturall foole?	
Science. Nay, ye mystake me;	
I take ye for no foole naturall,	
But I take ye thus, — shall I tell all?	730
Wyr. Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,	_
Wherto I shall trust. No more delay ye.	
Science. I take ye for no naturall foole,	
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,	
But for a nawgty vycious foole,	735
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole.	
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!	
WYT. Ye, Goges bodye!	
EXPER. Cum, let us be gone!	
[The two go out.]	

WYT. My swerd! is yt gone? A vengeance on them!	
Be they gone, to, and ther hedes upon them?	740
But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!	
Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe.	
A man is well at ease by sute to payne him	
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym!	
So mokte, so lowted, so made a sot,	745
Never was I erst, synce I was begot!	• ••
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?	
Where is my glas that Reson dyd take me?	
Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me	
As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me.	750
Hah! Goges sowle! what have we here? a dyvyll?	
This glas, I se well, hath bene kept evyll.	
Goges sowle! a foole, a foole, by the mas!	
What a very vengeance aylth this glas?	
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,	75 5
Or els am I to shamefully blotted!	
Nay, by Goges armes, I am so, no dowte!	
How loke ther facis heere round aboute?	
All fayre and cleere they, evrychone;	
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,	760
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!	
Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, — ye, by the masse,	
Kokescome and all; I lack but a bable!	•
And as for this face, [it] is abhominable,	
As black as the devyll! God, for his passion!	765
Where have I bene rayde affter this fassyon?	•
This same is Idlenes, — a shame take her!	
This same is her wurke, —the devill in hell rake her!	
The whoore hath shamd me for-ever, I trow!—	
I trow? Nay verely, I knowe!	770
Now it is so, the stark foole I playe	
Before all people; now see it I maye.	
Evrye man I se lawhe me to scorne;	
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne!	

Yt was not for nowght, now well I se, 775 That those too ladyes dysdayned me. Alas! Ladye Science, of all oother -How have I rayled on her and her moother! Alas! that lady I have now lost Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most! 780 Alas! from Reson had I not varyd, Ladye Science or this I had maryd; And those fower gyftes which the World gave her I had woon, to, had I kept her favor; Where now, in-stede of that lady bryght 785 Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght, — Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp and Fame, -I have woone Hatred, Beggry and Open Shame.

Shame cumth in wyth a whyppe. [Reason follows him.]

WYT. Out upon the, Shame! what doost thowe heere? Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere. Reson. 790 Upon hym, Shame, wyth stryppes inow smitten, While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten: Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye; Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd 795 To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised; Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove, Upon Idlenes he hath set his love; Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole; 800 Lastlye, offendyng both God and man, Sweryng grete othes as any man can, He hath abused himselfe, to the grete shame 1 Of all his kynred and los of his good name. Wherfore, spare him not, Shame; bete him well there! 805 He hath deservyd more then he can beare.

Wyt knelith downe.

[WYT.] Oh father Reson, be good unto me! Alas, thes strypes of Shame will undo me! RESON. Be still a while, Shame! Wyt, what sayst thow? WYT. Oh syr, forgeve me, I beseech you! 810 RESON. Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment, Wylt thow than folow thy fyrst entent And promyse made, my dowghter to marye? WYT. Oh syr, I am not woorthy to carye The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt. 815 RESON. I wot well that; but yf I admyt The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer, Wylt thow then follow thy sewte unto her? WYT. Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth. RESON. Cum neere, masters; heere is wone ensuryth 820 Here cumth Instruccion, Studye and Diligens in.

In woordes to becum an honest man!

Take him, Instruccion; do what ye can.

INSTR. What, to the purpose he went before?

RESON. Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more.

Take him, and trym hym in new aparell,

And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.

INSTR. Cum on your way, Wyt; be of good cheere;

After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere!

Instrucion, Study, Wyt and Dyligens go out.

RESON. Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,
May se what Wyt is wythout Reson.

What was this Wyt better then an asse
Being from Reson strayde, as he was?
But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,
And thereby, I trust, meetely well monyshyd.

Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,

Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye;
For, lyke as, yf Wyt had prowdly bent hym

¹ Written over wold in MS.

To resyst Shame, to make Shame absent hym, I wold have thought than that Wyt had bene -As the saying is, and daylye seene — 840 Past Shame once, and past all amendment: So, contra[r]ye, syns he dyd relent To Shame, when Shame ponysht him evyn yll, I have, I say, good hope in him styll. I thynke, as I thought, — yf joyne thei can, — 845 My dowghter wel bestowd on this man. But all the dowte now is to thynke how My dowghter takth this; for I may tell yow, I thynk she knew this Wyt evyn as weele As she seemd heere to know him no deele, 850 For lak of knoledge in Science there is none; Wherfore, she knew him, and therupon His mysbehavor perchance evyn strykyng Her hart agaynst him, she - now myslykyng, As women oft-tymes wylbe hard-hartyd.— 855 Wilbe the stranger to be revertyd. This must I helpe; Reson must now walke, On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke. A neere way to her know I, wherebye My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I. **860** Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther; Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

Exceat Reson. Confydence cumth in.

[CONF.] I thanke God, yet at last I have fownd hym;
I was afrayde sum myschance had drownd him,
My master, Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken,
Ye, and deliverd token for token,
And have anoother to Science agayne,—
A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne
That Science hath wun Wytes hart for-ever,
Whereby, I trust, by my good endever
To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,
A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortlye.

Confydens exceat. Instruccion cumth in wyth Wyt, Study and Dylygence.

[INSTR.] Lo! syr, now ye be entryd agayne Toward that passage where dooth remayne Tedyousnes, your mortall enmy; 875 Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte, Or els walkyng a lytell abowte. WYT. Nay; for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him! Ye se I am able now for to greete him. **880** This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love, Upon her enmy needes must I proove! INSTR. Then foorth there; and turne on your ryght hand Up that mownt before ye shall see stand. But heere ye! Yf your enmye chance to ryse, . 885 Folowe my cowncell in anye wyse; Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,— The stroke of Tediousnes, — and then cowche Themselves, as I told ye, — ye wot how. WYT. Ye, syr, for that how, marke the proofe now! 890 INSTR. To mark it, indeede, here wyll I abyde, To see what chance of them wyll betyde; For heere cumth the pyth, lo! of this iornaye, That mowntayne before which they must assaye Is cald in Laten Mons Pernassus, 895 Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus, Who attaynth ones to sleepe on that mownt, Ladye Science his owne he may cownt. But, or he cum there, ye shall see fowght A fyght with no les polycye wrowght 900 Then strenghth, I trow, if that may be praysed. TEDI. Oh! ho! ho! Hark! INSTR. Out, ye kaytyves! TEDI. [entering] The feend is raysyd! INSTR. TEDI. Out, ye vilaynes! be ye cum agayne? Have at ye, wretches!

WYT. Fle, syrs, ye twayne! Thei fle not far hens! TEDI. 905 Turne agayne, Studye! Dyli. Now, Dylygence! STUDYE. INSTR. Well sayde! Hold fast now! He fleeth! STUDYE. Then followe! Dyli. INSTR. Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow! Wyt lyth at reseyte! TEDI. (dyeth) Oh! ho! ho! Hark! he dyeth! INSTR. Where strength lakth, policye ssupplieth. 910 Heere Wyt cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth: I can ye thanke, syrs; this was well doone! Nay, yours is the deede! STUDYE. To you is the thank!1 Dyli. I can ye thank, all; this was well doone! Instr. How say ye, man? Is this feelde well woonne? Confydence cumth running in. [CONF.] Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart. 915 WYT. Why where is she, that here now thow art? CONF. Upon yonder mowntayne, on hye, She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye; Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all; In token whereof reseve heere ye shall 920 A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must Reseve her here strayght. But sayst thow just? WYT. [CONF.]² So just I say that, except ye hye ye, Or ye be redye, she wylbe by ye. Holde! Present unto her this hed heere, 925 And give me warning when she cumth nere. [Exit Confydence.]

² Supplied by H.

1 Oy. insert alone after thank.

Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse To trim this geere now in the best wyse? INSTR. Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me, all! DYLI. Oh, how this gere to the purpose dooth fall! 930 Confidens cumth running in. [CONF.] How, master, master! Where be ye now? WYT. Here, Confydence; what tydynges bryngst thow? CONF. My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye; Byd her wellcum! What, do ye hide ye? 934 Here Wyt, Instruccion, Studye, and Diligence syng "Wellcum, my nowne," and Syence, Experience, Reson and Confidence cum in at L[eft], and answer evre second verse: 1 Wellcum, myne owne! Wellcum, myne owne! 936 WYT and his Cumpanye. O ladye deere, Be ye so neere To be knowne? My hart yow cheere Your voyce to here; Wellcum, myne owne! 942 Science and hir Cumpanye. As ye rejoyse To here my voyce Fro me thus blowne, So in my choyce I show my voyce To be your owne. 948 Then drawe we neere WYT and his Cumpanye. To see and heere My love long growne! Where is my deere? Here I apeere To see myne owne. 954

¹ Here as before I have removed the song from the latter part of the volume and inserted it in the middle of the stage direction. The song is headed: "The thyrd Song."

Science and hir Cumpanye.	To se and try Your love truly Till deth be flowne, Lo! here am I, That ye may spie I am your owne.	960
WYT and his Cumpanye.	Then let us meete, My love so sweete, Halfe-way heere throwne!	
SIENS and hir Cumpanye.	I wyll not sleete My love to greete. Wellcum, myne owne!	966
Wyt and his Cumpanye.	Wellcum, myne owne!	
ALL sing:	Wellcum, myne owne!	968
gence, and Confidens out; and the Wyt sayth as folowyth: WYT. Wellcum, myne own Whych shalbe your owne till of I trust, ladye, this knot evyn some Science. I trust the same	deth us depart! syns knyt. e; for syns ye have smitt	
Ye have woon me for-ever, do Although ye have woon a clo WYT. A clogg, sweete has SCIENCE. To all men that joyne themse	owghtles, — ogg wyth-all! rt? what? Such as doth fall	975
In kepyng ther wyves; a care WYT. Careful? Nay, lac No clogg, but a key of my me To kepe you, swete hart, as s Shalbe no care, but most joy SCIENCE. Well, yet I say,	efull cariage! lye, that care shall imploye ost joye. hall be fyt, to Wyt! — marke well what I saye!—	98 <u>0</u>
My presence brynghth you a Not in the kepynge of me one But in the use of Science chee	elye,	985

For I, Science, am, in this degree, As all, or most part, of woomen bee: Yf ye use me well, in a good sorte, Then shall I be youre joy and comfort; 990 But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me, For, sure, ye were better then wythout me! WYT. Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt, As being avansyd by you, and yet Wold mysuse ye? Nay, yf ye dowt that, 995 Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat, — Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season, Correct me then your owne father, Reson. Ho, dowghter, can ye desyre any more? What neede thes dowtes? Avoyde them therfore! 1000 EXPER. Byrlakyn, syr, but, under your favor, This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather For a good warnyng now at begynnynge What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wynning, Whych shalbe this, syr: yf Science here, 1005 Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere Unto Godes honor, and profyt both Of you and your neybowre, whych goth In her, of kynd, to do good to all, — This seene to, Experience, I, shall IOIO Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye Doble encrece to your doble joye; But yf you use her contrarywyse To her good nature, and so devyse To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her, 1015 Ye, and cast her of and set nowght by her, Be sure I, Experience, shall than Declare you so before God and man That thys talent from you shalbe taken And you ponysht for your gayne forsaken. 1020 WYT. "Once warne[d], half-armd," folk say, namely whan Experience shall warne a man, than Tyme to take heede. Mother Experience,

Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart, Siens,	
As I am sertayne that to abuse her	1025
I brede myne owne sorow, and well to use her	
I encrece my joy, and so to make yt	
Godes grace is redye yf I wyll take yt:	
Then, but ye cownt me no wyt at all,	
Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;	1030
But, as yourself, Experience, cleryng	
All dowtes at lenght, so, tyll tyme aperyng,	
Trust ye wyth me in God; and, swete hart,	
Whyle your father, Reson, takth wyth parte,	
To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,	1035
Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves 1 end yt!	
Science. Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past	
And to that end whiche ye spake of last,	
Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,	
Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;	1040
Which remembrance, Wyt, shall sure defend ye	
From the mysuse of Science and send ye ²	
The gayne my mother to mynd did call,	
Joy wythout end, — that wysh I to all!	1044
RESON. Well sayd! and as ye, dowghter, wyshe it,	
That joy to all folke in generall,	
So wysh I, Reson, the same; but yet	
Fyrst in this lyfe wysh I here to fall	
To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,	
To ther honorable Cowncell, and then to all the rest,	
Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best!	1051
	_

All say Amen.

Heere cumth in fowre wyth violes and syng, "Remembre me," and at the last quere all make cur[t]sye, and so goe forth syngyng.

Thus endyth the Play of Wyt and Science, made by Master Jhon Redford.

1 Qy. insert end (noun). 2 H. you. 8 This song is not given in MS.

A PREATY INTERLUDE CALLED, NICE WANTON.

Wherein ye may see
Three braunc[h]es of an yll tree:
The mother and her chyldren three,
Twoo naught, and one godlye.

Early sharpe that wyll be thorne;
Soone yll that wyll be naught;
To be naught, better vnborne;
Better vnfed than naughtely taught.

Ut magnum magnos, pueros puerilia 1 docent.2

Personages.

THE MESSENGER.

BARNABAS.

INIQUITIE.

ISMABL.

BAILY ERRAND.8

DALILA.

XANTIPE.

EULALIA.

WORLDLY SHAME.

DANIEL, THE IUDGE.

Anno Domini, M.D.LX.

¹ K. puerllia.

² K. deocus; emend. by Kittredge; Haz. prints doctus, with no note.

⁸ Tris and Iniquite on the same line in K.

Printed from the copy in the British Museum. Whether Hazlitt, in his edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays," printed from this copy or from that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, I do not know. If he printed from the latter, the variations between his reading of the original and that of my copyist may perhaps be accounted for; but if so, both copies have been trimmed too close. In some instances I have omitted to point out that Hazlitt has silently corrected spellings and restored dropped letters; but I believe I have neglected nothing important in his text or his notes. His edition is indicated by Haz.; the old edition by K. In K. the names of the speakers are always spelled in full; the abbreviations are mine.

This play was licensed to the printer, John Kyng, in 1560; but the last stanza shows that it was written before the death of Edward VI.

[NICE WANTON.]

THE PROLOGUE.

THE MESSENGER. The prudent prince, Salomon, doth say, "He that spareth the rod, the chyld doth hate";	
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye	
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,	4
To be taught to fear God and theyr parents obey,	
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain	
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway	
To Gods law and the kynges; for it is certayne	8
If chyldren be noseled in idlenes and yll	
And brought vp therin, it is hard to restrayne	
And draw them from naturall wont euyll,	
As here in thys interlude ye shall se playne	I 2
By two chyldren brought vp wantonly in play,	
Whom the mother doth excuse when she should chastise:	
They delyte in daliaunce and mischief alway;	
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.	16
The mother, perswaded by Worldly Shame	
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,	
So pensife, so sorowfull for theyr death she became,	
That in despaire she would slea her-self with a knife.	20
Then her sonne, Barnabas, — by interpretacyon,	
The sonne of comfort, — her yll 1 purpose do 2 stay,	
¹ K. all; Haz. ill.	
² Haz. do[th]; perhaps a mistake for to.	

By the Scriptures he geueth her godly consolation; And so concludeth. All these partes wyll we 1 playe.	24
Barnabas commeth. [Exit.]	
BARN. My mayster in my lesson yester-day Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus: "Man is prone to euil from hys youth," did he say; Which sentence may wel be verified in vs,—	28
My-selfe, my brother, and sister Dalila, Whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do fynde. I tary for them here; time passeth away, I loose my learnyng; they ever loyter behynde.	32
2 10000 my 10mmy mg , theory 0.01 10 years 100 mg	52
If I go before, they do me threate To complayne to my mother; she for theyr sake, Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate. Lorde, in thys perplexitye, what way shall I take?	36
What wyl become of them? Grace God them sende To apply their learnyng and theyr maners amend!	
Ismael & Dalila come in syngyng:	
Here we comen! and here we louen! ² And here we will abide, abyde ay! ⁸	40
BARN. Fye, brother, fye! and specyally you, sister Dalila! Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway. DAL. What, ye dolt! Ye be euer in one songe! ISM. Yea, sir, it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe! BARN. Be ye not ashamed the treauandes to play, Losing your time and learning, and that euery day? Lernyng bringeth knowledge of God and honest liuing to get. DAL. Yea, mary, I warrant you, Master Hodypeke!	45
BARN. Learne a-pace, syster, and after to spyn and sowe, And other honest huswifely poyntes to knowe. 1 K. me; Haz. we. 2 Haz. lonen. 8 Haz. abide-a.	50

76

Spyn, quod ha? Yea, by the masse, and with youre heles vp-wynd, For a good mouse-hunt is cat after kynd.¹ BARN. "Lewd spekyng corrupteth good maners," S. Paule doeth sai. Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day. I shal be shent for taryng so longe. 55 Barnabas goeth oute. ISM. Go, get the hence, thy mouth full of horse-donge! Now, prety syster, what sport shall we deuyse? Thus paltyng to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse; In sommer dye for thryst, in wynter for colde, And styl to liue in feare of a churle, — who would? DAL. Not I, by the masse! I had rather he hanged were Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare. 62 I am sonne-burned in sommer, in winter the colde Maketh my limmes grosse and my beauty decay. If I should vse it as they would I should, I should neuer be fayre woman, I dare say. 66 ISM. No, syster, no! but I can tell Where we shal have good chiere, Lusty companyons two or three, At good wyne, ale and biere. 70 DAL. Oh good brother, let vs go; I wyl neuer go more to 2 scoole. Shall I neuer knowe What pastyme meaneth? Yes, I wyll not be suche a foole.

¹ Haz. prints after Saint Kind, and says "Old copy, Kynge"; my copyist gives the reading of the old edition as, after kyng.

² K. repeats to; Haz. prints to-to.

Ism. Haue with the, Dalila!

[They sing:]

Fare-well our scoole!

Away with boke and all!

[T]hey caste [aw]aye their [bo]kes.1

I wyll set my heart On a mery pynne, What-euer shall be-fall!

81

[They go out singing. Enter Eulalia.]

Eul. Lorde, what folly is in youth!

Howe vnhappy be chyldren now-a-dayes!

And, the more pitye, to say the truth,

Theyr parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes,

Which is a great cause that the world decayes,

For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play

Unthrifty and desobedient continue alway.

88

A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here-by,
Ydle, desobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily;
Their parentes so to suffer them, surely be not wise.
They laugh me to scorne when I tel them mine aduise;
I wil speake to their elders and warne them neighborly.
Neuer in better tyme!—their mother is here-by.

95

[Enter Xantippe.]

[EUL.] God saue you, gossyp! I am very fayne
That you chaunce now to come thys way;
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say.
Ismael, your sonne, and your daughter, Dalila,
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,
Chide and beat my chylren, — it greueth me sore.

102

They sweare, curse and scold, as they go by the way, . Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,

¹ The letters in brackets were cut off by the binder.

To Gods displeasure, and theyr hurt an-other day.

Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame! 106

XANT. Tusshe! tusshe! If ye haue no more than that to saye,

Ye maye holde your tonge and get ye awaye.

Alas! poore soules, they sit a' scoole all day

In feare of a churle; and yf a lytle they play,

He beateth them lyke a deuyl. When they come home,

Your mestresship would haue me lay on.

If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,

By the masse! with-in this month I shuld make them lame.

Eul. Be not offended, I pray you; I must say more:
Your sonne is suspect lyght-fyngered to be;
Your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure;
See to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.
He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely;
Yet Salomon sobre correction doth meane,
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame.

XANT. God thanke you, mestres, I am well at ease!

[Aside] Such a foole to teache me, preachyng as she please!

Dame, ye belye them deadly; I know playne,

Because they go handsomly, ye disdayne.

EUL. Then on the other as well would I complayne;

But your other sonne is good, and no thank to you!

These wyl ye make naught, by swete Iesu!

128

XANT. Eulalia, my chyldren naught? Ye lye!

By your malyce they shal not set a flye.

I haue but one mome, in comparison of hys brother, —

Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.

Eul. Well, Xantippe, better in time then to late!

Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take.

Exit. 134

¹ K. Eupliade; Haz. gives Gupliade as reading of K. and prints Gupliar.

² K. flye.

XANT. Mary, good leaue haue ye, the gret God be with you!

My chyldren or I be curst, I thinke;

They be complayned on where-euer they go,

That for theyr pleasure they might drynke;

Nay, by thys the poor soules be come from scole 1 wery,

I will go get them meate to make them mery.2 [Exit.] 140

Iniquitie, Ismael, and Dalila come in together, [singing:]

INIQ. Lo! lo! here I bryng her.3

Ism. What is she, nowe ye have her?

DAL. I,4 lusty mynyon louer?5

INIQ. For no golde wyll I gyue her.

All together. Welcome my hony ay.

Here he speaketh:

INIQ. Oh my heart!

Thys wenche can synge

And play her parte.

DAL. I am yours (and you mine),6 with all my heart. 149

INIQ. By the masse, it is well songe!

Were ye not sory ye were a mayd so longe?

DAL. Fye, Maister Iniquitie! fye! I am a mayd yet.

Ism. No, sister, no; your maidenhead is sicke.

INIQ. That knaue, your brother, wyl be a blabbe styl.

I-wisse, Dalila, ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil!

DAL. By him, quod ha? He hath whores two or three.

But iche tell your minion Doll, by Gogs body, —

It skylleth not, she doth holde you as muche.

ISM. Ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche.

DAL. Not she! Yes, to do your heart good!

I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.

¹ K. foules be come frō ferle.

155

145

160

⁴ Haz. A.

² K. mercy.

⁵ Haz. reads loner.

⁸ K. brynger; Haz. bring a.

⁶ This is perhaps spoken aside.

Ism. Peace, whore! or ye beare me a boxe¹ on theare. ² DAL. Here is mine eare, knaue, stryke and thou dare!

[He strikes her.]

[Dal. (to Iniq.)] To suffer him thus ye be no man!

If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one!

To set so litle by me ye were not wont.

Well, it is no matter! Though ye do, ceteri nolunt.8

INIQ. Peace, Dalila! Speake ye Laten, poore foole?

Dal. No, no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole.

ISM. Yea, syster, you went to scole til ye were past grace.

INIQ. Well, no more a-do; let all thys go.

We kinsfolke must be frendes; it must be so.

Come on! come on!

Here they be that wyll do vs al good.

He casteth dice on the bord.

Ism. If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught 4 your [hood].5

INIQ. Come on, knaue, with Christes curse!
I must have some of the mony
Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse.

DAL. He, by the masse, if he can get his purse 180 Now and then, he maketh it by halfe the worse.

ISM. I defie you both, whore and knaue!

INIQ. What, ye pryncockes, begin ye to raue? Come on!

DAL. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,

I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleue.

ISM. Then be ye seruaunt to a worshypful mon;

Mayster Iniquitie, — a right name, by Saint John!

¹ In K. the x of this word is broken and looks like r; Haz. of course prints box.

² K. has an theare (= on the ear); Haz. reads on there.

⁸ As two lines in K. and Haz.

⁴ Haz. through.

⁵ Supplied by Haz. who, however, does not mention that it is missing in K.

DAL. What can ye say by Mayster Iniquitie? I loue hym and his name most hertely. INIQ. God a mercy, Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the! I[H]e kisseth I[k]er. I wil shryue you both by-and-by. ISM. Come on, but fyrst let vs haue a songe.	190
DAL. I am content, so that it be not longe.	193
Iniquitie and Dalila singe:	
INIQ. Golde lockes, She must haue knockes, Or els I do her wronge. DAL. When ye haue your wyl, Ye were best lye styll,	
The winter nightes be longe.	199
INIQ. When I ne may An-other assay, I wyl take it for no wronge. DAL. Then, by the roode, A bone in your hoode	
I shall put ere it be longe.	205
ISM. She macheth you, sira! INIQ. By Gogs bloud, she is the best whore in England! DAL. It is knauishly praysed, gyue me your hand. INIQ. I woud thou haddes suche an-other. ² ISM. By the masse, rather then xl pound, brother. INIQ. Here, sirs, come on; seuen!	210
They set him.	
A-leauen at all! ISM. Do ye nycke vs? be-knaue your noly! INIQ. Ten myne! ISM. Syxe 4 myne! Casteth d[ice].1	
 1 Cut away in K. 2 K. in other. 8 Noll (=noddle) would give a sort of rhyme to all. 4 In K. the x is broken. 	

Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne! It is lost, by His woundes! and ten to one! INIQ. Take the dice, Dalila; cast on! Come on; fyve!

DAL.

215

She casteth, and they set.1

Thryue at fayrest!

Ism. Gup, whore! and I at rest. He loseth. Bi Gogs bloud, I wene God and the deuyl be agenst me! INIQ. If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the. 220 Then is he a good felow; I would not passe, Ism. So that I myght beare a rule in hell, by the masse, To tosse fierbrandes at these penyfathers pates. I would be porter and receive them at the gates. In boyling lead and brimston I wold sethe them ech-one. 225 The knaues haue al the mony, good felows haue none! DAL. Play, brother; haue ye lost all your money now? ISM. Yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as yow! Tis no matter; 2 I wyll haue money, or I wyll swete. By Gogs bloud, I wyll robbe the next I mete! 230 Yea, and it be my father!

He goeth out.

Thou boy! by the masse, ye wyl clyme the ladder! Ah, sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye: She perceyued my mind with a twinke of myne eie. If we two play booty 8 on any man, 235 We wyll make him as bare as Iob anone. Wel, Dalila, let se what ye haue won! Sir, I had x shillinges when I begon, And here is all, euery fart[h]yng.

They tell i[t].4

Ye lye lyke a whoore! ye haue won a pound. INIO. 240 Then the deuyll stryke me to the grounde! DAL.

¹ K. fet.

⁸ K. booby; Haz. boody, without note.

² K. marter.

⁴ Haz. omits it; the t is missing in K.

I will fele your pocket, by your leaue, mestres! A-way knaue; not mine, by the masse! INIQ. Yes, bi God, and geue you this to boot! 244 He geneth her a box. Out, horeson knaue, I beshrew thy hert-root! Wilt thou rob me and beat 1 me, to? In the way of correction, but a blowe or twoo. DAL. Correct thy dogges! thou shalt not beate me! I wyl make your knaues flesshe cut, I warrant the. 250 Ye thynke I haue no frendes? Yes, I haue in store A good felow or two, — perc[h]aunce more. Yea, by the masse, they shall boxe 2 you for this geare! A knaue I found the; a knaue I leaue the here! She goeth oute. INIQ. Gup, whore! Do ye heare this iade? 255 Louing when [she] * is pleased; When she is angry, thus shrewd. Thief brother, syster whore, — Two graffes of an yll tree! I wyl tary no longer here; Fare-well, God be with ye! 260 He goeth out. [A long interval.] Dalila commeth in ragged, her face hid or disfigured, halting on a staffe. DAL. Alas, wretched wretche that I am! Most miserable caitife that euer was borne! Full of payne and sorow, croked and lame,4 Stuft with diseases, in this world forlorne! 264 My senowes be shronken, my flesh eaten with pocks, My bones ful of ache[s] and great payne;

8 Supplied by Haz. without note.

4 K. lome; H. lorn.

¹ K. breat.

² Thax is broken in K.

•	
NICE WANTON.	469
My head is bald, that bare yelowe lockes; Croked I crepe to the earth agayne;	268
Mine eie-sight 1 is dimme; my hands tremble and s My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate; For lacke of clothes great colde I take; When appetite 2 serueth I can get no meate;	shake ; 272
Where I was fayre and amiable of face, Now am I foule and horrible to se: Al this I haue 8 deserued for lacke of grace, Iustly for my sinnes God doth plague me.	276
My parentes did tidle me, — they were to blame, — In-steade of correction, in yll did me maintain I fell to 4 naught, and shall dye with shame! Yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and pays	•
The worme of my conscience, that shall neuer dye Accuseth me dayly more and more. So oft haue I sinned wilfully That I feare to be damned for-euermore.	, 284
[Enter Barnabas.]	
BARN. What wofull wight art thou, tell me, That here most greuously doest lament? Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the By the word of God Omnipotent. Although your tyme ye haue mispent, Repent and amend while ye haue space,	
And God wyll restore you to health ⁵ and grace.	291
DAL. To tell you who I am, I dare not for shame But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this of Full oft for my wantonnes you dyd me blame, Yet to take your councel I had not the grace.	case.
¹ K. sigth. ⁸ K. I haue I. ⁵ K. ² K. appetide. ⁴ K. no; corr. by Haz.	. heatlh.

To be restored to health, alas, Disease hath brought me is Helpe me with your almose who That, like a wretche as I a BARN. Shewe me your n And I wil helpe you now at your	into suche decay! hile my lyfe doth laste, am, I may go my way. hame, sister, I you pray,	
Both body and soule wyl I fede		302
DAL. You ¹ haue named me a Your ¹ sister Dalila, that we My wanton, nice toyes ye knew	vreche I am.	
Alas, brother, they haue b	rought me to thys shame!	306
When you went to scole, my be Sweare, chide and scolde? To do shrewde turnes our dely Yet were we tidled, and you	with man and woman; te was alwaye;	310
Thus our parentes let vs do wh And you, by correction, th When we grewe bigge, we were By father and mother we s	ney kept ⁸ vnder awe; e sturdye and bolde,	314
Small matter for me, I am past But your brother and mine In daunger to come to shame a He frameth hys liuyng so	e is in great ⁴ ieoperdy, at the last,	318
BARN. Well, siker, ⁵ I euer fer Your lewde behauiours son To trayn you to goodnes al me But in vaine; yet wyl I pla	re greue[d] 6 my hart. anes haue I sought,	322
For the ⁷ soul is more precyous. With the bloud of Christe		
-	ou and Your; my copyist wrote Your 2 K. scodle. which Haz. prints without note. 5 Haz. changes to sister. 7 K. For ye the: Haz. no note.	

349

	17
To saue it fyrst a meane must be sought	
At Gods hand by Chryste, mannes onely Sauior.	326
Consider, Dalila, Goddes fatherly godnes,	
Which for your good hath brought you in thys case,	
Scourged you with hys rod, of pure loue doubtles,	
That ones knowing your-self, ye might cal for grace.	330
Ye seme to repent, but I doubt what[h]er1	
For your sinnes or for the misery ye be in.	
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,	
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne.	334
But so repent that ye sinne no more,	
And then beleue with stedfast faith	
That God wyll forgeue you for-euermore	
For Chrystes sake, as the Scripture sayth.	338
As for your bodye, if it be curable,	
I wyll cause to be healed, or 2 duryng your life	
I wyl clothe you and fede 8 you as I am able.	
Come, sister, go with me; ye haue nede of relief.	342
Thei goo.	

The iuge [Daniel], Iniquitie, Bayly [Errand] come in; t[he] iudge sitteth down.

Daniel. As a judge of the countrey here am I come, Sent by the Kynges Maiestye justyce to do, Chiefly to procede in judgement of a felon;

I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.

Go, baily; know whether they be all a-greed or no;
If they be so, byd them come a-way,

And bring their prisoner; I wold hear what they say.

¹ K. whater; Haz. whether.

² Haz. wrongly changes to and.

⁸ K. fete; H. feed, with no note.

⁴ Haz. gives this after 1. 347 in this form: Iniquity, Baily errand, comes in; the judge sitteth down. In K. it is in the margin opposite 11. 344-347; the words in brackets were cut away.

[BAILY.] I go, my lord, I go, to soone for one, He is lyke to play a cast wil breake his necke-bone. I beseche your lor[d]shyp be good to hym; The man is come of good kynne.

He tellet $[h]^1$ hym in hy[s] 1 eare, that 2 a $[l]^1$ may heare.

If your lordshyp would be so good to me As for my sake to set hym free,
I could haue xx pound in a purse;
Yea, and your lordshyp a right faire horse,
Well worth ten pound.

DAN.⁵ Get the a-way, thou hell-hound! If ye were well examined and tried, Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed.

Iniquitye goeth oute; the judge sp[e]keth1 styll.

Brybes, saith Salomon, blind the wise mans sight,⁶ That he can not se to geue iudgement right.

Should I be a bribar? Nay; he shall haue the law, As I owe to God and the kyng obedience and awe.

They bring Ismael in, bound lyke a prysoner. [The jury comes also. Iniquitie whispers to Ismael.]

INIQ. Ye be tyed fayre ynough for runnyng away; If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged, I dare say. If thou tell no tales, but holde thy toungue, I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe, Though thou be iudged to dye anon.

[IU]DGE.¹ Come on, sirs, I pray you, come on. Be you all agreed in one?

One of them speketh for the quest.

[JUROR.] Yea, my lord, euery-chone.

373

370

355

360

365

1 Cut away.

4 K. pount.

² K. the.

⁵ K. Daniel th[e] iudge.

8 Haz. He telleth him in his ear the rest may not hear, which cannot have stood in the British Museum copy, as may be seen by arranging in lines.

6 K. light; Haz. sight.

[IU]DGE.1 Where Ismael was indited 2 by xij men Of felony, burglary and murdre,

As thinditement declareth how, where, and when, —

Ye heard it read to you lately, in ordre, — You, with the rest, — I trust, all true men, — Be charged vpon your othes to gyue verdyte directly Whether Ismael therof be gilty or not gilty.

380

[On]e for the [qu]est.3

[JUROR.]4 Gilty, my lord, and most gilty.

[I]NIQ.5 [to Ismael] Wilt thou hange, horeson noddy? 6

[I]UDGE. [to Ismaet] The Lorde haue mercy vpon the!

[I]NIQ. [to Ismael] Tusshe, holde thy tonge, and I warrant the!

384

[I]UDGE. [to Ismael] Thou shalt go to the place thou camst fro,

Tyl to-morow ix of the clocke there to remain;

To the place of execution then shalt thou go,

There be hanged to death; and after, again,

Being dead, for ensample to be hanged in a chain.

Take hym away, and se it be done,

At your perill, that may fall thereupon!

391

[I]sm. Though I be indged to dye, I require respite, For the kings aduantage in ⁷ thinges I can recite.

[I]NIQ. A-way with him, he wyll speake but of spyte.

[I]UDGE. Well, we will heare you say what you can;

395

¹ Cut away.

² K. intided; corr. by Haz.

⁸ Haz. rest; letters cut away.

⁴ The assignment of the speeches here is confused in K.; One for the quest is opposite 1. 381; Iniquitie opp. 382, Iudge opp. 383, Iniquitie opp. 384, and Iudge opp. 385. Haz. assigns 381-383 as I do, but assigns all after to the Judge, and transposes 384 and 385. My assignment merely supposes that, like the first, all the names were put one line too high.

⁵ The first letter of the next ten speakers is cut away.

⁶ Haz. Wilt thou hang, my lord, [this] whoreson noddy; K. has my Lord, but I regard it as an intrusion from the preceding line.

⁷ Haz. emends to some.

But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man. [I]sm. I wyll be-lye no man, but thys I may say: Here standeth he that brought me to thys waye. [I]NIQ. My lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue; The feare of death doth make hym raue. [I]sm. His naughtye company and playe at dice Dyd me first to stealyng entice; He was with me at roberies, I say it to his face; Yet can I say more in tyme and place. INIQ. [aside] Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi horsons face!— Hange him, my lord, out of the way; The thief careth not what he doth say	400
The thief careth not what he doth say. [Aside] Let me be hangman, I wil teache 2 him a sleight; For feare of talkyng I wil strangle him streight.— Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go. He would go.	410
IUDG[E]. ⁸ No, no, my frend, not so! I thought alwayes ye should not be good, And now it wil proue, I se, by the rood! Take him and lay him in yrons stronge. We wil talke with you more ere it be longe. They ta[ke] him in a h[al]ter; he fig[k]teth with the[m]. ⁸	415
INIQ. He that layeth handes on me in this place, Iche lay my brawlyng-yron on his face! By Gogs bloud, I defye thy worst! If thou shouldest hange me, I were a-curst. I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this, And quyckely a-loft again, by Gisse! I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue; I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue.	420
Yea, within this moneth, I may say to you, I wyl be your seruaunt, and your maister, to, — 1 K. space. 2 K. teathe.	425

8 The letters in brackets are cut away.

Ye, crepe into your brest! Wyl ye haue it so?

IUDGE. A-way with them both! leade them away!

At his death, tell me what he doth say;

For then, be-lyke, he wyll not lye.

INIQ. I care not for you both; no, not a fly!

430

They lead them out.

IUDGE. If no man haue here more matter to say,
I must go hence some other way.

He goeth out.

[Enter Worldly Shame.]

Hah ha! though I come in rudely, be ' WORLDLY SHAME. not agast! I must worke a feate in al the hast. I have caught two byrdes: I wyll set for the dame; 435 If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her tame! Of all thys while know ye not my name? I am right worshipfull Maister Wor[1]dly Shame. The matter that I come now about Is even thys, I put you out of dought: 440 There is one 1 Xantippe, a curst shrew, — I thynke al the world doth her knowe, — Suche a iade she is and so curst a quene She would out-scold the deuils dame, I wene. Sirs, thys fine woman had babes three: 445 Twayne the derest darlinges that might be, — Ismael and faire Dalila, these two; With the loute Barnabas I have nothyng to do. Al was good that these tidlynges do might,— Sweare, lye, steale, scolde, or fight, 450 Carde,² dyce, kysse, clippe, and so furth: All this our Mammy would take in good worth. Now, sir[s], Dalila, my daughter, is dead of the pockes, And my son hanged 8 in chaynes and waueth his locks.

¹ K. none; corr. by Haz. 8 Haz. emends to hangeth.

² K. Cardes.

These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame	455
That she shal be thyne owne, Mayster Worldly Shame.	
Hah ha ha!	
Xantippe commeth in.	
• Peace, peace! she commeth hereby. I spoke no word of her, no, not I!	458
Oh Mestres Xantippe, I can tell you newes: The fayre wenche, your dere daughter Dalila, Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes;	
And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy,	
Whom, I dare say, you loued very well,	
Is hanged in chaynes, euer[y] 2 man can tell.	464
Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore, And thy sonne a strong thief and a murderer, to; It must nedes greue you wonderous sore 8	
That they died so shamefully, both two.	
Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now	
The cause of their death was euen verye you.	470
XANT. I the cause of their death!	
She wold sowne.	
WORLDLY SHAME. Will ye sowne? the deuyl stop thy breath!	472
Thou shalt die, I trow, with more shame; I wyl get me hence out of the way;	
If the whore should dye, men would me blame,—	
That I killed her, knaues should say. Exit.	476
XANT. Alas, alas, and weale-away! I may curse the time that I was borne! Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say;	
Alas, two of my chyldren be forlorne!	480
¹ K. nedes; corr. by Haz., who gives reading of K. as neder. ² Corr. by Haz. ⁸ K. sors.	

My faire daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes; My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes,—	
Alas, the wynd waueth his yelow lockes! It sleaeth my heart and breaketh my braynes!	484
Why should God punish and plague me so sore, To se my children dye so shamefully? I wil neuer eate bread in this world more; With this knife wyl I sley my-self by-and-by!	48 8
She wold stick herselfe with a knife. [Enter Barnabas.]	
•	
BARN. Beware what ye do! fye, mother, fye!	
Wyl ye spyl your-selfe for your own offence,	
And seme for-euer to exclude Gods mercy?	
God doth punysh you for your negligence;	
Wherfore take his correction with pacience	
And thanke him hertely that, of his godnes,	
He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespas.	495
For when my brother and sister were of yonge age, You saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,	
Would apply no learnyng but liue in outrage,	
And men complayned on them euery day;	
Ye winked at theyr faultes and tidled them alway;	
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll;	
So, at last, Gods iustice did them both spill.	502
30, at last, Gous lustice did them both spin.	502
In that God preserued 1 me, small thanke to you!	
If God had not geuen me speciall grace	
To auoyd euil and do good, — this is true —	
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case	
As they did, for I had both suffraunce and space;	
But it is an olde prouerbe,2 — you have herd it, I think, —	
That God wyl haue se, shall not wynke.	509
Yet in this we may al take comfort:	
They toke great repentaunce, I heard say;	
,	

² K. prouerke.

¹ K. preseruerued.

And, as for my sister, I am able to report She lamented for her sinnes to her dy[i]ng-day. To repent and beleue I exhorted 1 her alway. Before her death she beleued that God, of his mercy, For Christes sake, would saue her eternally. 516 If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire, For God will frely remitte your sinnes all. Christe hath payed the raunsom; why shuld ye fear? To beleue this and do well, to God for grace call; All worldly cares let passe and fall; And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely! I have a lytle to say, I wyl come by-and-by. 523 Xantippe goeth out. Right gentle audience, by thys interlude ye may se How daungerous it is for the frailtye of youth, Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye. Suche chaunces as these oft happen, of truth; Many miscary, it is the more ruth, By negligence of their elders and not taking payne In tyme good learning and qualities to attayne. 530 Therfore exhort I 2 al parentes to be diligent In bringing vp their children, yea,8 to be circumspect; Least they fall to euill, be not negligent, But chastice them before they be sore infect; Accept their well-doing, in yll them reject. A yonge plant ye may platte and bowe as ye wyll; Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll: 537 Euen so by chyldren, — in theyr tender age Ye may worke them like waxe 4 to your own entent; But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage, They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent. O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent;

¹ K. exorthed; the x broken.

⁸ Haz. emends to aye.

² K. exhortyng; corr. by Haz.

⁴ The x is broken.

Applye your learnyng and your elders obey: It wil be your profit an-other day.

544

He knele[th] 1 downe.

Now for the Quenes² Royal Maiestie let vs pray,

That God, in whose handes is the hert of al quenes,² Maye endue Her ² Highnes with godly puissance alwaye,

That Her ² Grace may long raign and prosper in al things, In Gods word and iustice may give light to al quenes.² Let vs pray for the Honorable Councel and Nobilitie, That they may alwayes counsel in wisdom with tranquility. God saue the Quene, the Realme, and Cominaltie!

552

He mak[eth]1 curtesy an[d]1 goeth out.

FINIS.

T. R.

A Song.

[He]re fyng 8
[ech a]s anfwea[rin]g other,
[tha]t alwaies
[the] iii 5 ftaffe

It is good to be mery.
But who can be 4 mery?

He that hath a pure conscience,

[the]y fing 6 to- He may well be mery. [ge]ther.⁷

4

1 Cut away by binder.

² It is clear from the rhymes that this play was originally composed for production before a king.

⁸ K. refyng.

⁴ K. cam me.

by the third stave.

by the third stave.

by the last two lines to be meant

K. ysing.

I supply letters cut off by the binder. The alignment is that given by my copyist; Haz. prints some of the words in italics, and so aligns the edges as to give a different idea of the amount missing; thus:

resyng,
answering other
t always
staff
, ysing to
other.

NICE WANTON.

Who hath a pure conscience? tel me!
No man, of him-self, I ensure the.
Then must it follow of necessitie
That no man can be mery.

8

I 2

16

20

Puritie it-selfe may purenes geue;
You must aske it of God in true beleue.
Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue;
And so we may be mery.

What is the practice of a conscience pure?

To loue and feare God, and other allure;

And, for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour, —

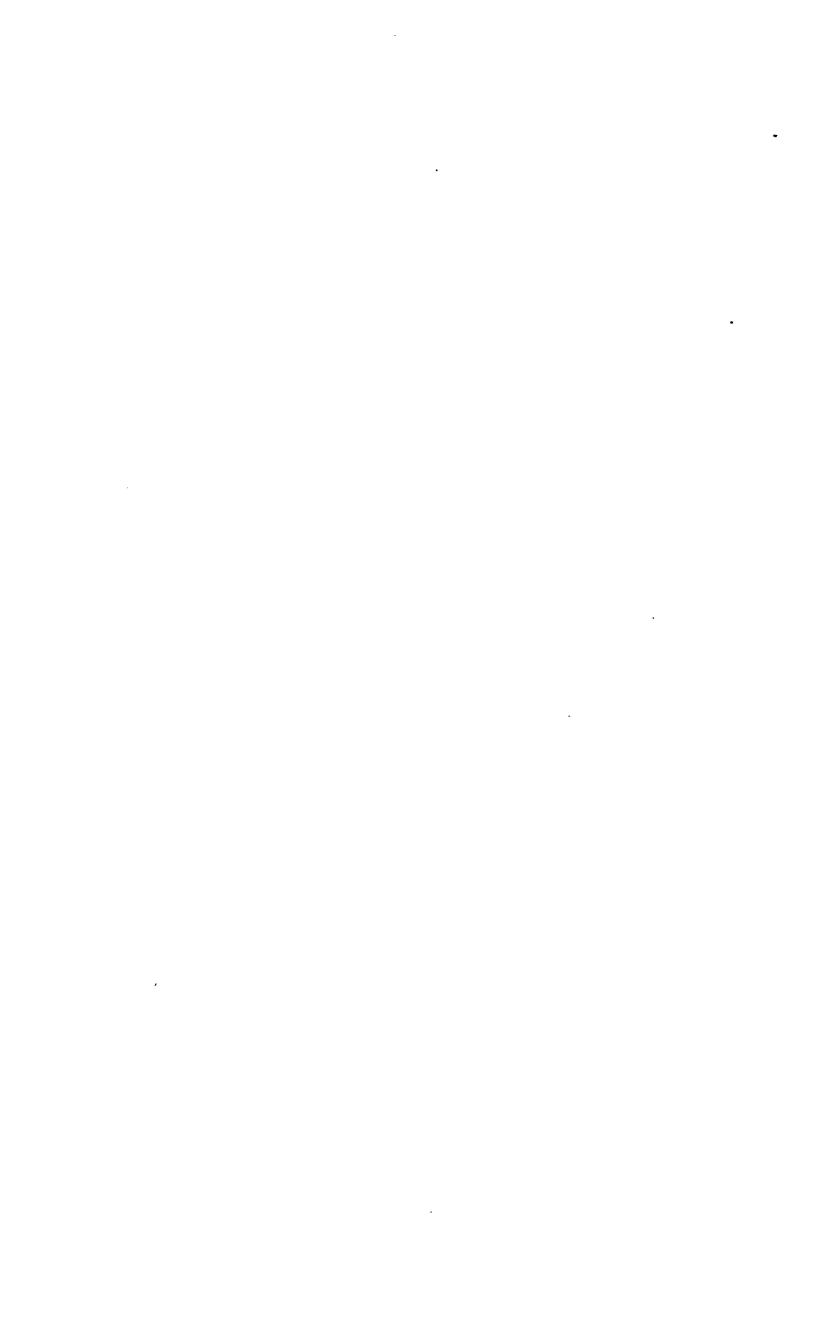
Then may he well be mery.

What shall he haue that can and wil do this? After this life euerlasting blisse:
Yet not by desert, but by gyft, y-wisse.
There God make vs all mery!

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, in Paules Churche yearde at the Sygne of the Swane by John Kyng.

PART V.



THE FOURE PP.

Printed from the first edition (by Wyllyam Myddylton, London, n. d. [before 1547]). In the footnotes M. indicates this edition; A. indicates the third edition (by John Allde, London, 1569); Coll. indicates the edition by Collier, in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (London, 1825). For the readings of A. I have had to rely upon Collier, who, it must be admitted, is inaccurate. I have not pointed out the numerous instances in which his text differs from mine in final e's. Hazlitt's edition seems, so far as the textual notes are concerned, mainly a reprint of Collier's; I have usually disregarded it.

The playe called the foure PP.

A newe and a very mery enterlude of

A PALMER.

A PARDONER.

A POTYCARY.

A PEDLER.

Made by John Heewood.

[Enter Palmer.]

PALMER. Nowe God be here, who kepeth this place!
Now, by my fayth, I crye you mercy;

Of reason I must sew for grace,

My rewdnes sheweth me no[w] 1 so homely.

Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,

I sew you,² as curtesy doth me bynde,

To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne

In order as may come beste in mynde.8

¹ A. not; Coll. rejects no.

² A. sue now.

⁸ M. myndy.

I am a palmer, as ye 1 se,		
Whiche of my lyfe much p	oart hath ² spent	
In many a fayre and farre 8 cou	-	
As pylgrymes do of good i	ntent.	12
At Hierusalem 4 haue I bene		
Before Chrystes blessed se	pulture ;	
The Mount of Caluery haue I 5	sene,	
A holy place, ye may be s	ure ;	16
To Iosophat and Olyuete		
On fote, God wote, I went	e ryght bare, —	
Many a salt tere dyde I swete		
Before thys carkes coulde	⁶ come there;	20
Yet haue I bene at Rome also,		
And gone the stacions all	arow,	
Saynt Peters Shryne and many	mo	
Then, yf I tolde, all ye do	know, —	24
Except that there be any suche	;	
That hath ben there and d	iligently	
Hath taken hede and marked n	nuche,	
Then can they speke as m	uche as I.	28
Then at the Rodes also I was;		
And rounde about to Amyas;		
At Saynt Toncomber; and Say	nt Tronion;	
At Saynt Bothulph; and Saynt	Anne of Buckston;	
On the Hylles of Armony, when	re I see 7 Noes arke;	33
With holy Iob; and Saynt Geo	orge in Suthwarke;	
At Waltam; and at Walsyngar	n;	
And at the good Rood of Dagr	iam;	
At Saynt Cornelys; at Saynt I	ames in Gales;	
And at Saynt Wynefrydes Wel	l in Walles;	38
At Our Lady of Boston; at Sa	ynt Edmundes-byry;	
And streyght to Saynt Patryke	s Purgatory;	
At Rydybone; and at the Bloo	d of Hayles,	
¹ A. you, so regularly.	⁵ A. I have.	
² Coll. A. have.	6 A. would.	

7 A. saw.

8 A. far and faire.

4 A. Jerusalem.

Where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles;	
At Saynt Dauys; and at Saynt Denis;	43
At Saynt Mathew; and Saynt Marke in Uenis;	
At Mayster Iohan Shorne; at Canterbury;	
The Graet God of Katewade; at Kynge Henry; 1	
At Saynt Sauyours; at Our Lady of Southwell;	
At Crome; at Wylsdome; and at Muswell;	48
At Saynt Rycharde; and at Saynt Roke;	
And at Our Lady that standeth in the Oke:	
To these with other many one	
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone,	
Praying to them to pray for me	53
Unto the Blessed Trynyte;	
By whose prayers and my dayly payne	
I truste the soner to obtay[n]e ²	
For my saluacyon grace and mercy,	
For be ye sure I thynke surely 8	58
Who seketh sayntes for Crystes sake—	
And namely suche as payne do take	•
On fote to punyshe their 4 frayle body —	
Shall therby meryte more hyely	
Then by any-thynge done by man.	63

[The Pardoner has entered while the Palmer is speaking.]

PARDONER. And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can,
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome bome as wyse as ye wente!
PALMER. Why, sir, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?
PARDONER. Nay, for God, syr, then dyd I rage!
68
I thynke ye ryght well occupyed
To seke these sayntes on euery syde.
Also your payne I nat disprayse it,

¹ A. Herry.

⁵ A. Ye will come.

² Corr. by Coll. from A.

⁶ Coll. A. fore.

⁸ A. assuredly; here and in several other instances Coll. calls A. the second ed.; Haz. usually follows him. 7 A. paynes.

⁴ So Coll. from A; M. has thy, perhaps for thys.

But yet I discomende your wit,			
And, or 1 we go, euen so shall ye,	•		73
If ye in this wyl answere me:			, ,
I pray you, shew what the cause	is		
Ye wente al these pylgrymages.			
PALMER. Forsoth this lyfe I	dyd begyn		
To rydde the bondage of my syn	,		78
For whiche these sayntes reherse	d or this		•
I haue both sought and sene, i-w	ys,		
Besechynge them to be 2 recorde			
Of all my payne vnto the Lorde,			
That gyueth all remyssyon		<u>-</u>	83
Upon eche mans contricyon;			•
And by theyr good mediacyon,			
Upon myne 8 humble submyssion	•		
I trust to haue in very dede	•		
For my soule helth the better spe	ed e.		88
PARDONAR. Nowe is your ov	_	lyckely	
To make your-selfe 4 a fole quyck	cely,	•	
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne			
No nother 5 thynge for all your p	ayne		
But onely grace your soule to say	ue.		93
Nowe marke in this what wyt ye	haue		
To seke so farre, and helpe so ny	ye:		
Euen here at home is remedy,	•		
For at your dore my-selfe doth d	well,		
Who coulde haue saued your sou	le as well		98
As all your wyde wandrynge sha	ll do,		
Though ye wente thryes to Ierich	no.		
Nowe, syns ye myght haue spedo	le at home,		
What haue ye wone by ronnyng	⁸ at Rome?		
PALMER. If this be true that	ye haue moue	ed,	103
Then is my wyt in-dede reproued	;		
But let vs here fyrste what ye are	e.		
¹ A. ere; so regularly.	8 A. my.	⁵ Coll. A. other.	
² Coll. bear, no note.	4 A. you.	- Jan June 1	

6 So my copyist; Coll. gives ronnying as reading of this edition.

PARDONAR. Truly I am a pai	rdoner.	
PALMER. Truely a pardoner,	— that may be true;	
But a true pardoner doth nat ense	ew!	108
Ryght selde is it sene or neuer		
That treuth and pardoners dwell	together;	
For, be your pardons neuer so gre	eat,	
Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat le	et	
With suche lyes that oftymes, Cry	yste wot,	113
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat		
Wherfore I went my-selfe to the	selfe thynge	
In euery place, and, without fayn	ynge,	
Had as muche pardon there assur	redly /	
As ye can promyse me here doute	efully.	118
Howe-be-it I thynke ye do but sc	offe;1	
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye	e speke ² of,	
And no whyt of pardon graunted		
In any place where I have haunte	ed,	
Yet of my labour I nothynge repe	ent.	123
God hathe respect how eche tyme	e is spent,	
And, as in his knowledge all is re	garded,	
So by his goodnes all is rewarded		
PARDONAR. By the 8 fyrste pa	arte of this laste tale	
It semeth you come late 4 from the	e ale;	I 28
For reason on your syde so farre	doth fayle	
That ye leue [re]sonyng 5 and be	gyn to rayle;	•
Wherin ye forget your owne part	e clerely,	
For ye be as vntrue as I;		
And in one poynte ye are beyond	le me,	133
For ye may lye by aucthoryte,—		
And all that hath 6 wandred so fa	rre	
That no man can be theyr contro	ller.	
And, where ye esteme your labou	r so muche,	,
I say yet agayne my pardons be 7	suche	138
1 Coll. gives scofte as reading of	M.; my copyist wrote scofte, but	
changed the t to f.		
² So Coll. from A.; M. has kepe. ⁸ A. this.	 ⁵ Corr. by Coll. from A. ⁶ Coll. A. have. 	
4 Coll. A. ye came of late.	7 Coll. A. are; so usually.	
	•	

That, yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,
I wolde brynge them all to heuen as good chepe
As ye haue brought your-selfe on pylgrymage
In the leste quarter of your vyage,
Which is ¹ farre a thys side heuen, by God!

There your labour and pardon is od,
With smale cost and without any payne
These pardons bryngeth ² them to heuen playne:
Geue me but a peny or two pens,
And as sone as the soule departeth hens,
In halfe an hour, or thre quarters at moste,
The soule is in heuen with the Holy Ghost.

[The Potycary has entered during the last speech.]

Sende ye any soules to heuen by water? Potycary. PARDONER. If we dyd, syr, what is the mater? POTYCARY. By God, I have a drye soule shulde thyther! 153 I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther. So bysy you twayne be in soules helth, May nat a potycary come in by stelth? Yes, that I 4 wyll, by Saynt Antony! And, by the leue of thys company, 158 Proue ye false knaues bothe, or we goo, In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo:5 Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete; And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure, 163 And all other whome thou lyste to procure: If I toke an accyon, then were they blanke; For lyke theues the knaues rob⁶ away my thanke. All soules in heuen hauynge relefe, Shall they thanke your craftes? nay, thanke myn chefe! 168 No soule, ye knowe, entreth heuen gate Tyll from the bodye he be separate;

¹ Coll, gives reading of this ed. as as. 4 A. we.

² Coll. A. bring.

⁵ So Coll., without note; M. has so.

⁸ Coll. A. doe.

⁶ A. they rob.

And whome haue ye knowen dye ho[ne]stlye 1	
Without helpe of the potycary?	
Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge, —	173
Except ye happe to come to hangynge:	
That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myster	
To go to heuen without a glyster!	
But, be ye sure, I wolde be wo	
If 2 ye shulde chaunce 3 to begyle me so.	178
As good to lye with me a-nyght	
As hange abrode in the mone lyght!	
There is no choyse to fle my hande	
But, as I sayd, into the bande.	
Syns of our soules the multitude	183
I sende to heuen, when all is vewed,	
Who shulde but I then all-togyther	
Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thyther?	
PARDONER. If ye kylde a thousande in an houre	
space,	
When come they to heuen, dyenge from state of grace? 4	188
POTYCARY. If a thousande pardons about your 5 neckes	
were teyd,	
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed?	
PALMER. Longe lyfe after good workes in-dede	
Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede,	
And deth before one dewty done	T.00
	193
May make vs thynke we dye to sone;	
Yet better tary a thynge, then haue it,	
Then go to sone and vaynly craue it.	
PARDONER. The longer ye dwell in communication,	_
The lesse shall you lyke thys ymagynacyon;	198
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst chop	
Your tale is trapt in such a stop,	
That, at the leste, ye seme worse then we.	
POTYCARY. By the masse, I holde vs nought all thre!	
¹ Corr. by Coll. from A. ⁴ Coll. A. dyenge out of grace.	
² A. That. ⁵ Qy. their.	• •
8 M. chaunge; Coll. chaunce, without note.	

[The Pedler has entered in time to hear the last speech.]

PEDLER. By Our Lady, then have I gone wronge; 203 And yet to be here I thought longe! POTYCARY. Brother, ye haue gone wronge no w[h]yt I prayse your fortune and your wyt, That can dyrecte you so discretely To plante you in this company: 208 Thou [a] 1 palmer, and thou a pardoner, I a potycary. PEDLER. And I a pedler. POTYCARY. Nowe on my fayth full well watched! 2 Were 3 the deuyll were we foure hatched? PEDLER. That maketh no mater, syns we be matched. 213 I coulde be mery yf that I catchyd Some money for parte of the ware in my packe. POTYCARY. What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe? PEDLER. Why, dost thou nat knowe that every pedler 4 In euery tryfull 5 must be a medler? 218 Specyally in womens tryflynges, — Those vse we chefe 6 aboue all thynges. Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed, Beholde what ware here is disclosed. Thys gere sheweth it-selfe in suche bewte 223 That eche man thynketh 7 it sayth: come, bye me! Loke, were 8 your-selfe can lyke to be chooser, Your-selfe shall make pryce though I be looser 1 Is here 9 nothynge for my father Palmer? Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner 228 For 10 your walkyng to holy places? By Cryste, I have herde of as straunge cases! Who lyueth in loue or loue wolde wynne, Euen at this packe he must begynne,

¹ Inserted by Coll., without note.

² Qy. matched.

⁸ Coll. Where, without note.

⁴ M. pedled; corr. silently by Coll.

⁵ Coll. A. In all kind of trifles.

⁶ Coll. A. cheefly.

⁷ A. thinks.

⁸ Coll. where, without note.

⁹ A. there.

¹⁰ Coll. For all, without note.

Potycary. An-other cause why they come nat forwarde, 263

¹ Coll. A. Wherin.

⁸ Coll. A. Laces.

² A. unknotted.

⁴ A. has the plural.

⁵ A. uprising.

⁶ So Coll., without note; the word now looks like maiked.

⁷ So Coll., without note; the word now looks like frettes, but the line is at the top of the page and the upper half of long letters has been trimmed away.

8 Coll. partlettes, without note.

Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde,	
And yet 1 is a thynge they can nat forbere:	•
The trymmynge and pynnynge vp theyr gere,	
Specyally theyr fydlyng with the tayle-pyn,—	
And when they wolde haue it prycke 2 in,	268
If it chaunce to double in the clothe	
Then be they ⁸ wode and swereth ⁴ an othe.	
Tyll it stande ryght, they wyll nat forsake it.	
Thus, though it may nat, yet wolde they make it.	
But be ye sure they do but defarre it,	273
For, when they wolde make it, ofte tymes marre it.	
But prycke them and pynne them as myche as ye wyll,	
And yet wyll they loke for pynnynge styll;	
So that I durste holde you a joynt 6	
Ye shall neuer haue them at a full poynt.	278
PEDLER. Let womens maters passe, and marke myne!	
What-euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.	
Wherfore, yf ye be wyllynge to bye,	
Ley downe money! come of quyckely!	
PALMER. Nay, by my trouth, we be lyke fryers:	283
We are but beggers, we be no byers.	
PARDONER. Syr, ye maye showe your ware for you	r
mynde,	
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.	
PEDLER. Well, though thys iourney ⁸ acquyte no coste,	
Yet thynke I nat my labour loste;	28 8
For, by the fayth of my body,	
I lyke full well thys company.	
Up shall this packe, for it is playne	
I came not hyther al for gayne.	
Who may nat play one day in a weke,	293
¹ A. it. ⁸ A. they be.	
² Coll. A. prickt. ⁴ Coll. A. swere.	_
5 M. nyche; A. nie; Coll. suggested much as the meaning; Haz. emena	is
to nice. 6 M. toynt; Coll. with you a joynt, without note.	
7 Coll. A. ful(1); M. fall, which is possible.	
8 M. your ney; Coll. journey, without note.	

May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seke! Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste, And make ye sure to fynde me prest. Potycary. Why, be ye so vnyuersall That you can do what-so-euer ye shall? Pedler. Syr, yf ye lyste to appose 1 me, What I can do then shall ye se. Potycary. Then tell me thys: be ye perfyt in drynk-ynge?	298
PEDLER. Perfyt in drynkynge as may be wysht by thynk-	
yng! POTYCARY. Then after your drynkyng how fall ye to wynkyng? PEDLER. Syr, after drynkynge, whyle the shot is tynkynge,	303
Some hedes be swynking,2 but myne wyl be synkynge,	
And vpon drynkynge myne eyse wyll be pynkynge,	
For wynkynge to drynkynge is alway lynkynge.	
POTYCARY. Then drynke and slepe ye can well do.	308
But, yf ye were desyred therto,	
I pray you, tell me, can you synge?	
PEDLER. Syr, I haue some syght in syngynge.	
POTYCARY. But is your brest any-thynge swete?	
PEDLER. What-euer my breste be, my voyce is mete.	313
POTYCARY. That answer sheweth you a ryght syngynge	
Man.	*
Now what is your wyll, good father, than?	·
PALMER. What helpeth wyll where is no skyll?	•
PARDONER. And what helpeth skyll where is no wyll?	318
POTYCARY. For wyll or skyll, what helpeth it Where frowarde knaues be lackynge wyt?	310
Leue of thys curyosytie;	
And who that lyste, synge after me!	
The wife the speed of the second seco	

¹ Coll. oppose, without note.

² A.; Coll. M. swymmyng.

⁸ Coll. A. wil; M. wyt; see next note.

⁴ Coll. A. wit; M. wyll; see preceding note.

Here they synge.1

To provide the second second	
PEDLER. Thys lyketh me well, so mot I the!	000
PARDONER. So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me! Where company is met and well agreed,	323
Good pastyme doth ryght well in-dede;	
But who can syt ² in dalyaunce	
Men syt 8 in suche a variaunce	208
As we were set or ye came in?	328
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne,	
Allegynge that suche men as vse	
For love of God, and nat 4 refuse,	
On fot to goo from place to place	
A pylgrymage, callynge for grace,	3 33
Shall in that payne with penitence	
Obtayne discharge of conscyence,—	
Comparynge that lyfe for the beste	
Enduccyon to our endles reste.	0
Upon these wordes our mater grewe;	338
For, yf he coulde auow them true,	
As good to be a gardener	
As for to be a pardoner.	
But, when I harde hym so farre wyde,	
I then aproched and replyed,	343
Sayenge this: that this indulgence,	
Hauyng the forsayd penitence,	
Dyschargeth man of all offence	
With muche more profyt then this pretence.	
I aske but two pens at the moste,—	348
I-wys, this is nat very great coste,—	
And from all payne, without dyspayre,—	
My soule for his, — kepe euen his chayre, ⁷	
And when he dyeth he may be sure	
To come to heuen, euen at pleasure.	353
¹ The song is not given. ² Qy. fet. ⁸ Qy. set.	
4 M. nat and; Coll. A. and not.	
5 A. his, which would be very appropriate in 1. 347.	
⁶ A. for. ⁷ A. for to keep even in his chair.	

And more then heuen he can¹ nat get,	
How farre so-euer he lyste to iet.	
Then is hys payne more then hys wit	
To wa[l]ke 2 to heuen, syns he may syt!	
Syr, as we were in this contencion,	2 - 2
In came thys daw with hys inuencyon,	358
Reuelynge vs, hym-selfe auauntynge,	
That all the soules to heuen assendynge	
Are most bounde to the potycary,	262
Bycause he helpeth most men to dye;	363
Before whiche deth he sayeth, in-dede,	
No soule in heuen can haue hys mede.	
PEDLER. Why, do potycaries kyll men?	
POTYCARY. By God, men say so now and then!	60
PEDLER. And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst	368
To make men ⁸ lyue as longe as ye lyste.	
Potycary. As longe as we lyste? nay, longe4 as they	
can!	
PEDLER. So myght we lyue without you than.	
Potycary. Ye, but yet it is 5 necessary	
For to haue a potycary;	373
For when ye fele your conscyens redy,	
I can sende you to heuen 6 quyckly.	
Wherfore, concernynge our mater here,	
Aboue these twayne I am best, clere;	
And, yf ye ⁷ lyste to take me so,	378
I am content you and no mo	•
Shall be our iudge as in thys case,	
Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place.	
PEDLER. I neyther wyll iudge the beste nor worste;	
For, be ye bleste or be ye curste,	383
Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght ⁸	
To be a judge in maters of weyght.	
¹ A. may. ⁵ A. but it is very.	

¹ A. may.

² M. wake; Coll. A. walke.

⁸ Coll. them, without note.

⁴ Coll. as longe, without note.

⁵ A. but it is very.

⁶ A. inserts very.

<sup>So Coll. A.; M. he.
M. fleyght; corr. silently by Coll.</sup>

It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours To take on them iudgemente as doctours. But, yf your myndes be onely set To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met; For eche of you somwhat doth showe That soules towarde heuen by you do growe;	388
Then, yf ye can so well agree To contynue togyther all thre And all you thre obey on 1 wyll, Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll: As, yf ye came all to one man	3 93
Who shulde goo 2 pylgrymage more then he can,	98
POTYCARY. Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,	.03
	.o8
How 4 coulde deuyse suche a deuyce; For yf we thre may be as one, Then be we 5 lordes euerychone, — Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste	
To saue the soules of whome we lyste. But, for good order, at a worde, Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde; And vnto that I do agree, For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.	.13

¹ Coll. silently corrects to one.

² A. inserts on.

⁸ M. dyscharde; so Coll., without note.

⁴ Coll. gives reading of M. as Howe, and corrects the spelling to who.

⁵ A. were we as.

PARDONER. What chaunce is this that suche an elfe ¹	418
Commaund two knaues, besyde hym-selfe?	
Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;	
I am to good to wayt on the!	
PALMER. By Our Lady, and I wolde be loth	
To wayt on the better on 2 you both!	423
PEDLER. Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dout,	•
Thys waytynge must be brought about.	
Men can nat prosper, wylfully ledde;	, , .
All thynge decayeth 8 where is no hedde.	
Wherfore, doutlesse, marke what I say:	428
To one of you thre twayne must obey;	,e
And, synnes ye can nat agree in voyce	
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse	
But to deuyse some maner thynge	
Wherin ye all be lyke connynge;	433
And in the same who can do beste,	
The other twayne to make them preste	
In euery thynge of hys entente	
Holly 4 to be at commaundement.	
And now haue I founde one mastry	438
That ye can do in-dyfferently,	
And is nother sellynge nor byenge,	
But euyn only very lyenge;	
And all ye thre can lye as well	
As can the falsest deuyll in hell.	443
And, though afore ye harde me grudge	
In greater maters to be your judge,	
Yet in lyeng I can some skyll,	
And, yf I shall be iudge, I wyll;	
And, be ye sure, without flatery,	448
	- •

¹ Both M. and A. assign II. 418, 419 to the Potycary, and have 419: Commaunded two knaues be, besyde hym selfe; the present text appeared in the first edition of Dodsley; Collier thinks M. A. may be correct.

² Coll. silently changes to of.

⁸ M. decayed; Coll. A. decay.

⁴ For some occult reason Coll. changes this to Holy.

Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye, Ther shall my iudgement strayt be founde, Though I myght wynne a thousande pounde. PALMER. Syr, for lyeng, though I can do it, Yet am I loth for to goo to it. 453 PEDLER. [to Palmer] Ye have nat 1 cause to feare to be bolde,2 For ye may be here 8 vncontrolled. [To Pardoner] And ye in this have good auauntage, For lyeng is your comen vsage. [To Potycary] And you in lyenge be well spedde, 458 For all your craft doth stande in falshed. Ye nede nat care who shall begyn, For eche of you may hope to wyn. Now speke, all thre, euyn as ye fynde: Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde? 463 PALMER. Ye, by my trouth, I am content. PARDONER. Now, in good fayth, and I assente. POTYCARY. If I denyed, I were a nody, For all is myne, by Goddes body! Here the Potycary hoppeth. PALMER. Here were a hopper to hop for the rynge! 468 But, syr,4 thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.

But, syr,⁴ thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.

Potycary. Syr, in this hopynge I wyll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop as well as ⁵ my hele;
Upon whiche hoppynge I hope, and nat doute it,
To hope ⁶ so that ye shall hope ⁶ without it.⁷

Palmer. Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne brawll,⁸
But take suche fortune as may fall;
And, yf ye wynne this maystry,
I wyll obaye you quietly.

¹ Coll. A. no.

⁵ M. aswell as; Coll. A. better than.

² A. beholde.

⁶ Coll. A. hop.

4 A. sirs.

8 M. drawll; corr. silently by Coll.

⁸ Coll. gives reading of M. as may here, and that of A. as may lie; he prints may here lie.

7 M. omits it.

² M. myghe; corr. silently by Coll.

⁴ A. may.

POTYCARY. I praye you torne that relyke aboute! Other² the Trinite had the goute, Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one, God made it muche as ³ thre toes alone. PARDONER.⁴ Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys;— Here is a relyke that doth nat mys To helpe the leste as well ⁵ as the moste: This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste. POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste, Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke,—here is a whipper! My friendes ⁰ vnfayned, here ¹ is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure, For all these two dayes it shall so ease you 513
POTYCARY. I praye you torne that relyke aboute! Other ² the Trinite had the goute, Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one, God made it muche as ³ thre toes alone. PARDONER. ⁴ Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys;— To helpe the leste as well ⁵ as the moste: This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste. POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste, Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes ⁶ vnfayned, here ⁷ is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
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God made it muche as 8 thre toes alone. PARDONER.4 Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys;— Here is a relyke that doth nat mys To helpe the leste as well 5 as the moste: This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste. POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste, Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes 6 vnfayned, here 7 is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
God made it muche as 8 thre toes alone. PARDONER.4 Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys;— Here is a relyke that doth nat mys To helpe the leste as well 5 as the moste: This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste. POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste, Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes 6 vnfayned, here 7 is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
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POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste, Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes on the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste! PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes on vnfayned, here is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! My friendes of vnfayned, here is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
My friendes vnfayned, here is a slypper Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure. Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
- ca and ansate on a annual to enter you
That none other sauours shall displease you.
POTYCARY. All these two dayes! nay, all thys 8 two yere!
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no worse; for, at a worde,
One of the Seuen Slepers trode in a torde. 533
PEDLER. Syr, me thynketh your deuocion is but smal.
PARDONER. Small? mary, me thynketh he hath none at
all!
POTYCARY. What the deuyll care I what ye thynke?
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?
PARDONER. Here is an eye-toth of the Great Turke: 538
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,
But nat all 9 tyll he be blynde out-ryght.
¹ Coll. A. shall never be vext with. ⁶ A. freend.
² Coll. A. either. ⁷ A. this.
8 Coll. A. as much (e) as. 8 Coll. A. these. 9 Coll. amids all suitheast mate
⁴ M. Potycary. ⁵ M. aswell. ⁹ Coll. omits all, without note.

Potycary. What-so-euer any other man seeth, I haue no deuocion 1 to 2 Turkes teeth; For, all-though I neuer sawe a greter, Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.	543
PARDONER. Here is a box full of humble-bees That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees Tastynge the frute to her forbydden: Who kysseth the bees within this hydden Shall haue as muche pardon, of ryght, As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.	548
PALMER. Syr, I wyll kysse them, with all my herte.	553
Whiche on the drynke at the weddynge was Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly; If ye honor this relyke deuoutly, All-though ye thurste no whyt the lesse,	558
Yet shall ye drynke the more doutlesse,— After whiche drynkynge ye shall be as mete To stande on your hede as on your fete. POTYCARY. Ye, mary, now I can 4 ye 5 thanke; In presents of thys the reste be blanke.	563
Wolde God this relyke had come rather! Kysse that relyke well, good father! Suche is the payne that ye palmers take To kysse the pardon-bowle for the drynke sake. O holy yeste, that loketh full sowr and stale,	568
For Goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale! The more I be-holde the, the more I thurste; The oftener I kysse the, more lyke to burste! But syns I kysse the so deuoutely, Hyre me, and helpe me with drynke till I dye!	573
 M. devacion; Coll. devocyon, without note. Coll. A. unto. Coll. A. con. A. see. Coll. you, without note. 	

What, so muche prayenge and so lytell spede? PARDONER. Ye, for God knoweth whan it is nede To sende folkes drynke; but, by Saynt Antony,	578
I wene he hath sent you to muche all-redy.	<i>31°</i>
POTYCARY. If I have never the more for the,	
Then be the relykes no ryches to me,	
Nor to thy-selfe, excepte they be	
More benefycyall then I can se.	583
Rycher is one boxe of [t]his 1 tryacle	<i>3</i> 0
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell.	
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me	
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the,	
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion	588
But streyght shulde haue wrought in 2 operacyon.	•
And, as in value, I pas you an ace.	
Here 8 lyeth muche rychesse in lytell space, —	
I haue a boxe of rebarb here,	
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.	593
So 4 helpe me God and hollydam,	
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram 5	
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde	
Though he wolde geue me xx pounde;	
For, though the stomake do it abhor,	598
It pourget[h] you clene from the color,	
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,	
That ye shall neuer come to the halter.	
PEDLER. Then is that medycyn a souerayn thynge	
To preserue a man from hangynge.	603
POTYCARY. If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se,	
If euer ye be hanged, neuer truste me!	

¹ M. his; Coll. this, without note.

² Coll A. one.

⁸ Coll. So here, without note, cf. 1. 594.

⁴ In Coll. So is marked as "addition," upon which Collier himself remarks that his predecessors are mistaken, as the word is found in both the old copies; of course, it is really 1.591 to which so was added (in consequence of failure to understand the construction).

⁵ M. deam; corr. silently by Coll.

THE FOURE PP.

Here haue I diapompholicus,—	
A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse,—	
For a fistela or a 1 canker	608
Thys oyntement is euen shot-anker,	
For this medecyn ² helpeth one and other,	
Or bryngeth them in case that they nede no other.	
Here is 8 syrapus de Byzansis, —	
A lytell thynge is i-nough of this,	613
For euen the weyght of one scryppull 4	
Shall ⁵ make you stronge as ⁶ a cryppull.	
Here be 7 other: as, diosfialios,	
Diagalanga, and sticados,	
Blanka manna, diospoliticon,	618
Mercury sublyme, and metridaticon,	
Pelitory, ⁸ and arsefetita,	
Cassy, and colloquintita.	
These be 9 the thynges that breke all stryfe	
Betwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe;	623
From all payne these shall you deleuer,	_
And set you euen at reste for-euer.	
Here is a medecyn — no mo lyke the same! —	
Whiche comenly is called thus by name:	•
Alikakabus or alkakengy, —	62 8
A goodly thynge for dogges that be 10 mangy.	•
Suche be these medycynes that I can	
Helpe a dogge as well as a man.	
Nat one thynge here partycularly	
But worketh vniuersally,	633
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it	
As all the byers that taste it or smell it.	
Now, syns my medycyns be so specyall,	
And in 11 operacion so generall,	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	

Coll. or for a, without note.
 A. oyntment.
 Coll. as stronge as, without note.
 Coll. are, without note.
 Coll. are, without note.
 Coll. Pellitory, without note.
 A. are.
 A. are.
 Coll. in one, without note.

And redy to worke when-so-euer	they shall,	638
So that in ryches I am principall,		
If any rewarde may entreat ye,	`	
I besech your mashyp 1 be good	to ² me,	
And ye shall haue a boxe of man	rmelade	
So fyne that ye may dyg it with	a spade.	643
PEDLER. Syr, I thanke you,	but your rewarde	
Is nat the thynge that I regarde	;	
I muste and wyll be indifferent:	•	
Wherfore procede in your intent	te.	
POTYCARY. Nowe, yf I wyst		648
I wolde to God I myght begynne!		•
PARDONER. I am content th		
PALMER. Euen so am I; and	d say thy worste!	
Now let vs here of all thy lyes	• •	
The greatest lye thou mayst deu	yse,	653
And in the fewyst wordes thou o	can.	
POTYCARY. Forsoth, ye be 4	an honest man.	
PALMER. ⁵ There sayde ye m	iuche, but yet no lye.	
PARDONER. Now lye ye both		
Thou lyest in bost of hys honest		658
And he hath lyed in affyrmynge	the.	
POTYCARY. Yf we both lye	and ye say true,	
Then of these lyes your parte ad	lew!	
And yf ye wyn, make none auau	int;	
For ye 6 are sure of one yll serua	iunte.	663
[To Palmer] Ye 6 may perceyue by the wordes he gaue		
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue. —		
But who tolde true 7 or lyed in-de	ede,	
That wyll I knowe or 8 we proce	de:	
Syr, after that I fyrste began		668
To prayse you for an honest man	n,	
	•	
¹ Coll. masshyp.	8 Coll. A. now.	
² A. unto. 5 Coll followed by Haz, silently tro	4 A. you are.	.a
⁵ Coll., followed by Haz., silently transfers this speech to the Pedler; but ll. 669–674 con firm M. ⁷ Coll. A. truthe.		•
6 Coll. you, without note.	8 A. ere.	

When ye affyrmed it for no lye, —1 Now, by our 2 fayth, speke euen truely, — Thought ye your affyrmacion true? PALMER. Ye, mary, I!³ for I wolde ye knewe 673 I thynke my-selfe an honest man. POTYCARY. What thought ye in the contrary than? PARDONER. In that I sayde the contrary, I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary. POTYCARY. And what of my wordes? I thought ye lyed. 678 PARDONER. POTYCARY. And so thought I, by God that dyed! Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym-selfe layde That none 4 hath lyed ou[gh]t 5 but both truesayd; And of vs twayne none hath denyed, But both affyrmed, that I have lyed: 683 Now syns [ye] both your 6 trouth confes, And that we both my lye so witnes That twayne of vs thre in one agree, — 7 And that the lyer the wynner must be, — Who coulde prouyde suche euydens 688 As I have done in this pretens? Me thynketh this mater sufficient To cause you to gyue iudgement And to give me the mastrye, For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye. 693 PALMER. Though nother 8 of vs as yet had lyed, Yet what we can do is vntryed; For yet 9 we have deuysed nothynge,

How that I lyed, doo bear witnes. That twain of us may soon agree,

¹ Collier's note is confused, but I infer that A. has for to lye.

² Coll. A. your; but our is possible.

⁸ Coll. omits I, without note.

⁴ A. one.

⁵ M. out, which is silently omitted by Coll.

⁶ Coll. A. ye the.

⁷ Coll. A. (apparently through failure to follow the argument):

⁸ Coll. A. neyther.

⁹ Coll. For as yet, without note.

But answered you and geuen 1 hyryng	ge.
PEDLER. Therfore I haue deuysed one waye	
Wherby all thre your myndes may say	<i>r</i> e:
For eche of you one tale shall tell,	•
And whiche of you telleth most merue	ell
And most vnlyke 2 to be true,	
Shall most preuayle, what-euer ensew.	703
POTYCARY. If ye be set in merva	lynge,
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thyr	nge,
And though, in-dede, all be nat true,	
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.	
I dyd a cure no lenger 4 a-go	708
But ⁵ Anno Domini millesimo	
On a woman yonge and so fayre	
That neuer haue I sene a gayre.	
God saue all women from 6 that lyknes	s!
This wanton had the fallen-syknes, —	713
Whiche by dissent came lynyally,	• •
For her mother had it naturally;	,
Wherfore, this woman to recure	
It was more harde ye may be sure.	
But, though I boste my crafte is suche	718
That in suche thynges I can do muche	•
How ofte she fell were muche to repor	
But her hed so gydy and her helys so	
That, with the twynglynge of an eye,	
Downe wolde she falle euyn by-and-by	723
But, or 7 she wolde aryse agayne,	7-5
I shewed muche practyse muche to my	payne:
For the tallest man within this towne	
Shulde ⁸ nat with ease haue broken her	r sowne.9
All-though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her	r, 728
Yet dyd I take more payne 10 about he	•
3 ,	Coll. A. of. A. ere.
	Coll. A. Could.
	Coll. swowne, without note.
	Coll. A. paines.
	•

Then I wolde take with my owne syster.	
Syr, at the last I gaue her a glyster, —	
I thrust a tampyon 1 in her tewell	
And bad her kepe it for a iewell.	733
But I knewe 2 it so heuy 8 to cary	733
That I was sure 4 it wolde nat tary;	
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd	
The tampyon 5 wyll no lenger be hyerd, —	
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce,	738
For, when I had charged this ordynaunce,	75
Sodeynly as it had thonderd,	
Euen at a clap losed her bumberd.	
Now marke, for here begynneth the reuell:	
This tampion 6 flew x longe myle leuell.	743
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone,—	, 10
For strength I knowe nat suche a one,—	
Whiche stode vpon an 7 hyll full hye	
At fote wherof a ryuer ranne bye,	
So depe, tyll chaunce had it forbyden,	748
Well myght the Regent there haue ryden.	
But when this tampyon 8 on this castell lyght,9	
It put the castels 10 so farre 11 to flyght	
That downe they came eche vpon other,	
No stone lefte standynge, by Goddes Mother!	753
But rolled downe so faste the hyll	
In suche a nomber and so dyd fyll	
From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,	
Thys forsayd ryuer, so depe before,	
That who lyste nowe to walke therto,	758
May wade it ouer and wet no shoo.	
So was thys castell layd wyde open	
That euery man myght se the token.	
¹ M. Coll. thampyon. ⁷ Coll. a, without not	le.

Coll. inserts there from A.

8 Coll. it was to heevy, without note.

9 Coll. A. at this castle did lyght.

10 Coll. castel, without note.

11 Qy. read stones for so farre.

12 Coll. thampton; Coll. thampion, without note.

But — in a good houre maye these wordes 1 be spoken! — After the tampyon on the walles was wroken, And pece by pece in peces broken, And she delyuered, with suche violens,	763
Of all her inconveniens,	
I left her in good helth and luste;	
And so she doth contynew, I truste!	768
PEDLER. Syr, in your cure I can nothynge tell,	•
But to our 2 purpose ye haue sayd well.	
PARDONER. Well, syr, then marke what I can say:	
I haue ben a pardoner many a day,	•
And done greater 8 cures gostely	773
Then euer he dyd bodely, —	• • •
Namely thys one whiche ye shall here,	
Of one departed within thys seuen yere, —	
A frende of myne, and lykewyse I	
To her agayne was as frendly, —	778
Who fell so syke so sodeynly	••
That dede she was euen by-and-by,	
And neuer spake with preste nor clerke,	
Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke.	
For I was thens, it coulde nat be;	783
Yet harde I say she asked for me.	, ,
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,	
And that I haue to heuen auaunced	
So many soules to me but straungers	
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,	788
But she to dy so daungerously,	•
For her soule helth especyally, —	
That was the thynge that greued me soo	
That nothynge coulde release my woo	
Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande	793
In what estate her soule dyd stande;	•
For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,	
1 It is impossible to tell from the note in Coll. whether A. has this wordes	

or this word, — apparently the former.

² Coll. A. your.

⁸ A. more.

I toke thys iourney for her sake, — Geue eare, for here begynneth the story, — From hens I went to purgatory, And toke with me thys gere in my fyste, Wherby I may do there what I lyste. I knowled and was let in gravelely.	798
I knocked and was let in quyckly, But, Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy!	
And I to euery soule agayne	803
Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne,	003
And axed them thys question than:	
Yf that the soule of suche a woman	
Dyd late amonge them there appere.	
Wherto they sayd she came nat here.	808
Then ferd I muche it was nat well;	
Alas, thought I, she is in hell!	
For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted	
That sure I thought she was nat saynted.	
With thys it chaunced 1 me to snese;	813
"Christe helpe!" quoth a soule that ley for his fees.	* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Those wordes," quoth I, "thou shalt nat lees!"	
Then with these pardons of all degrees	
I payed hys tole, and set hym so quyght	
That strayt to heuen he toke his flyght.	818
And I from thens to hell that nyght,	
To help this woman yf I myght,	
Nat as who sayth by authorite,	
But by the waye of entreate.	
And fyrst [to] 2 the deuyll that kept the gate	823
I came, and spake after this rate:	
"All hayle, syr deuyll!" and made lowe curtesy.	
"Welcome!" quoth he thys 8 smillyngly.	
He knew me well; and I at laste	0.0
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste,	828
For, as good happe wolde haue it chaunce,	

¹ Misprinted channeed in M.

² Coll. inserts to, without note.

⁸ Coll. A. thus.

Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce, For oft in the play of Corpus Cristi He had played the deuyll at Couentry. By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure. And, to make my returne the shorter, I sayd to this deuyll: "Good mayster porter,	833
For all olde loue, yf it lye in your power,	, ,
Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your."	838
"Be sure," quoth he, "no tongue can tell	030
What tyme thou coudest haue come so well,	
For 1 thys daye Lucyfer fell,—	
Whiche is our festyuall in hell.	
Nothynge vnreasonable craued thys day	843
That shall in hell haue any nay.	13
But yet be-ware thou come nat in	
Tyll tyme thou may 2 thy pasporte wyn;	
Wherfore stande styll, and I wyll wyt	
If I can get thy saue-condyt."	848
He taryed nat, but shortely gat it,	
Under seale and the deuyls hande at it,	
In ample wyse, as ye shall here,—	
Thus it began: "Lucyfere,	
By the power of God chyefe deuyll of hell,	853
To all the deuyls that there do dwell,	
And euery of them, we sende gretynge,	•
Under streyght ³ charge and commaundynge,	
That they aydynge and assystent be	
To suche a pardoner, — and named 4 me, —	858
So that he may at lybertie	
Passe saue without hys 5 ieopardy	
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte	
And clerely out of helles precincte;	06-
And, hys pardons to kepe sauegarde,6	863

¹ Coll. A. For as on.

⁴ M. maned, silently corr. by Coll.

² A. maist.

⁵ Coll. A. any.

⁸ M. streygyt; corr. silently by Coll.

⁶ Coll. in savegarde, without note.

We wyll they lye in the porters warde.	
Geuyn in the fornes of our palys,	
In our hye courte of maters of malys,	
Suche a day and yere of our reyne."	
"God saue the deuyll!" quoth I, "for, for playne,1	868
I truste thys wrytynge to be sure."	
"Then put thy truste," quoth he, "in euer,2	
Syns thou art sure to take no harme."	
Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme	
So farre tyll he had brought me thyther	873
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther	
Stode in a-ray in suche apparell	
As for that day there metely fell:	
Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,	
Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene,	878
With sothery butter theyr bodyes anounted, —	
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted.	
The mayster deuyll sat in his iacket,	
And all the soules were playnge at racket.	
None other rackettes they hadde in hande	883
Saue euery soule a good fyre-brande;	
Wherwith they played so pretely	
That Lucyfer laughed merely,	
And all the resedew of the fendes 8	
Dyd laugh full well togytther 4 lyke frendes.	888
But of my frende I sawe no whyt,	
Nor durst nat axe for her as yet.	
Anone all this rout was brought in silens,	
And I by an vsher brought in presens.	
Then to Lucyfer low as I coude 5	893
I knelyd; which he so well alowde	

¹ Coll. follows A. in reading quoth I amain, and gives reading of M. as quoth I for playne.

² A. cure, possibly a misprint of eure (= ure), but perhaps a substitute for it.

⁸ M. frendes; corr. by Coll., from A.

⁴ Coll. A. thereat ful wel.

⁶ Coll. A.: in presens Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as well as I could.

That thus he beckte and, by Saynt Antony, He smyled on me well-fauoredly,	
Bendynge hys browes, as brode as barne-durres,	
Shakynge hys eares, as ruged as burres,	89 8
Rolynge hys yes, as rounde as two bushels,	090
Flastynge 1 the fyre out of his nose-thryls,	
Gnashynge hys teeth so vaynglorousely	
That me thought tyme to fall to flatery.	
Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell:	002
"O plesant pycture! O prince of hell,	903
Feurred 2 in fashyon abominable!	
And syns that is inestimable	
For me to prayse the worthyly,	
I leue of prays, vnworthy 8	ഹ
To geue the prays, besechynge the	900
To heare my sewte and then to be	
So good to graunt the thynge I craue;	
And, to be shorte, thys wolde I haue,—	
The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted	913
Deliuered 4 hens and to me remitted.	9-3
And in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,	
Yet some ⁵ parte I shall ⁶ deserue it;	
As thus, — I am a pardoner	
And ouer soules as a controller,	918
Thorough-out the erth my power doth stande,	J
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,	
That spede in maters as I vse them,	
As I receyue them or refuse them;	
Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,	923
Ye shall requyre ⁷ any part of thys,—	, ,
The leste deuyll here that can come thyther	
1 Ou Frastunge or Flashunge 4 A Deliver	

¹ Qy. Fnastynge, or Flashynge. ⁴ A. Deliver.

² Coll. Feutred, without note.

⁵ Coll. Yet in some, without note.

⁸ Coll. as unworthy, without note. 6 A. wil.

⁷ M. I shall requyre; Coll., I shall requyte, with a note implying that his text contains Ye, but that he himself prefers I. He has no textual note on requyte. Any part of this seems to support my emendation rather than Collier's.

Shall chose a soule and brynge hym hyther."	
"Nowe," quoth the deuyll, "we are well pleased.	
What is hys name thou woldest haue eased?"	928
"Nay," quoth I, "be it good or euyll,	
My comynge is for a she-deuyll."	
"What calste her?" quoth he, "thou horson!"2	
"Forsoth," quoth I, "Margery Coorson."	
"Now, by our honour," sayd Lucyfer,	933
"No deuyll in hell shall witholde her;	
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo,	
Were 8 nat for iustyce, they shulde goo,	
For all we4 deuyls within thys den	
Haue more to do with two women	938
Then with all the charge we have besyde.	
Wherfore, yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,	
Aply thy pardons to women so	
That vnto vs there come no mo."	
To do my beste I promysed by othe;	943
Whiche I haue kepte, for, as the fayth goth,	
At these dayes 5 to heuen I do procure	
Ten women to one man, be sure.	
Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke,	
And streyght vnto the mayster coke;	948
I was hadde into the kechyn,	
For Margaryes 6 offyce was ther-in.	
All thynge ⁷ handled there discretely, —	
For euery soule bereth offyce metely, —	
Whiche 8 myght be sene to se her syt,	953
So bysely turnynge of the spyt;	-
For many a spyt here hath she turned,	
And many a good spyt hath she burned,	
And many a spyt full hot 9 hath tosted 10	

¹ Coll. A. Ho, ho.

² M. horyson; Coll. A. whoorson.

⁸ Coll. Wert, without note.

⁴ A. the.

⁵ M. thys dayes; Coll. A. this day.

⁶ Coll. Margerie's, without note.

⁷ Coll. thyngs, without note.

⁸ Misprinted woiche in Coll.

⁹ M. Coll. hoth.

¹⁰ Coll. rosted, without note.

Before the meat coulde be halfe rosted; And, or 1 the meate were halfe rosted in-dede, I toke her then fro the spyt for 2 spede. But when she sawe thys brought to pas, To tell the joy wherin she was	958
To tell the ioy wherin she was, And of all the deuyls, for ioy how they Dyd rore at her delyuery, And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge, And how all the soules therin dyd synge,	963
And how we were brought to the gate, And how we toke our leue therat,— Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat To reherse the xx parte of that;	968
Wherfore, thys tale to conclude breuely, Thys woman thanked me chyefly That she was ryd of thys endles deth; And so we departed on New-Market Heth. And yf that any man do mynde her,	973
Who lyste to seke her there shall he fynde her! PEDLER. Syr, ye haue sought her wonders 8 well, And, where ye founde her, as ye tell, To here the chaunce ye founde 4 in hell, I fynde ye were in great parell.5 PALMER. His tale is all muche parellous,6	978
But parte is muche more meruaylous; As where he sayde the deuyls complayne That women put them to suche payne By ⁷ theyr condicions so croked and crabbed, Frowardly fashonde, so waywarde and wrabbed, So farre in deuision, and sturrynge suche stryfe,	983
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe.	988

¹ A. ere.

⁴ Coll. A. had.

² Coll. with, without note.

⁵ Coll. A. peril.

⁸ Coll. A. wunderous.

⁶ Coll. A. perilous.

⁷ Coll. Be, without note, though he entirely changes the construction of the passage.

⁸ There is no occasion to correct the spelling to rabid.

This 1 in effect he tolde for 2 trueth; Wherby muche maruell 8 to me ensueth, That women in hell suche shrewes can be And here so gentyll, as farre as I se.	
Yet haue I sene many a myle	993
And many a woman in the whyle,—	
Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough	
In Cristendom but I haue ben th[o]rough,—	
And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande:	
I haue sene women v hundred thousande	998
And oft with them have longe tyme taryed,4	
Yet in all places where I haue ben,	
Of all the women that I have sene,	
I neuer sawe nor knewe, in my consyens,	1003
Any one woman out of paciens.	
POTYCARY. By the masse, there is a great lye! 5	
PARDONER. I neuer harde a greater, by Our Lady!	
PEDLER. A greater? nay, knowe ye any so great?	
PALMER. Syr, whether that I lose or get,	1008
For my parte iudgement shall be prayed.	
PARDONER. And I desyer as he hath sayd.	
POTYCARY. Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.	
PEDLER. Then shall nat judgement be delayd:	
Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale	1013
In Poules 6 Churche-yarde were set on sale	
In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte,	
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght;	
For, as they wey, so be they worth.	
But whiche weyth beste, — to that now forth!	1018
Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell	
I bere in mynde; and yours as well;	

¹ A. thus.

² A. of.

⁸ Misprinted muruell in M.

⁴ M. maryed (or matyed); Coll. A. taried; a line has, as Collier suggests, probably been lost, - perhaps: Wives and widows, maids and married.

⁵ M. greatlye, corr. silently by Coll. ⁶ Coll. Poole's, without note.

And, as ye sawe the mater metely, So lyed ye bothe well and discretely. Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me; [To Potycary] For, yf ye had sayd ye had made fle Ten tampyons out of ten womens tayles Ten tampons ten made to ten entels an invited.	1023
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or iayles ¹ And fyll ² ten ryuers ten tymes so depe As ten of that whiche your castell stones dyde kepe, ³ — [To Pardoner] Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely Fet ten soules out of purgatory,	1028
And ten tymes so many out of hell,— Yet, by these ten bonnes, I could ryght well Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued. Potycary. Two knaues before i lacketh ii knaues of fyue;	1033 of
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaues a-lyue; Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast; Thou knaue, and thou knaue, and thou knaue, at laste! Nay, knaue, yf ye try me by nomber, I wyll as knauyshly you accomber.	1038
Your mynde is all on your pryuy tythe, For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe. Now ten tymes I beseche Hym that hye syttes Thy wyfes x commaundementes may serch thy v wittes; Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth,	1043
And ten of 4 thy nose, whiche euery man seth, And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I wolde,— That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere olde, For thou goest about to make me a slaue,— I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentylman,5 knaue!	1048
And here is an other shall take my parte. PARDONER. Nay, fyrste I be-shrew your knaues herte Or I take parte in your knauery! 1 M. tayles; Coll. jayles, without note. 2 Coll. fild, without note. 5 A. gentle.	1053

8 These two words are cut off at the top.

I wyll speke fayre, by Our 1 Lady! Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be As good as ye can 2 be to me.

PEDLER I wolde be glade to do you good And hym also, be he neuer so wood; 1058 But dout you nat I wyll now do The thynge my consciens ledeth me to. Both your tales I take farre impossyble 8 Yet take I his fa[r]ther incredyble. Nat only the thynge it-selfe alloweth it, 1063 But also the boldenes therof auoweth it, I knowe nat where your tale to trye,5 Nor yours but in hell or purgatorye; But hys boldnes hath faced a lye That may be tryed euyn in thys companye: 1068 As, yf ye lyste, to take thys order, — Amonge the women in thys border, Take thre of the yongest and thre of the oldest, Thre of the hotest and thre of the coldest, Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest, 1073 Thre of the chastest and thre of the lewdest, 6 Thre of the lowest and thre of the hyest, Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest, Thre of the fayrest and thre of the maddest, Thre of the fowlest and thre of the saddest, — 1078 And when all these threes be had a-sonder. Of eche thre two iustly by nomber Shall be founde shrewes, excepte thys fall, That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all. Hym-selfe for trouth all this doth knowe, 1083 And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe; And yet he swereth by his consciens He neuer saw woman breke paciens.7

¹ Coll. A.; M. one.

⁵ M. crye; corr. silently by Coll.

² A. you may.

⁶ This line supp. by Coll. from A.

⁸ Coll. unpossyble, without note. 7 Coll. patiens, without note.

⁴ Corr. by Coll., without note,

Wherfore, consydered with true entered Hys lye to be so euident, And to appere so euydently That both you affyrmed it a ly,	ente	1088
And that my consciens so depely So depe hath sought thys thynge to	try,	
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent		1093
Thus I awarde, by way of iudgemen	t,	
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent		
Hys lye to be most excellent.	hounds of equives	
PALMER. Syr, though ye ¹ were To do as ye haue done to me,	bounde of equyte	1008
Yet do I thanke you of your payne,		1098
And wyll requyte some parte agayne	.	
PARDONER. Mary, syr, ye can no		
But thanke hym as muche as it com		
And so wyll I do for my parte:	,	1103
Now a vengeaunce on thy knaues ha	arte!	
I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before	:	
Nor neuer wyll truste pedlynge-knau	e more!	
[He sees the Potycary curtesying	ng about the Palmer.]	
What doest thou there, thou horson	nody?	
POTYCARY. By the masse, lerne	to make curtesy!	1108
Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,		
And then on eche syde, the deuyll blynde hym!		
Nay, when I 2 haue it perfytly,		
Ye shall have the deuyll and all of c	eurtesy!	
But it is nat sone lerned, brother,8		1113
One knaue to make curtesy to anoth	•	
Yet, when I am angry, that is the w		
I shall call my mayster knaue at the	•	
Palmer. Then wolde some may		_
But as for me ye nede nat doute ye;		1118
For I had leuer 4 be without ye		
¹ M. we; corr. silently by Coll. ² Coll. A. ye.	8 Coll. A. gentle brother.4 A. rather.	

Then haue suche besynesse aboute ye.	
PARDONER. So helpe me God, so were ye better!	
What shulde a begger be a letter?	
It were no whyt your honestie	1123
To haue vs twayne iet after ye.	
POTYCARY. Syr, be ye sure he telleth you true;	
Yf we shulde wayte, thys wolde ensew:	
It wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,	
Two knaues made 1 curtesy to a 2 thyrde.	1128
PEDLER. Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde, —	
Syns, they be so loth to be assyned,8	
To let them lose I thynke it beste,	
And so shall ye lyue beste 4 in rest.	
PALMER. Syr, I am nat on them so fonde	1133
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde;	
And, syns ye lyste nat to wayte on me,	
I clerely of waytynge dyscharge ye.	
PARDONER. Mary, syr, I hertely thanke you.	
Potycary. And I lyke-wyse, I make God auowe.5	1138
PEDLER. Now be ye all euyn as ye begoon;	
No man hath loste nor no man hath woon.	
Yet in the debate wherwith ye began,	
By waye of aduyse I wyll speke as I can:	
[To Palmer] I do perceyue that pylgrymage	1143
Is chyefe 6 the thynge ye haue in vsage;	
Wherto, in effecte, for loue of Chryst	
Ye haue, or shulde haue, bene entyst;	
And who so doth with suche entent,	
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent;	1148
[To Pardoner] And so do ye in your pretence,	
If ye procure thus ⁷ indulgence	
Unto your neyghbours charytably	
For loue of them in God onely.—	
¹ A. make. ² Coll. the, without note.	

<sup>A. make.
Coll. the, without note.
Steevens suggests affyned, but, as Collier points out, assyned is correct.</sup>

⁴ Coll. A. the better. ⁶ A. cheefest.

⁵ Coll. A. And likewise I, to God I vow. ⁷ A. this.

All thys may be ryght well applyed To shew 1 you both well occupyed; For, though ye walke nat bothe one waye, Yet, walkynge thus, thys dare I saye:	1153
That bothe your walkes come to one ende.	
And so for all that do pretende,	1158
By ayde of Goddes grace, to ensewe	_
Any maner kynde of vertue:	
As, some great almyse for to gyue,	
Some in wyllfull pouertie to lyue,	
Some to make hye-wayes and suche other 8 warkes,	1163
And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes	•
To synge and praye for soule[s] departed,—	
These, with all other vertues well marked,	
All-though they be of sondry kyndes,	
Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes;	1168
But, as God only doth all those moue,	
So euery man, onely for his loue,	
With loue and dred obediently	
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely.	
Thus euery vertue, yf we lyste to scan,	1173
Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man;	
And who that by grace of the Holy Goste	
To any one vertue is moued moste, —	•
That man, by that grace, that one apply,	
And therin serue God most plentyfully! 4	1178
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,	•
So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste;	
For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne.	
And euen in that case I perceyue you twayne, —	
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse	1183
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse.	3
Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,	
The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.	
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another	
1 M shewell: corr by Coll from A 8 Coll A lyke	

¹ M. shewell; corr. by Coll. from A.

⁸ Coll. A. lyke.

² A. on.

⁴ A. plenteously.

Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother. Potycary. For fere lest suche parels to me myght fall,	1188
I thanke God I vse no vertue at all!	
PEDLER. That is of all the very worste waye;	
For more harde it is, as I have harde saye,	
To begynne vertue where none is pretendyd	1193
Then, where it is begonne, the abuse to be mended.	1193
How-be-it, ye be 1 nat all to begynne;	
One syne of vertue ye are entred in:	
As thys, I suppose ye dyd saye true,	
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue;	1198
In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,	1190
Ye are well be-loued 2 of all thys sorte,	
By your raylynge here openly	
At pardons and relyques so leudly.	
POTYCARY. In that I thynke my faute nat great,	1203
For all that he hath I knowe conterfete. 8	
PEDLER. For his and all other that ye knowe fayned	
Ye be nother 4 counceled nor constrayned	
To any suche thynge in any suche case	
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place;	1208
But where ye dout the truthe, nat knowynge,	
Beleuynge the beste, good may be growynge,—	
In iudgynge the beste, no harme at the leste,	
In judgynge the worste, no good at the beste.	
But beste in these thynges it semeth to me	1213
To take 5 no iudgement vpon ye;	_
But, as the Churche doth iudge or take them,	
So do ye receyue or forsake them;	
And so, be sure, by can nat erre,	
But may be a frutfull folower.	1218
POTYCARY. Go ye before and, as I am true man,	
I wyll folow as faste as I can.	
¹ A. are. ⁴ Coll. A. not.	

² Kittredge *suggests* beleued. ⁵ M. Coll. make.

⁸ Coll. counterfete, without note. 6 Coll. be you sure, without note.

PARDONER. And so wyll I, for he hath sayd so well, Reason 1 wolde we shulde followe hys counsell.

I 222

PALMER. Then to our reason God gyue vs his grace,
That we may followe with fayth so fermely
His commaundementes, that we may purchace
Hys loue, and so consequently
To byleue hys Churche faste and faythfully;
So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,

I 229

And all that hath scapet 2 vs here by neglygence,
We clerely reuoke and forsake it.

To passe the tyme in thys without offence,
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;
And so we humbly beseche you take 3 it;

Besechynge Our Lorde to prosper you all
In the fayth of hys Churche Vniuersall!

Be kepte out of errour in any wyse.

1236

² A. escapte.

8 Coll. you to take.

FINIS.

Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the George by Wyllyam

Myddylton:.

¹ Smudged over in M.

PART VI.



KYNGE JOHAN.

By JOHN BALE.

Printed from the edition by J. P. Collier (Camden Society, 1838). Punctuation, capitals, and arrangement of lines are, as usual, mine; all other changes are indicated in the footnotes. The statements in regard to the readings of the MS. are, of course, derived from Collier's introduction and notes. Several additions to the play in Bale's own hand are pointed out as they occur, but it must be added that he seems to have corrected the whole play, cf. p. 530, n. 1. For an account of the play, see vol. III. of this book.

[Dramatis Personae.

KYNGE JOHAN.

YNGLOND.

CLARGY.

SEDYCYON.

CYVYLE ORDER.

STEVYN LANGTON.

COMMYNALTE.

NOBYLYTE.

CARDYNALL PANDULPHUS.

PRYVAT WELTH.

DISSIMULACYON.

RAYMUNDUS.

SYMON OF SWYNSETT.

USURPYD POWER.

THE POPE.

INTERPRETOUR.

TREASON.

VERYTE.

IMPERVALL MAJESTYE.]

[Enter Kynge Johan alone.]

K. Johan. To declare the powres and their force to enlarge,

The Scripture of God doth flow in most abowndaunce; And of sophysters the cauteles to dyscharge,

Bothe Peter and Pawle makyth plenteosse utterauns; How that all pepell shuld shew there trew alegyauns

¹ I have not followed C. in the abbreviation of the names of speakers.

To ther lawfull kyng, Christ Jesu dothe consent, Whych to the hygh powres was ever obedyent.

7

To shew what I am, I thynke yt convenyent:

Johan, Kyng of Ynglond, the cronyclys doth me call.

My granfather was an emp[er]owr excelent,

My father a kyng by successyon lyneall,
A kyng my brother, lyke as to hym ded fall,
Rychard Curdelyon they callyd hym in Fraunce,
Whych had over enymyes most fortynable chaunce.

14

By the wyll of God and his hygh ordynaunce,

In Yerlond and Walys, in Angoye and Normandye, In Ynglond also, I have had the governaunce;

I have worne the crowne and wrowght vyctoryouslye, And now do purpose by practyse and by stodye

To reforme the lawes and sett men in good order, That trew justyce may be had in every border.

2 I

[Enter] Ynglond vidua.

[YNGL.] Than I trust your Grace wyll waye a poore wedowes cause,

Ungodly usyd, as ye shall know in short clause.

K. JOHAN. Yea, that I wyll swere, yf yt be trew and just. YNGL. Lyke as yt beryth trewth, so lett yt be dyscust.

K. Johan. Than, gentyll wydowe, tell me what the mater ys.

YNGL. Alas, yowr clargy hath done very sore amys In mysusyng me ageynst all ryght and justyce, And for my more greffe therto they other intyce.

K. JOHAN. Whom do they intyce for to do the injurye? YNGL. Soch as hath enterd by false hypocrysye, Moch worse frutes havyng than hathe the thornes unplesaunt, For they are the trees that God dyd never plant, And, as Christ dothe saye, blynd leaders of the blynd.

K. Johan. Tell me whom thou menyst, to satysfy my mynd.

30

25

35

YNGL. Suche lubbers as hath dysgysed heads in their hoodes,

Whych in ydelnes do lyve by other menns goodes, — Monkes, chanons and nones, in dyvers coloure and shappe, Bothe whyght, blacke and pyed, God send ther increase yll happe!

K. JOHAN. Lete me know thy name or I go ferther with the.

40

YNGL. Ynglond, syr, Ynglond my name is; ye may trust me.
K. JOHAN. I mervell ryght sore how thow commyst chaungyd thus.

[Enter] Sedwsyon.

[SED.] What, yow ij alone? I wyll tell tales, by Jesus! And saye that I se yow fall here to bycherye.

K. Johan. Avoyd, lewde person, for thy wordes are ungodlye.

45

SED. I crye you mercy, sur, pray yow be not angrye; Be me fayth and trowth, I came hyther to be merye.

K. Johan. Thou canst with thy myrth in no wysse dyscontent me,

So that thow powder yt with wysdome and honeste.

SED. I am no spycer, by the messe! ye may beleve me.

50

К. Johan. I speke of no spyce, but of cyvyle honeste.

SED. Ye spake of powder, by the Holy Trynyte!

K. Johan. Not as thow takyst yt, of a grosse capasyte, But as Seynt Pawle meanyth unto the Collossyans playne: "So seasyne yowr speche, that yt be without disdayne." Now, Ynglond, to the: go thow forth with thy tale, And showe the cawse why thow lokyst so wan and pale.

55

YNGL. I told yow before the faulte was in the clergye That I, a wedow, apere to yow so barelye.

SED. Ye are a Wylly Wat, and wander here full warelye! 60 K. JOHAN. Why in the clargye? do me to understande! YNGL. For they take from me my cattell, howse and land, My wods and pasturs, with other commodyteys,

Lyke as Christ ded saye to the wyckyd Pharyseys:							
"Pore wydowys howsys ye grosse up by long prayers,"—	6						
In syde cotys wandryng lyke most dysgysed players.							
SED. They are well at ese that hath soch soth-sayers!							
К. Johan. They are thy chylderne, thou owghtest to say							
then 1 good.							
YNGL. Nay, bastardes they are, unnaturall, by the rood!							
Sens ther begynnyng they ware never good to me.	70						
The wyld bore of Rome, — God let hym never to thee! —							
Lyke pygges they folow in fantysyes, dreames and lyes,							
And ever are fed with hys vyle cerymonyes.							
SED. Nay, sumtyme they eate bothe flawnes and pygyn-							
pyes.							
K. JOHAN. By the bore of Rome, I trow, thou menyst							
the Pope.	75						
YNGL. I mene non other but hym, God geve hym a rope!							
K. JOHAN. And why dost thow thus compare hym to a							
swyne?							
YNGL. For that he and hys to such bestlynes inclyne;							
They forsake Gods word, whych is most puer and cleane,							
And unto the lawys of synfull men they leane;							
Lyke as the vyle swyne the most vyle metes dessyer							
And hath gret plesure to walowe them-selvys in myre,							
So hath this wyld bore with his Church Unyversall,							
His sowe with hyr pygys, and monstres 2 bestyall,							
Dylyght in mennys draffe and covytus lucre all;							
Yea, aper de sylva the prophet dyd hym call.							
SED. Hold yowr peace, ye whore, or ellys, by masse, I							
trowe,							
I shall cawse the Pope to curse the as blacke as a crowe.							
К. Johan. What art thow, felow, that seme so braggyng							
bolde?							
SED. I am Sedycyon, that with the Pope wyll hold	90						
So long as I have a hole within my breche.	_						
YNGL. Command this felow to avoyd, I you beseche,							
For dowghtles he hath done me great injury.							

¹ Qy. them.

² C. monstros.

K.	Johan.	A-voyd,	lewd	felow,	or	thou	shalt	rewe	yt
truly!									

SED. I wyll not a-waye for that same wedred wytche; 95 She shall rather kysse where-as it doth not ytche.

Quodcunque ligaveris, I trow, wyll playe soch a parte,

That I shall abyde in Ynglond, magry yowr harte.

Tushe, the Pope ableth me to subdewe bothe kyng and keyser.

K. Johan. Off that thow and I wyll common more at leyser.

YNGL. Trwly of the devyll they are that do ony thyng To the subdewyng of any Christen kyng;

For, be he good or bade, he is of Godes apoyntyng;

The good for the good, the badde ys for yll doyng.

K. Johan. Of that we shall talke here-after: say forth thy mynd now,

And show me how thou art thus be-cum a wedowe.

YNGL. Thes vyle popych swyne hath clene exyled my hosband.

K. Johan. Who ys thy husbond? Tel me,¹ good gentyll Ynglond.

YNGL. For soth, God hym-selfe, the spowse of every sort
That seke hym in fayth to the sowlys helth and comfort.

SED. He is scant honest that so many wyfes wyll have.

K. Johan. I saye, hold your peace, and stand asyde lyke a knave!

Ys God exylyd owt of this regyon? Tell me.

YNGL. Yea, that he is, ser, yt is the much more pete.

K. Johan. How commyth yt to passe that he is thus abusyd?

YNGL. Ye know he abydyth not where his word ys refusyd;

For God is his word, lyke as Seynt John dothe tell In the begynnyng of his moste blyssyd gospell. The Popys pyggys may not abyd this word to be hard, Nor knowyn of pepyll, or had in anye regard:

I 20

Ther eyes are so sore they may not abyd the lyght, And that bred so hard ther gald gummes may yt not byght. I, knowyng yowr Grace to have here the governance By the gyft of God, do knowlege my allegeance, Desyeryng yowr Grace to waye suche injuryes 125 As I daylye suffer by thes same subtyll spyes, And lett me have ryght, as ye are a ryghtfull kyng Apoyntyd of God to have such mater in doyng; For God wyllyth yow to helpe the pore wydowes cause, As he by Esaye protesteth in this same clause: 130 Querite judicium, subvenite oppresso, Judicate pupillo, defendite viduam: Seke ryght to poore,1 to the weake and fat[h]erlesse, Defende the wydowe whan she is in dystresse. SED. I tell ye, the woman ys in great hevynes. 135 K. JOHAN. I may not in nowyse leve thi ryght undyscuste, For God hath sett me by his apoyntment just To further thy cause, to mayntayne thi ryght, And therfor I wyll supporte the daye and nyght; So long as my symple lyffe shall here indewer 140 I wyll se the haue no wrong, be fast and swer. I wyll fyrst of all call my nobylyte, Dwkis, erlyes and lords, yche one in ther degre; Next them the clargy, or fathers spirituall, Archebysshopes, bysshoppes, abbottes, and pryers all; 145 Than the great juges and lawers every-chone, So opyny[n]g to them thi cause and petyfull mone, By the meanys wherof I shall their myndes vnderstande. Yf they helpe the not, my-selfe wyll take yt in hande, And sett such a waye as shall be to thi comforte. I 50 YNGL. Than, for an answere I wyll shortly ageyne resort. Do, Ynglond, hardly, and thow shalt have K. Johan. remedy.

YNGL. God reward your Grace, I beseche hym hartely, And send yow longe dayes to governe this realme in peace!

¹ C. suggests procure, but remarks that Bale did not make the change, although he inserted a in weake in the same line.

K. Johan. Gramercy, Ynglond! and send the plentyus increse!	155
Go owt Ynglond, and drese for Clargy.	
SED. Of bablyng-matters, I trow, yt is tyme to cease. K. JOHAN. Why dost thow call them bablyng-maters? Tell me.	
SED. For they are not worth the shakyng of a per-tre 1	
Whan the peres are gone; they are but dyble-dable.	
I marvell ye can abyd suche byble-bable.	160
K. Johan. Thow semyst to be a man of symple dyścrescyon.	
SED. Alas, that ye are not a pryst to here confessyon!	
K. JOHAN. Why for confessyon? Lett me know thi fan-	
tasye.	
SED. Becawse that ye are a man so full of mercye,	_
Namely to women, that wepe with a hevy harte	165
Whan they in the churche hath lett but a lytyl farte.	
K. Johan. I perseyve well now thow speakyst all this in mockage,	
Becawse I take parte with Englandes ryghtfull herytage.	
Say thu what thow wylt, her maters shall not peryshe.	
SED. Yt is joye of hym that women so can cheryshe.	170
K. Johan. God hathe me ordeynned in this same princely	
estate,	
For that I shuld helpe such as be desolate.	•
SED. Yt is as great pyte to se a woman wepe	
As yt is to se a sely dodman crepe,	
Or, as ye wold say, a sely goose go barefote.	175
K. Johan. Thou semyste by thy wordes to have no more	
wytt than a coote.	

Beyng her owne chyld: thou art worse than a best brutall.

SED. I am not her chyld! I defye hyr, by the messe!

I her sone, quoth he? I had rather she were hedlesse.

180

Though I sumtyme be in Englond for my pastaunce,

I mervell thou arte to Englond so unnaturall,

Yet was I neyther borne here, in Spayne, nor in Fraunce, But under the Pope in the holy cyte of Rome, And there wyll I dwell unto the daye of dome.

K. Johan. But what is thy name? Tell me yett onys agayne.

SED. As I sayd afore, I am Sedycyon playne: In euery relygyon and munkysh secte I rayne, Havyng yow prynces in scorne, hate and dysdayne.

K. Johan. I pray the, good frynd, tell me what ys thy facyon.

SED. Serche and ye shall fynd in euery congregacyon 190 That long to the Pope, for they are to me full swer, And wyll be so long as they last and endwer.

K. JOHAN. Yff thow be a cloysterer, tell of what order thow art.

SED. In euery estate of the clargye I playe a part: Sumtyme I can be a monke in a long syd cowle; 195 Sumtyme I can be a none and loke lyke an owle; Sumtyme a chanon in a syrples fayer and whyght; A chapterhowse monke sumtyme I apere in syght; I am ower Syre John sumtyme, with a new-shaven crowne; Sumtyme the person, and swepe the stretes with a syd gowne; 200 Sumtyme the bysshoppe with a myter and a cope; A graye fryer sumtyme with cutt shoes and a rope; Sumtyme I can playe the whyght monke, sumtyme the fryer, The purgatory prist, and euery mans wyffe desyer. This cumpany hath provyded for me morttmayne, 205 For that I myght ever among ther sort remayne. Yea, to go farder, sumtyme I am a cardynall; Yea, sumtyme a pope and than am I lord over all, Bothe in hevyn and erthe and also in purgatory, And do weare iij crownes whan I am in my glorye. 210 K. JOHAN. But what doeste thow here in England? Tell

SED. I hold upp the Pope, as in other places many, For his ambassador I am contynwally, In Sycell, in Naples, in Venys and Ytalye,

me shortlye.

In Pole, Spruse, and Berne, in Denmarke and Lumbardye,	215
In Aragon, in Spayne, in Fraunce and in Germanye,	
In Ynglond, in Scotlond, and in other regyons elles;	
For his holy cawse I mayntayne traytors and rebelles,	
That no prince can have his peples obedyence	
Except yt doth stond with the Popes prehemynence.	220
K. JOHAN. Gett the hence, thow knave, and moste pre-	
sumptuows wreche,	
Or, as I am trew kyng, thow shalt an halter streche!	
We wyll thow know yt, owr power ys of God,	
And therfore we wyll so execute the rod	
That no lewde pryst shall be able to mayneteyne the.	225
I se now they be at to mych lyberte;	_
We wyll short ther hornys, yf God send tyme and space!	
SED. Than I in Englond am lyke to have no place?	
K. Johan. No, that thow arte not, and therfor avoyd	
apace!	
SED. By the holy masse, I must lawgh to here your	
Grace!	230
Ye suppose and thynke that ye cowd me subdewe;	
Ye shall never fynd yowr supposycyon trewe,	
Though ye wer as strong as Hector and Diomedes,	
Or as valyant as ever was Achylles.	
Ye are well content that bysshoppes contynew styll?	235
K. JOHAN. We are so, in-dede, yf they ther dewte fullfyll.	
SED. Nay than, good inough! Your awtoryte and power	
Shall passe as they wyll; they have sawce bothe swet and	
sower.	
K. JOHAN. What menyst thow by that? shew me thy	
intente this hower.	
SED. They are Godes vycars, they can both save and	
lose.	240
K. JOHAN. Ah, thy meening ys that they maye a prynce	
depose.	
SED. By the rood, they may, and that wyll appere by yow!	
K. JOHAN. Be the helpe of God, we shall se to that well	
inow.	

SED. Nay, ye can not, though ye had Argus eyes, In abbeyes they have so many suttyll spyes; For ones in the yere they have secret vysytacyons, And yf ony prynce reforme ther ungodly facyons,	245
Than ij of the monkes must forthe to Rome by-and-by	
With secrett letters to avenge ther injury.	
For a thowsand pownd they shrynke not in soch matter,	250
And yet for the tyme the prynce to his face they flater.	س رس
I am ever-more ther gyde and ther advocate.	
K. JOHAN. Than with the bysshoppes and monkes thu	
art checke-mate?	
SED. I dwell among them and am one of ther sorte.	
K. JOHAN. For thy sake they shall of me have but small	
comforte.	255
Loke, wher I fynd the, that place wyll I put downe.	- , ,
SED. What yf ye do chance to fynd me in euery towne	
Where-as is founded any sect monastycall?	
K. Johan. I pray God I synke yf I dystroye them not all!	
SED. Well, yf ye so do, yett know I where to dwell.	260
К. JOHAN. Thow art not skoymose thy fantasy for to tell.	
SED. Gesse! At a venture ye may chance the marke to	
hytt.	
K. JOHAN. Thy falssed to shew, no man than thy selfe	
more fytt.	
SED. Mary, in confessyon under-nethe benedicite.	
К. Johan. Nay, tell yt agayne, that I may understond the.	265
SED. I say I can dwell, whan all other placys fayle me,	
In ere-confessyon undernethe benedicite;	
And whan I am there, the pryst may not bewray me.	
K. JOHAN. Why, wyll ere-confesshon soch a secret traytor	
be?	
SED. Whan all other fayle, he is so sure as stele.	270
Offend Holy Churche, and I warrant ye shall yt fele;	•
For by confessyon the Holy Father knoweth	
Throw-owt all Christendom what to his Holynes growyth.	
К. Johan. Oh, where ys Nobylyte, that he myght knowe	
thys falshed?	

Nay, he is becum a mayntener of owr godhed. 275 I know that he wyll do Holy Chyrche no wronge, For I am his gostly father and techear amonge. He belevyth nothyng but as Holy Chyrch doth tell. K. JOHAN. Why, geveth he no credence to Cristes holy gospell? SED. No, ser, by the messe, but he callyth them heretyckes 280 That preche the gospell, and sedycyows scysmatyckes, He tache them, vex them, from prison to prison he turne them, He indygth them, juge them, and, in conclusyon, he burne them. K. Johan. We rewe to here this of owr nobylyte. But in this be-halfe what seyst of the spretuallte? 285 SED. Of this I am swer to them to be no stranger, And spesyally, whan ther honor ys in dawnger. K. JOHAN. We trust owr lawers have no such wyckyd myndes. Yes, they many tymys are my most secrett fryndes. With faythfull prechers they can play leger-demayne, 290 And with falcze colores procure them to be slayne. K. JOHAN. I perseyve this worlde is full of iniquite. As God wold have yt, here cummyth Nobylyte. Doth he so in-dede? By Owr Lord, than wyll I hence! K. Johan. Thow saydest thu woldyst dwell where he kepyth resydence. 295 SED. Yea, but fyrst of all I must chaunge myn apparell Unto a bysshoppe, to maynetayene with my quarell, To a monke or pryst, or to sum holy fryer; I shuld never elles accomplych my dysyre. K. JOHAN. Why, art thow goyng? Naye, brother, thow shalte not hence. 300 SED. I wold not be sene as I am for fortye pence. Whan I am relygyouse, I wyll returne agayne. K. JOHAN. Thow shalt tary here, or I must put the to

payne.

shall!

inow.

SED. I have a great mynd to be a lecherous man —	
A wengonce take yt! I wold saye, a relygyous man.	305
I wyll go and cum so fast as evyr I can.	
К. Johan. Tush, dally not with me! I saye thow shalt	
abyde.	
SED. Wene yow to hold me that I shall not slyppe asyde?	
K. Johan. Make no more prattyng, for I saye thu shalt abyde.	
SED. Stoppe not my passage, I must over see at the next tyde!	310
K. Johan. I will ordeyne so, I trowe, thow shalt not over.	3.0
SED. Tush, tush, I am sewer of redy passage at Dover.	
K. JOHAN. The devyll go with hym! The unthryftye	
knave is gone.	
Her go owt Sedwsion and drese for Syvyll Order. [Enter Nobelyte.]	
Nob. Troble not yowr-sylfe with no such dyssolute per-	
sone;	
For ye knowe full well very lyttell honeste	315
Ys gote at ther handes in every commynnalte.	
K. Johan. This is but dallyaunce; ye do not speke as ye	
thynke.	
Nob. By my trowthe, I do, or elles I wold I shuld synke!	
K. Johan. Than must I marvell at yow of all men	
lyvynge. Nob. Why mervell at me? tell me yowr very menyng.	222
K. Johan. For no man levynge is in more famylyerite	32 0
With that wycked wrech, yf it be trew that he told me.	
Nob. What wrech speke ye of? For Jesus love, inty-	
mate!	
K. Johan. Of that presumtous wrech that was with me	
here of late,	
Whom yow wyllyd not to vexe my-selfe with-all.	325
Nob. I know hym not, I, by the waye that my sowll to	

K. Johan. Make yt not so strange, for ye know hym wyll

Ý

Nob. Beleve me yff ye wyll! I know hym not, I assuer yow.

K. JOHAN. Ware ye never yett aquantyd with Sedission? Syns I was a chyld, both hym and his condycyon 330 I ever hated for his iniquite.

[Enter Clargy.]

K. Johan. A clere tokyn that is of trew nobelyte; But I pray to God we fynde yt not other-wyse. Yt was never well syns the clargy wrowght by practyse, And left the Scripture for mens ymagynacyons, 335 Dyvydyng them-selvys in so many congrygacyons Of monkes, chanons and fryers, of dyvers colors and facyons. THE CLARGY. I do trust your Grace wyll be as lovyng now As your predysessowrs have bene to us before yow. K. Johan. I wyll, suer, wey my love with yowr be-havers: 340 Lyke as ye deserve, so wyll I bere yow favers. Clargy, marke yt well, I have more to yow to say Than, as the saying is, the prest dyd speke a Sonday. CLARGY. Ye wyll do us no wrong, I hope, nor-injurye. No, I wyll do you ryght in seyng yow do K. Johan. yowr dewtye. 345 We know the cawtelles of your sotyll companye. CLARGY. Yf ye do us wrong, we shall seke remedy. K. Johan. Yea, that is the cast of all your company. Whan kynges correcte yow for yowr actes most ungodly, To the Pope, syttyng in the chayer of pestoolens, 350 Ye ronne to remayne in your concupysens. Thus sett ye at nowght all princely prehemynens, Subdewyng the order of dew obedyens. But with-in a whyle I shall so abate yowr pryde That to your Pope ye shall noyther runne nor ryde, 355 But ye shall be glad to seke to me, yowr prynce,

1 C.h. To the Church, I trust, ye wyll be obedyent.

For all such maters as shall be with-in this provynce,

Lv1- as God wyllyth yow by his Scripture evydente.

Nob. Yes, mary, is yt, for I am sworne therunto. I toke a great othe whan I was dubbyd a knyght Ever to defend the Holy Churches ryght. CLARGY. Yea, and in her quarell ye owght onto deth to fyght. K. Johan. Lyke backes, in the darke ye always take yowr flyght, Slytteryng in fanseys, and ever abhorre the lyght. I rew yt in hart that yow, Nobelyte, Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom,	538	JOHN BALE.	
Ever to defend the Holy Churches ryght. CLARGY. Yea, and in her quarell ye owght onto deth to fyght. K. JOHAN. Lyke backes, in the darke ye always take yowr flyght, Flytteryng in fanseys, and ever abhorre the lyght. I rew yt in hart that yow, Nobelyte, Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom,	_	•	3 60
CLARGY. Yea, and in her quarell ye owght onto deth to fyght. K. JOHAN. Lyke backes, in the darke ye always take yowr flyght, The system of the lyght. Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, the Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom,	I toke a great	othe whan I was dubbyd a knyght	
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I rew yt in hart that yow, Nobelyte, Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom, 370			303
Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom, 370		• -	
Of blody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom, The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom, 370	•		
The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was Sodom,			
Sodom, 370			
<i>,</i>	•	•	250
And to say the trewth a meta snowed for the fund	_	•	3/0
And, to say the trewth, a mete spowse for the fynd.	ring, to say til	e dewin, a mete spowse for the Tynd.	
[Enter Syvyll Order.]		[Enter Syvyll Order.]	
CLARGY. Yowr Grace is fare gonne; God send yow a better mynd!	_		
К. Johan. Hold yowr peace, I say! ye are a lytyll to			
fatte;	_		
In a whyle, I hope, ye shall be lener sumwhatte!			
We shall loke to yow and to Sivyll Order also; 375	•	As were and As Chroll Onder also.	375
Ye walke not so secrett but we know wher-a-bowght ye goo.			373
S. ORDER. Why, your Grace hath no cause with me to			
be dysplesyd.			
K. Johan. All thyngs consyderyd, we have small cause	•		

to be plesyd.

I besech your Grace to graunt me a word or S. Order. too.

Speke on yowr pleasure, and yowr hole mynd K. Johan. also. **380**

S. Order. Ye know very well, to set all thynges in order I have moche ado, and many thynges passe fro me, For yowr common-welth, and that in euery border For offyces, for londes, for lawe and for lyberte- N_{OB} And for transgressors I appoynt the penalte;

That cytes and townes maye stand in quiotose peace, That all theft and murder, with other vyce, maye seace.

387

Yff I have chaunsed, for want of cyrcumspeccyon,

To passe the lymytes of ryght and equite,

I submyte my-selfe unto your Graces correccyon,

Desyryng pardon of yowr benygnyte.

I wot I maye fall through my fragylyte;

Therfore I praye yow tell me what the mater ys,

And amends shall be where-as I have done amyse.

394

K. Johan. Aganste amendement no resonnable man can be.

NoB. That sentence rysyth owt of an hygh charyte.

K. JOHAN. Now that ye are here assembled all to-gether, Amongeste other thynges ye shall fyrst of all consyder That my dysplesure rebounyth 1 on-to yow all.

CLARGY. To yow non of us ys prejudycyall.

400

K. JOHAN. I shall prove yt. Yes! how have ye usyd Englond?

Nob. But as yt becommyth us, so fare as I understond.

K. JOHAN. Yes! the pore woman complayneth her grevosly,

And not with-owt a cawse, for she hath great injurye.

I must se to yt, — ther ys no remedy, —

405

For it ys a charge gevyn me from God All-myghtye.

How saye ye, Clargye? Apperyth it not so to yow?

CLARGY. Yf it lykyth yowr Grace, all we know that well ynow.

K. Johan. Than yow, Nobelyte, wyll affyrme yt, I am suer.

Nob. Ye, that I wyll, sur, so long as my lyfe endure.

410

K. JOHAN. And yow, Cyvyll Order, I thynke wyll graunte the same!

S. ORDER. Ondowghted, sir; yea, elles ware yt to me gret shame.

¹ C. rebonnyth; Kittredge suggests redounyth, but rebounyth is possible.

K. Johan. Than for Englondes cause I wyll be sumewhat playne.

Yt is yow, Clargy, that hathe her in dysdayne:

With your Latyne hours, serymonyes, and popetly playes, 415

In her more and more Gods holy worde decayes;

And them to maynteyn, unresonable ys the spoyle

Of her londs, her goods, and of her pore chylders toyle.

Rekyn fyrst yowr tythis, yowr devocyons and yowr offrynges,

Mortuaryes, pardons, bequests and other thynges,

Besydes that ye cache for halowed belles and purgatorye,

For juelles, for relyckes, confessyon and cowrts of baudrye,

For legacyes, trentalls, with Scalacely messys,

Wherby ye have made the people very assys;

And over all this ye have brought in a rabyll

Of Latyne mummers and sects desseyvabyll,

Evyn to dewore her and eat her upp attonnys.

CLARGY. Yow wold have no Churche, I wene, by thes sacred bones!

K. Johan. Yes, I wold have a Churche, not of dysgysyd shavelynges,

But of faythfull hartes and charytable doynges;

For whan Christes Chyrch was in her hyeste glory,

She knew neyther thes sectes nor their ipocrysy.

CLARGY. Yes, I wyll prove yt by David substancyally:

Astitit Regina a dextris tuis in vestitu

Deaurato, circumdata varietate:

435

440

420

425

430

A quene, sayth Davyd, on thy ryght hand, Lord, I se Apparrellyd with golde and compassyd with dyversyte.

K. Johan. What ys your meaning by that same Scripture? Tell me.

CLARGY. This quene ys the Chyrch, which thorow all Cristen regions

Ys beawtyfull, dectyd 1 with many holy relygyons: Munks, chanons and fryers, most excellent dyvynis, As Grandy Montensers and other Benedictyns,

Primostratensers, Bernards and Gylbertynys,

1 Kittredge suggests deccyd.

Jacobytes, Mynors, Whyght Carmes and Augustynis,	
Sanbenets, Cluniackes, with holy Carthusyans,	445
Heremytes and ancors, with most myghty Rodyans,	
Crucifers, Lucifers, Brigettis, Ambrosyanes,	
Stellifers, Ensifers, with Purgatoryanes,	
Sophyanes, Indianes and Camaldulensers,	
Clarynes and Columbynes, Templers, Newe Ninivytes,	450
Rufyanes, Tercyanes, Lorytes and Lazarytes,	
Hungaryes, Teutonykes, Hospitelers, Honofrynes,	
Basyles and Bonhams, Solanons and Celestynes,	
Paulynes, Hieronymytes, and Monkes of Josaphathes Valleye,	
Fulygynes, Flamynes, with Bretherne of the Black Alleye,	455
Donates and Dimysynes, with Canons of S. Marke,	
Vestals and monyals, a worlde to heare them barke,	
Abbotts and doctors, with bysshoppes and cardynales,	
Archedecons and pristes, as to ther fortune falles.	
S. Order. Me thynkyth yowr fyrst text stondeth nothyng	
with your reson,	460
For in Davydes tyme wer no such sects of relygyon.	
K. Johan. Davyd meanyth vertuys by the same diversyte,	
As in the sayd psalme yt is evydent to se,	
And not munkysh sects; but it is ever yowr cast	
For yowr advauncement the Scripturs for to wrast.	465
CLARGY. Of owr Holy Father in this I take my grownd,	
Which hathe awtoryte the Scripturs to expond.	
K. Johan. Nay, he presumyth the Scripturs to confound.	
Nowther thow nor the Pope shall do pore Englond wronge,	
I beyng governor and kyng her peple amonge.	470
Whyle yow for lucre sett forth yowr popysh lawys	
Yowr-selvys to advaunce, ye wold make us pycke strawes.	
Nay, ipocryts, nay! We wyll not be scornyd soo	
Of a sort of knavys; we shall loke yow otherwyse too!	
Nob. Sur, yowr sprytes are movyd, I persayve by yowr	
	475
K. JOHAN. I wonder that yow for such veyne popych bag-	
gage	
Can suffer England to be impoveryshed	

And mad a begger; yow are very yll advysyd.

Nob. I marvell grettly that ye say thus to me.

K. Johan. For dowghtles ye do not as becummyth Nobelyte;	480
Ye spare nouther lands nor goods, but all ye geve	
To thes cormerants; yt wold any good man greve	
To se yowr madnes, as I wold God shuld save me!	
Nob. Sur, I suppose yt good to bylde a perpetuite	
For me and my frendes to be prayed for evermore.	485
K. Johan. Tush, yt is madnes all to dyspayre in God so sore,	
And to thynke Christs deth to be unsufficient!	
Nob. Sur, that I have don was of a good intent.	
K. JOHAN. The intente ys nowght whych hath no sewer	
grounde.	
CLARGY. Yff yow continue, ye wyll Holy Chyrch con-	
funde.	490
К. Johan. Nay, no Holy Chyrch, nor feythfull congre-	
gacyon,	
But an hepe of adders of Antechrists generacyon.	
S. Order. Yt pyttyth me moche that ye are to them so	
harde.	
К. Johan. Yt petyeth me more that ye them so mych	
regarde.	
They dystroye mennys sowlls with damnable supersticyon,	495
And decaye all realmys by meyntenaunce of sedycyon.	
Ye wold wonder to know what profe I have of this.	
Nob. Well, amenment shalbe wher anythyng is amysse;	
For, undowtted, God doth open soche thyngs to prynces	
As to none other men in the Crystyen provynces,	500
And therfor we wyll not in this with your Grace contend.	
S. ORDER. No, but with Gods grace we shall owr myse-	
dedes amend.	
CLARGY. For all such forfets as yowr pryncely Mageste	
For yowr owne person or realme can prove by me	
I submytte my-selfe to yow, bothe body and goods.	505
Knele.	

K.	Johan.	We pety yow now, consydery	yng yowr	repent-
	ante	modes,		

And owr gracyous pardone we grawnte you upon amendment.

CLARGY. God preserve your Grace and Mageste excelent!

K. Johan. Aryse, Clargy, aryse, and ever be obedyent,

And, as God commandeth yow, take us for yowr governer. 510

CLARGY. By the grace of God, the Pope shall be my ruler!

К. Johan. What saye ye, Clargy? who ys yowr governer?

CLARGY. Ha! ded I stomble? I sayd my prynce ys my ruler.

K. Johan. I pray to owr Lord this obedyence maye indewre.

CLARGY. I wyll not breke yt, ye may be fast and suer. 515

K. JOHAN. Than cum hether all thre; ye shall know more of my mynde.

. CLARGY. Owr kyng to obeye, the Scriptur doth us bynde.

K. Johan. Ye shall fyrst be sworne to God and to the Crowne

To be trew and juste in every cetye and towne;

And this to performe set hand and kysse the bocke!

520

S. ORDER. With the wyffe of Loth we wyll not backeward locke,

Nor turne from owr oth, but ever obeye yowr Grace.

K. Johan. Than wyll I gyve yow yowr chargys her in place,

And accepte yow all to be of owr hyghe councell.

ALL THREE. To be faythfull, than, ye us more streytly compell.

525

530

K. Johan. For the love of God, loke to the state of England!

Leate non enemy holde her in myserable bond;

Se yow defend her as yt becummyth Nobilite;

Se yow instructe 1 her acordyng to yowr degre;

Fournysh her yow with a cyvyle honeste:

Thus shall she florysh in honor and grett plente.

With godly wysdom yowr matters so conveye

¹ C. instrutte.

544	JOHN BALE.	
That the co	mmynnalte the powers maye obeye,	
And ever be	e ware of that false thefe Sedycyon,	
Whych poys	senneth all realmes and bryng them to perdycyon.	535
•	ur, for soche wrecches we wyll be so circumspecte	
	er ther falsed nor gylle shall us infecte.	
•	I warrant yow, sur, no, and that shall well apere.	
	R. We wyll so provyde, yff anye of them cum	
he		
To dysturbe	the realme, they shall be full glad to fle.	540
K. Johan	N. Well, yowr promyse includeth no small dyffy-	
cu	lte;	
But I put th	ne case that this false thefe Sedycyon	
Shuld cum	to yow thre and call hym-selfe Relygyon,	
Myght he n	ot under the pretence of holynes	
Cawse yow	to consent to myche ungodlynes?	545
Nob. Н	e shall never be able to do yt, veryly.	
К. Јона:	N. God graunt ye be not deceyvyd by hypocresye!	
I say no mo	ore, I; in shepes aparell sum walke	
And seme r	elygeyose that deceyvably can calke.	
Be ware of	soche hypocrites as the kyngdom of hevyn fro man	550
Do hyde for	r a-wantage, for they deceyve now and than.	
Well, I leve	yow here; yche man consyder his dewtye!	
Noв. W	7ith Gods leve, no faute shall be in this companye!	
К. Јона:	N. Cum, Cyvyle Order, ye shall go hence with	
me	e .	
S ORDE	R. At your commandmente! I will gladive	

wayte upon ye.

Here Kyng Johan and Sivile Order go owt, and Syvile Order drese hym for Sedwsyon.

555

Nob. Me thynke the kyng is a man of a wonderfull wytt. Naye, saye that he is of a vengeable craftye CLARGY. wytt,

Than shall ye be sure the trewth of the thyng to hytt. Hard ye not how he of the Holy Church dyd rayle? His extreme thretynyngs shall lytyll hym avayle: 560 I wyll worke soch wayes that he shall of his purpose fayle. Nos. Yt is meet a prince to saye sumwhat for his plesure.

585

590

CLARGY. Yea, but yt is to moch to rayle so withowt mesure. Nob. Well, lett every man speke lyke as he hathe a cawse. CLARGY. Why, do ye say so? Yt is tyme for me, than, to pawse. 565 Nob. This wyll I saye, sur, that he ys so noble a prynce As this day raygneth in ony Cristyen provynce. CLARGY. Mary, yt apereth well by that he wonne in Fraunce! Well, he lost not there so moche by martyall Nob. chaunce But he gate moche more in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. 570 CLARGY. Yea, God sped us well, Crystmes songes are mery tales! Nob. Ye dysdayne soche mater as ye know full evydent.

Nob. Ye dysdayne soche mater as ye know full evydent. Are not both Ireland and Wales to hym obedyent? Yes, he holdyth them bothe in pessable possessyon, And—by-cause I wyll not from yowr tall make degressyon,— 775 For his lond in Fraunce he gyveth but lytell forsse, Havyng to Englond all his love and remorse; And Angoye he gave to Artur his nevy in chaunge. CLARGY. Our changes are soche that an abbeye turneth

to a graunge.

We are so handled we have scarce eyther horse or male. 580

Nob. He that dothe hate me the worse wyll tell my tale!

Yt is yowr fassyon soche kyngs to dyscommend

As yowr abuses reforme or reprehend.

You pristes are the cawse that chronycles doth defame So many prynces, and men of notable name, For yow take upon yow to wryght them evermore; And therfore Kyng Johan ys lyke to rewe yt sore, Whan ye wryte his tyme, for vexyng of the Clargy.

CLARGY. I mervell ye take his parte so ernestlye.

Nob. Yt be-comyth Nobelyte his prynces fame to preserve.

CLARGY. Yf he contynew, we are lyke in a whyle to starve:

1 C. suggests that this line belongs to Clergy.

He demaundeth of us the tenth parte of our lyvyng.	
Nob. I thynke yt is then for sum nessessary thyng.	
CLARGY. Mary, to recover that he hath lost in Fraunce,	
As Normandy dewkedom, and his land beyond Orleaunce.	595
Nob. And thynke ye not that a mater nessesary?	
CLARGY. No, sur, by my trowth, he takyng yt of the	
Clergy.	
Nob. Ye cowde be content that he shuld take yt of us.	*
CLARGY. Yea, so that he wold spare the Clargy, by swet	
Jesus!	
This takyng of us myght sone growe to a custom,	600
And than Holy Churche myght so be browght to thraldom,	
Whych hath ben ever from temporall prynces free,	
As towchyng trybute or other captyvyte.	
Nos. He that defendeth yow owght to have parte of your	
goodes.	
CLARGY. He hath the prayers of all them that hathe	_
hoodes.	605
Nos. Why, ys that inough to helpe hym in his warre?	
CLARGY. The Churche he may not of lyberte debarre.	
Nob. Ded not Crist hym-selfe pay trybutt unto Ceser?	
Yf he payd trybute, so owght his holy vycar.	_
CLARGY. To here ye reson so ondyscretlye, I wonder.	610
Ye must consyder that Crist that tyme was under,	
But his vycar now ys above the prynces all;	
Therfor be ware ye do not to herysy fall.	
Ye owght to beleve as Holy Chyrche doth teche yow,	
	615
Nob. I am vnlernyd; my wytts are sone confowndyd.	
CLARGY. Than leve soch maters to men more depely growndyd.	
Nob. But how wyll ye do for the othe that ye have take?	
CLARGY. The keyes of the Church can all soche maters	
of-shake.	
Nob. What call ye those keyes? I pray yow hartly, tell	
	62 0
CLARGY. Owr Holy Fathers power and hys hygh autoryte.	- w ·

Nob. Well, I can no more say; ye are to well lernyd for me.

My bysynes ys soche that here now I must leve ye.

CLARGY. I must hence also so fast as ever maye be, To sewe vn-to Rome for the Churches lyberte.

625

Go owt Nobylyte and Clargy. Here Sedycyon cummyth in.

SED. Haue in onys a-geyne, in spyght of all my enymyes!

For they cannot dryve me from all mennys companyes;
And, thowgh yt were so that all men wold forsake me,
Yet dowght I yt not but sume good women wold take me.
I loke for felowys that here shuld make sum sporte:
630
I mervell yt is so longe ere they hether resorte.
By the messe, I wene the knaves are in the bryers,
Or ells they are fallen into sum order of fryers!
Naye, shall I gesse ryght? they are gon into the stues;
I holde ye my necke, anon we shall here newes.

[He hears Dyssymulacyon] seyng the Leteny.1

Lyst, for Gods passyon! I trow her cummeth sum hoggherd Callyng for his pygges. Such a noyse I neuer herd!

Here cum Dyssymulacyon syngyng of the letany.

Dys. (syng) Sancte Dominice, ora pro nobis!

SED. (syng) Sancte pyld monache, I be-shrow vobis!

Dys. (syng) Sancte Francisse, ora pro nobis!

640

SED. Here ye not? Cocks sowle, what meaneth this ypocrite knaue?

Dys. Pater noster, I pray God bryng hym sone to his grave,

Qui es in celis, with an vengeable sanctificetur,

Or elles Holy Chyrche shall neuer thryve, by Saynt Peter!

SED. Tell me, good felowe, makyste thu this prayer for me?

645

Dys. Ye are as ferce as though ye had broke your nose at the buttre.

1 C. has only Seyng the leteny.

I medyll not with the, but here to good sayntes I praye Agenst soch enmyes as wyll Holy Chyrche decaye.

Here syng this:

A_{\perp}	Tohanne	Rege	iniquo,	libera	nos	Domine!
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SED. Leve, I saye! or, by messe, I wyll make yow grone!

Dys. Yff thow be jentyll, I pray the leate me alone, For with-in a whyle my devocyon wyll be gone.

SED. And wherfor dost thou praye here so bytterly, Momblyng thy pater noster and chauntyng the letany?

Dys. For that Holy Chyrch myght save hyr patrymonye, 655 And to haue of Kyng Johan a tryumphant vyctorye.

SED. And why of Kyng Johan? doth he vexe yow so sore?

Dys. Both chyrchys and abbeys he oppressyth more and more

And take of the clergye, yt is onresonable to tell.

SED. Owte with the Popys bulles than, and cursse hym downe to hell!

Dys. Tushe! man, we have done so, but all wyll not helpe: He regardyth no more the Pope than he dothe a whelpe.

SED. Well, lett hym alone; for that wyll I geve hym a scelpe.

But what arte thu callyd of thyn owne munkych nacyon?

DYS. Kepe yt in counsell: Dane Davy Dyssymulacyon.

SED. What, Dyssymulacyon? Coks sowle, myn old aquentence!

Par me faye, mon amye, je [suis] 1 tote ad voutre plesaunce.

Dys. Gramercyes, good frend, with all my very hert! I trust we shall talke more frely or we deperte.

SED. Why, vylayn horson, knowyst not thi cosyn Sedy-cyon?

Dys. I have ever loved both the and thy condycyon.

SED. Thow must nedes, I trowe, for we cum of ij bretherne;

1 Supplied by C.

Yf thu remember, owr fathers were on mans chylderne,—	•
Thow comyst of Falsed and I of Prevy Treason.	
Dys. Than Infydelyte owr granfather ys by reason.	675
SED. Mary, that ys trewe, and his begynner Antycrist,	
The great Pope of Rome, or fyrst veyne popysh prist.	
Dys. Now welcum, cosyn, by the waye that my sowle	
shall to!	
SED. Gramercy, cosyn, by the holy bysshope Benno!	
Thow kepyst thi old wont, thow art styll an abbe-man.	680
DYS. To hold all thynges vp I play my part now and than.	
SED. Why, what manere of offyce hast thu with-in the	
abbey?	
DYS. Of all relygyons I kepe the chyrch-dore keye.	
SED. Than of a lykelyhod thow art ther generall porter?	
Dys. Nay, of munks and chanons I am the suttyll sorter.	685
Whyle sum talke with Besse, the resydewe kepe sylence;	
Though we playe the knavys, we must shew a good pretence;	
Where-so-ever sum eate, a serten kepe the froyter; 1	
Where-so-ever sum slepe, sum must nedes kepe the dorter.	
Dedyst thu never know the maner of owr senyes?	690
SED. I was never with them aqueynted, by seynt Denyes.	
Dys. Than never knewyst thu the knavery of owr menyes.	
Yf I shuld tell all, I cowd saye more than that.	
SED. Now, of good felowshyppe, I beseche the shew me	
what.	
Dys. The profytable lucre cummyth ever in by me.	695
SED. But by what meane? tell me, I hartely pray the.	
Dys. To wynne the peple, I appoynt yche man his place:	
Sum to syng Latyn, and sum to ducke at grace;	
Sum to go mummyng, and sum to beare the crosse;	
Sum to stowpe downeward as the[r] heades ware stopt with	
mosse;	700
Sum rede the epystle and gospell at hygh masse;	
Sum syng at the lectorne with long eares lyke an asse;	
The pawment of the chyrche the aunchent faders tredes,	
Sum-tyme with a portas, sumtyme with a payre of bedes.	

¹ Qy. freyter.

And this exedyngly drawt pepie to devoycyone,	705
Specyally whan they do se so good relygeone.	
Than have we imagys of Seynt Spryte and Seynt Savyer;	
Moche is the sekynge of them to gett ther faver;	
Yong whomen berfote, and olde men seke them brecheles.	
The myracles wrought there I can in no wyse expresse.	710
We lacke neyther golde nor sylwer, gyrdles nor rynges,	·
Candelles nor taperes, nor other customyd offerynges.	
Though I seme a shepe, I can play the suttle fox;	
I can make Latten to bryng this gere to the boxe.	
Tushe! Latten is alone to bryng soche mater to passe,	715
There ys no Englyche that can soche slyghtes compasse;	
And therfor we wyll no servyce to be songe,	
Gospell nor pystell, but all in Latten tonge.	
Of owr suttell dryftes many more poyntes are behynde;	
Yf I tolde you all, we shuld never have an ende.	720
SED. In nomine Patris, of all that ever I hard	•
Thow art alone yet of soche a dremyng bussard!	
Dys. Nay, dowst thu not se how I in my colours jette?	
To blynd the peple I have yet a farther fette:	
This is for Bernard, and this is for Benet,	725
This is for Gylbard, and this is for Jhenet,	
For Frauncys this is, and this is for Domynyke,	
For Awsten and Elen, and this is for Seynt Partryk.	•
We haue many rewlles, but never one we kepe;	
Whan we syng full lowde our harts be fast aslepe.	730
We resemble sayntes in gray, whyte, blacke, and blewe,	
Yet vnto prynces not one of owr nomber trewe,—	
And that shall Kyng Johan prove shortly, by the rode!	
SED. But in the meane-tyme yowr-selves gett lytyll good;	
Yowr abbeys go downe, I heresaye, every-where.	735
Dys. Yea, frynd Sedysyon, but thow must se to that	
gere.	
SED. Than must I have helpe, by swete Saynt Benetts	
cuppe!	
Dys. Thow shalt have a chylde of myn owne bryngyng	
uppe.	

SED. Of thy bryngyng upper Coks sowie, what knave	
is that?	
Dys. Mary, Pryvat Welth; now hayve I tolde the what.	740
I made hym a monke and a perfytt cloysterer,	
And in the abbeye he began fyrst celerer,	
Than pryor, than abbote of a thowsand pownd land, no wors,	
Now he is a bysshoppe and rydeth with an hondryd hors,	
And, as I here say, he is lyke to be a Cardynall.	745
SED. Ys he so in-dede? By the masse, than have att all!	
Dys. Nay, fyrst Pryvat Welth shall bryng in Usurpyd	
Power	
With hys autoryte, and than the gam ys ower.	
SED. Tush, Usurpyd Power dothe faver me of all men,	
For in his trobles I ease his hart now and then.	750
Whan prynces rebell agenste hys autoryte,	
I make ther commons agenst them for to be.	
Twenty Md men are but a mornyng breckefast	
To be slayne for hym, he takyng his repast.	
Dys. Thow hast, I persayve, a very suttyll cast.	755
SED. I am for the Pope, as for the shyppe the mast.	
Dys. Than helpe, Sedycyon, I may styll in Englond be!	
Kyng John hath thretned that I shall ouer see.	
SED. Well, yf thow wylte of me have remedy this ower,	
Go seche Pryvat Welth and also Usurpyd Power.	760
Dys. I can bryng but one, be Mary, Jesus mother!	
SED. Bryng thow in the one, and let hym bryng in the	
other.	

Here cum in Usurpyd Power and Private Welth, syngyng on after another.

Usurpyd Power syng this:

Super flumina Babilonis suspendimus organa nostra.

Private Welth syng this:

Quomodo cantabimus canticum bonum in terra aliena?

SED. By the mas, me thynke they are syngyng of placebo!

Dys. Peace, for with my spectables vadam et videbo! Coks sowll, yt is they! At the last I have smellyd them owt.

Her go and bryng them.

SED. Thow mayst be a sowe, yf thou hast so good a snowt	. 768
Surs, marke well this gere, for now yt begynnyth to worke: False Dyssymulacion doth bryng in Privat Welth; And Usurpyd Power, which is more ferce than a Turke, Cummeth in by hym to decaye all spyrytuall helth; Than I by them bothe, as clere experyence telth;	
We iiij by owr crafts Kyng Johan wyll so subdwe, That for iij C yers all Englond shall yt rewe.	775
Dys. Of the clergy, frynds, report lyke as ye se, That ther Privat Welth cummyth ever in by me. SED. But by whom commyst thu? By the messe, evyn by the devyll,	
For the grownd thow art of the Cristen peplys evyll!	
Dys. And what are yow, ser? I pray yow say good by me.	7 80
SED. By my trowth, I cum by the and thy affynyte. DYS. Feche thow in thy felow so fast as ever thow can. PR. WELTH. I trow thow shalt se me now playe the	
praty man.	
Of me, Privat Welth, cam fyrst Usurpyd Power:	
Ye may perseyve yt in pagent here this hower.	785
SED. Now welcum, felowys, by all thes bonys and naylys! Us. Power. Among companyons good felyshyp never faylys.	
SED. Nay, Usurpid Power, thu must go backe ageyne,	
For I must also put the to a lytyll payne.	
Us. Power. Why, fellaue Sedysyon, what wylt thu have	
me do?	790
SED. To bare me on thi backe and bryng me in also,	
That yt may be sayde that, fyrst, Dyssymulacion	
Browght in Privat Welth to every Cristen nacion,	
And that Privat Welth browght in Usurpid Power,	
And he Sedycyon, in cytye, towne and tower;	795
That sum man may know the feche of all owr sorte.	
Us. Power. Cum on thy wayes than, that thou mayst	
make the fort	

Dys. Nay, Usurped Power, we shall bare hym all thre, Thy-selfe, he and I, yf ye wyll be rewlyd by me, For ther is non of us but in hym hath a stroke. 800 PR. WELTH. The horson knave wayeth and yt were a croked oke.

Here they shall bare hym in, and Sedycyon saythe:

Yea, thus it shuld be, mary, now thu art 1 alofte! I wyll be-shyte yow all yf ye sett me not downe softe. In my opynyon, by swete Saynt Antony, Here is now gatheryd a full honest company: 805 Here is nowther Awsten, Ambrose, Hierom nor Gregory, But here is a sorte of companyons moch more mery. They of the Chirch than were fower holy doctors, We of the Chirch now are the iiij generall proctors. Here ys, fyrst of all, good father Dyssymulacion, 810 The fyrst begynner of this same congregacion; Here is Privat Welthe, which hath the Chyrch infecte With all abusyons, and brought yt to a synfull secte; Here ys Usurpid Power that all kyngs doth subdwe With such autoryte as is neyther good ner trewe; 815 And I last of all am evyn, sance pere, Sedycyon. Us. Power. Under hevyn ys not a more knave in con-

dvcvon.

Wher-as thu dost cum, that commonwelth cannot thryve. By owr Lord, I marvell that thou art yet alyve.

PR. WELTH. Wher herbes are pluckte upp, the wedes 820 many tymes remayne.

No man can utter an evydence more playn.

SED. Yea, ye thynke so, yow? Now Gods blyssyng breke yowr heade!

I can do but lawgh to here yow, by thys breade! I am so mery that we are mett, by Saynt John, I fele not the ground that I do go uppon. 825 For the love of God, lett us have sum mery songe.

1 C. suggests I am; Kittredge suggests assigning the line to Dyssymulacion.

Us. Power. Begyne thy-self than, and we shall lepe in	
amonge. Here syng.	
SED. I wold ever dwell here, to have such mery sporte.	
PR. WELTH. Thow mayst have yt, man, yf thow wylt	
hether resorte,	
For the Holy Father ys as good a felowe as we.	830
Dys. The Holy Father? Why, pray the, whych is he?	
PR. WELTH. Usurped Power here, which, though he apparaunt be	
In this apparell, yet hathe he autoryte	
Bothe in hevyn and erth, in purgatory and in hell.	
Us. Power. Marke well his saynges, for a trew tale he	
doth tell.	835
SED. What, Usurpid Power? Cocks sowle, ye are owr	
Pope?	
Where is yowr thre crounnys, yowr crosse keys, and your cope?	
What meanyth this mater? Me thynke ye walke astraye.	
Us. Power. Thow knowest I must have sum dalyaunce	
and playe,	
For I am a man lyke as an-other ys;	840
Sumtyme I must hunt, sumtyme I must Alyson kys.	
I am bold of yow, I take ye for no straungers;	
We are as spirituall, I dowght in yow no daungers.	
Dys. I owght to conseder yowr Holy Father-hode,	
From my fyrst infancy ye have ben to me so good.	845
For Godes sake, wytsave to geve me yowr blyssing here	
A pena et culpa, that I may stand this day clere.	
Knele.	
SED. From makyng cuckoldes? mary, that were no mery chere!	
Dys. A pena et culpa: I trow thow canst not here.	
SED. Yea, with a cuckoldes wyff ye have dronke dobyll	
	850

Dys. I pray the, Sedycyon, my pacyens no more stere.

A pena et culpa I desire to be clere,

And than all the devylles of hell I wold not fere.

k.

- Us. Power. But tell me one thyng: dost thu not preche the gospell?
- DYS. No, I promyse yow, I defye yt to the devyll of hell. 855
- Us. Power. Yf I knewe thow dydest, thu shuldest have non absolucyon.
- Dys. Yf I do, abjure me or put me to execucyon.
- PR. WELTH. I dare say he brekyth no popyshe constytucyon.
- Us. Power. Soche men are worthy to have owr contrybucyon.

I assoyle the here, behynde and also beforne! 860

Now art thu as clere as that daye thow wert borne.

Ryse, Dyssymulacion, and stond uppe lyke a bold knyght;

Dowght not of my power, though my aparell be lyght!

- SED. A man, be the masse, can not know yow from a knave,
- Ye loke so lyke hym, as I wold God shuld me save! 865 PR. Welth. Thow art very lewde owr father so to

deprave.

Though he for his plesure soche lyght apparell have,

Yt is now sommer and the heate ys without mesure,

And among us he may go lyght at his owne plesure.

Felow Sedycyon, though thu dost mocke and scoffe,

We have other materes than this to be commyned of.

Frynd Dyssymulacion, why dost thu not thy massage,

And show owt of Englond the causse of thi farre passage?

Tush, blemysh not, whoreson, for I shall ever assyst the.

SED. The knave ys whyght-leveryd, by the Holy Trynyte! 875 Us. Power. Why so, Privat Welth, what ys the mater?

Tell me.

PR. WELTH. Dyssymulacion ys a massanger for the Clargy;

I must speke for hym, there ys no remedy.

The Clargy of Ynglond, which ys yowr specyall frynde,

And of a long tyme hath borne yow very good mynde, Fyllyng yowr coffers with many a thowsande pownde,

Yf ye sett not to hand, he ys lyke to fall to the grownde.

880

870

I do promyse yow truly his hart ys in his hose;	
Kyng Johan so usyth hym that he reconnyth all to lose.	
Us. Power. Tell, Dyssymulacion, why art thow so asshamed	885
To shewe thy massage? Thow art moche to be blamed.	
Late me se those wrytyngs; tush! man, I pray the cum nere.	
Dys. Yowr Horryble Holynes putth me in wonderfull fere.	
Us. Power. Tush! lett me se them, I pray the hartely.	
Here Dissimulacyon shall delever the wrytynges to Usurpyd Power.	
I perseyve yt well, thow wylt lose no ceremony.	890
SED. Yet is he no lesse than a false knave veryly.	
I wold thow haddyst kyst hys ars, for that is holy.	
PR. WELTH. How dost thow prove me that his arse ys	
holy now?	
SED. For yt hath an hole, evyn fytt for the nose of yow.	
PR. WELTH. Yowr parte ys not elles but for to playe	
the knave,	895
And so ye must styll contynew to yowr grave.	
Us. Power. I saye, leve your gawdes, and attend to me	
this hower.	
The bysshoppes writeth here to me, Usurped Power,	
Desyryng assystence of myne auctoryte	
To save and support the Chyrches lyberte.	900
They report Kyng Johan to them to be very harde,	
And to have the Church in no pryce nor regarde.	
In his parliament he demaundeth of the Clargy	
For his warres the tent of the Chyrches patrymony.	
PR. WELTH. Ye wyll not consent to that, I trow, by	
Saynt Mary!	905
SED. No; drawe to yow styll, but lett none from yow	
cary!	
Us. Power. Ye know yt is cleane agenst owr holy	
decrees	
That princes shuld thus contempne owr lybertees.	
He taketh uppon hym to reforme the tythes and offrynges,	
And intermedleth with other spyrytuall thynges.	910

PR. WELTH. Ye must sequester hym, or elles that wyll mare all.

Us. Power. Naye, besydes all this, before juges temporall He conventeth clarkes of cawses crymynall.

PR. WELTH. Yf ye se not to that, the Churche wyll haue a fall.

SED. By the masse, than pristes are lyke to have a pange; 915 For treson, murder and thefte they are lyke to hange!
By Cocks sowle, than I am lyke to walke for treasone,
Yf I be taken; loke to yt therfore in seasone!

PR. Welth. Mary, God forbyd that ever yowr holy anoynted

For tresone or thefte shuld be hanged, racked or joynted, 920 Lyke the rascall sorte of the prophane layete.

Us. Power. Naye, I shall otherwyse loke to yt, ye may trust me.

Before hym-selfe also the bysshopps he doth convent, To the derogacyon of ther dygnyte excelent, And wyll suffer non to the court of Rome to appele.

925

Dys. No; he contemnyth yowr autoryte and seale, And sayth in his lond he wyll be lord and kyng, No prist so hardy to enterpryse any-thyng. For the whych of late with hym ware at veryaunce

930

Fower of the bysshopps, and, in maner, at defyaunce, Wyllyam of London, and Eustace bysshope of Hely, Water of Wynchester, and Gylys of Hartford, trewly. Be yowr autoryte they have hym excommunycate.

Us. Power. Than have they done well; for he is a reprobate;

To that I admytt he ys alwayes contrary:

I made this fellow here the arche-bysshope of Canterbery,

And he wyll agree therto in no condycion.

PR. Welth. Than hath he knowlege that his name ys Sedycyon.

Dys. Dowtles he hath so, and that drownnyth his opynyon. Us. Power. Why do ye not saye his name ys Stevyn Langton?

940

Dys. Tush! we have done so, but that helpyth not the mater;

The bysshope of Norwych for that cawse doth hym flater.

Us. Power. Styke thow to yt fast, we have onys admytted the.

SED. I wyll not one jote from my admyssyon fle; The best of them all shall know that I am he. Naye, in suche maters lett men be ware of me.

946

Us. Power. The monkes of Canterbery ded more at my request

Than they wold at his concernyng that eleccyon.

They chase Sedycyon, as yt is now manyfest,

In spytt of his harte; than he for ther rebellyon

Exyled them all, and toke ther hole possessyon

In-to his owne hands, them sendyng over see

Ther lyvyngs to seke in extreme poverte.

953

This custum also he hath, as it is told me:

Whan prelates depart, — yea, bysshope, abbott, or curate, —

He entreth theyr lands with-owt my lyberte,

Takyng the profyghts tyll the nexte be consecrate,

Instytute, stallyd, inducte or intronyzate,

And of the Pyed Monkes he entendeth to take a dyme.

All wyll be marryd yf I loke not to yt in tyme.

960

Dys. Yt is takyn, ser; the some ys unresonnable, A nynne thowsand marke; to lyve they are not able. His suggesteon was to subdew the Yrysh men.

PR. Welth. Yea that same peple doth ease the Church, now and then;

For that enterpryse they wold be lokyd uppon.

965

Us. Power. They gett no mony, but they shall have clene remyssion,

For those Yrysh men are ever good to the Church;

Whan kynges dysobeye yt, than they begynne to worch.

PR. WELTH. And all that they do ys for indulgence and pardon.

SED. By the messe, and that is not worth a rottyn wardon! 970 Us. Power. What care we for that? to them yt is venyson.

PR. Welth. Than lett them haue yt, a Gods dere benyson!

Us. Power. Now, how shall we do for this same wycked kyng?

SED. Suspend hym and curse hym, both with yowr word and wrytyng.

Yf that wyll not helpe,¹ than interdyght his lond
With extreme cruellnes; and yf that wyll not stond,
Cawse other prynces to revenge the Churchys wronge,
Yt wyll profytte yow to sett them aworke amonge.
For clene remyssyon, one kyng wyll subdew a-nother,
Yea, the chyld sumtyme wyll sle both father and mother.

980
Us. Power. This cownsell ys good; I wyll now folow yt playne.

Tary thow styll here tyll we returne agayne.

Here go owt Usurpid Power and Privat Welth and Sedycyon: Usurpyd Power shall drese for the Pope; Privat Welth for a Cardynall; and Sedycyon for a Monke. The Cardynall shall bryng in the crose, and Stevyn Launton the booke, bell, and candell.

Dys. This Usurpid Power, whych now is gon from hence, For the Holy Church wyll make such ordynance That all men shall be under his obedyens,

Yea, kyngs wyll be glad to geve hym their alegyance,
And than shall we pristes lyve here without dysturbans;
As Godes owne vyker anon ye shall se hym sytt,
His flocke to avaunse by his most polytyke wytt.

989

He shall make prelates, both byshopp and cardynall,²
Doctours and prebendes with furdewhodes and syde
gownes;

He wyll also create the orders monastycall,

Monkes, chanons, and fryers with graye coates and shaven

crownes,

¹ C. holpe.

² Lines 990-1010 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

And buylde them places to corrupt cyties and townes; The dead sayntes shall shewe both visyons and myracles; With ymages and rellyckes he shall wurke sterracles.

996

He wyll make mattens, houres, masse and evensonge, To drowne the Scriptures for doubte of heresye;

He wyll sende pardons to save mennys sowles amonge,

Latyne devocyons with the holye rosarye;

He wyll apoynt fastynges, and plucke downe matrimonye;

Holy water and bredde shall dryve awaye the devyll; Blessynges with blacke bedes wyll helpe in every evyll.

1003

Kynge Johan of Englande, bycause he hath rebelled

Agaynst Holy Churche, usynge it wurse than a stable,

To gyve up his crowne shall shortly be compelled,

And the Albygeanes, lyke heretykes detestable,

Shall be brent bycause agaynst our father they babble.

Through Domynyckes preachynge an xviij thousande are slayne,

To teache them how they shall Holye Churche disdayne.

1010

All this to performe he wyll cawse a generall cowncell

Of all Cristendom to the church of Laternense.

His intent shall be for to supprese the gospell,

Yet wyll he glose yt with a very good pretens,

To subdwe the Turkes by a Cristen vyolens.

Under this coloure he shall grownd ther many thynges, Which wyll at the last be Cristen mennys undoynges.

1017

The Popys power shall be abowe the powers all,

And eare-confessyon a matere nessessary;

Ceremonys wyll be the ryghtes ecclesyastycall;

He shall sett up there both pardowns and purgatory;

The gospell prechyng wyll be an heresy.

Be this provyssyon, and be soch other kyndes,

We shall be full suere allwaye to have owr myndes.

1024

[Enter Usurped Power as the Pope with Privat Welth as a Cardinal and Sedycyon as a Monk.]

POPE. Ah, ye are a blabbe! I perseyve ye wyll tell all; I lefte ye not here to be so lyberall.

Dys. Mea culpa, mea culpa, gravissima mea culpa! Geve me your blyssyng pro Deo et sancta Maria!

Knele and knoke on the bryst.

Here they shall syng!

POPE. Thou hast my blyssyng. Aryse now, and stond a-syde.

Dys. My skyn ys so thyke, yt wyll not throw glyde. 1030 POPE. Late us goo abowght owr other materes now.

Say this all thre:

[ALL.] We wayte her upon the greate holynes of yow. Pope. For as moch as Kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,

Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle: Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face, 1035 So God I require to sequester hym of his grace; As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall, I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all; As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght, I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght; 1040 I take hym from Crist, and, after the sownd of this bell, Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell; I take from hym baptym, with the other sacramentes And sufferages of the Churche, bothe amber-dayes and lentes; Here I take from hym bothe penonce and confessyon, 1045 Masse of the v wondes, with sensyng and processyon; Here I take from hym holy water and holy brede, And never wyll them to stande hym in any sted. This thyng to publyshe I constytute yow thre, Gevyng yow my power and my full autoryte. 1050

Say this all thre:

[ALL.] With the grace of God, we shall performe yt than. Pope. Than gett yow foreward so fast as ever ye can Uppon a bone vyage; yet late us syng meryly.

SED. Than begyne the song, and we shall follow gladly.

1 The song is not given.

Pope. To colour this thyng thow shalte be callyd Pan-	
dulphus;	1055
Thow Stevyn Langton; thy name shall be Raymundus.	
Fyrst, thou, Pandolphus, shall opynly hym suspend	
With boke, bell and candle; yff he wyll not so amend,	
Interdycte his lande, and the churches all up-speare.	
PR. WELTH. I have my massage; to do yt I wyll not	
feare.	1060
Here go owt and drese for Nobylyte.	
POPE. And thow, Stevyn Langton, cummand the bysshoppes all	
So many to curse as are to hym benefycyall,	
Dwkes, erles and lords, wherby they may forsake hym.	
SED. Sur, I wyll do yt, and that, I trow, shall shake hym.	ı
POPE. Raymundus, go thow forth to the Crysten princes	
all:	1065
Byd them in my name that they uppon hym fall	
Bothe with fyre and sword, that the Churche may hym con-	
quarre.	
Dys. Yowr plesur I wyll no longar tyme defarre.	
POPE. Saye this to them also: Pope Innocent the Thred	
Remyssyon of synnes to so many men hath granted	1070
As wyll do ther best to slee hym yf they may.	
Dys. Sur, yt shall be don with-owt ony lenger delay.	
POPE. In the meane season I shall soch gere avaunce,	
As wyll be to us a perpetuall furderaunce:	
Fyrst, eare-confessyon, than pardons, than purgatory,	1075
Sayntes-worchyppyng than, than sekyng of ymagery,	
Than Laten servyce, with the cerymonyes many,	
Wherby owr bysshoppes and abbottes shall gett mony.	
I wyll make a law to burne all herytykes,	
And kyngs to depose whan they are sysmatykes.	1080
I wyll all-so reyse up the fower beggyng orders,	
That they may preche lyes in all the Cristen borders.	
For this and other, I wyll call a generall cownsell	
To ratyfye them in lyke strength with the gospell.	1084

THE INTERPRETOUR.1

In thys present acte we have to yow declared,

As in a myrrour, the begynnynge of Kynge Johan, How he was of God a magistrate appoynted

To the governaunce of thys same noble regyon,
To see mayntayned the true faythe and relygyon;
But Satan the Devyll, whych that tyme was at large,
Had so great a swaye that he coulde it not discharge.

1001

Upon a good zele he attempted very farre

For welthe of thys realme to provyde reformacyon In the Churche therof, but they ded hym debarre

Of that good purpose; for, by excommunycacyon,
The space of vij yeares they interdyct thy[s] nacyon.
These bloudsuppers thus, of crueltie and spyght,
Subdued thys good kynge for executynge ryght.

1098

In the second acte thys wyll apeare more playne,

Wherin Pandulphus shall hym excommunycate Within thys hys lande, and depose hym from hys reigne.

All other princes they shall move hym to hate,

And to persecute after most cruell rate.

They wyll hym poyson in their malygnyte, And cause yll report of hym alwayes to be.

1105

This noble Kynge Johan, as a faythfull Moyses,

Withstode proude Pharo for hys poore Israel, Myndynge to brynge yt owt of the lande of darkenesse,

But the Egyptyanes did agaynst hym so rebell

That hys poore people ded styll in the desart dwell, Tyll that duke Josue, whych was our late Kynge Henrye, Clerely brought us in-to the lande of mylke and honye.

1112

As a strong David, at the voyce of Verytie,

Great Golye, the Pope, he strake downe with hys slynge, Restorynge agayne to a Christen lybertie

¹ Lines 1085-1119 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

Hys lande and people, lyke a most vyctoryouse kynge;
To hir first bewtye intendynge the Churche to brynge,
From ceremonyes dead to the lyvynge wurde of the Lorde.
Thys the seconde acte wyll plenteously recorde.

1119

1125

Finit Actus Primus.

[Incipit Actus Secundus.]

Here the Pope 1 go owt, and Sedycyon 2 and Nobylyte cum in and say:

Nos. It petyeth my hart to se the controvercye
That now-a-dayes reygnethe betwyn the kyng and the clargy.
All Cantorbery monks are now the realme exyled,
The prysts and bysshopps contyneally 3 revyled,
The Cystean monkes are in soche perplexyte
That owt of Englond they reken all to flee.
I lament the chaunce, as I wold God shuld me save.

SED. Yt is gracyously sayd; Godes blyssyng myght ye have!

Blyssyd is that man that wyll graunte or condyssend To helpe relygyon, or Holy Churche defend.

Nob. For ther mayntenance I have gevyn londes full fayer,

I have dysheryted many a laufull ayer.

SED. Well, yt is yowr owne good; God shall reward yow for ytt,

And in hevyn full hyghe for soch good workes shall ye sytt.

NoB. Your habyte showyth ye to be a man of relygeon.

SED. I am no worse, sur; my name is Good Perfectyon. 1135

Nob. I am the more glad to be aquented with ye.

SED. Ye show yowr-selfe here lyke a noble-man, as ye be.

I perseyve ryght well yowr name ys Nobelyte.

Nob. Your servont and Umfrey! of trewthe, father, I am he.

¹ Apparently the Pope went out after 1. 1084.

² MS. Dyssymulatyon; corr. by C.

⁸ C. contymeally.

SED. From Innocent, the Pope, I am cum from Rome evyn now. 1140

A thowsand tymes, I wene, he commendyth hym unto yow, And sent yow clene remyssyon to take the Chyrches parte.

NOB. I thanke his Holynes, I shall do yt with all my harte.

Yf ye wold take paynes for heryng my confessyon, I wold owt of hand resayve this cleane remyssyon.

1145

Mary, with all my hart, I wyll be full glad to do ytt.

Nob. Put on yowr stolle then, and, I pray yow in Godes name, sytt.

Here sett downe, and Nobelyte shall say benedycyte.

Nob. Benedicite.

D[o]m[i]n[u]s: In nomine Domini SED. Pape, amen!

Say forth your mynd, in Godes name.

I have synnyd a-gaynst God; I knowlege myselfe to blame: 1150

In the vij dedly synnys I have offendyd sore;

Godes ten commandyments I have brokyn ever-more;

My v boddyly wytes I have ongodly kepte;

The workes of charyte in maner I have owt-slepte.

SED. I trust ye beleve as Holy Chyrch doth teache ye, 1155 And from the new lernyng ye are wyllyng for to fle.

From the new lernyng! mary, God of hevyn save me!

I never lovyd yt of a chyld, so mote I the!

SED. Ye can say yowr crede, and yowr Laten Ave Mary?

Nob. Yea, and dyrge also, with sevyn psalmes and letteny. 1160

SED. Do ye not beleve in purgatory and holy bred?

Nob. Yes, and that good prayers shall stand my soule in stede.

Well than, good enough; I warant my soulle for SED. yowr!

Than execute on me the Holy Fatheres power. Nob.

Naye, whyll I have yow here underneth benedicite, SED. In the Popes behalfe I must move other thynges to ye.

Nob. In the name of God, saye here what ye wyll to	
me.	1167
SED. Ye know that Kyng Johan ys a very wycked man,	
And to Holy Chyrch a contynuall adversary.	
The Pope wyllyth yow to do the best ye canne	
To his subduyng for his cruell tyranny;	
And for that purpose this privylege gracyously	
Of clene remyssyon he hath sent yow this tyme,	
Clene to relesse yow of all your synne and cryme.	1174
Nob. Yt is clene agenst the nature of Nobelyte	
To subdew his kyng with-owt Godes autoryte;	
For his princely estate and power ys of God.	
I wold gladly do ytt, but I fere his ryghtfull rode.	
SED. Godes holy vycare gave me his whole autoryte:	
Loo! yt is here, man; beleve yt, I beseche the,	1180
Or elles thow wylte faulle in danger of damnacyon.	
Nob. Than I submyt me to the Chyrches reformacyon.	
SED. I assoyle the here from the kynges obedyence	
By the auctoryte of the Popys Magnifycence:	
Auctoritate Roma in pontyficis ego absolvo te	1185
[Aside] From all possessyons gevyn to the spiritualte,	
In nomine Domini Pape, amen!	
Kepe all thynges secrett, I pray yow hartely. Go owt Nobelyte	•
Nob. Yes, that I wyll, sur, and cum agayne hether shortly.	
Here enter Clargy and Cyvyll Order 1 together, and Sedysyon shall go u	•
and down a praty whyle.	
CLARGY. Ys not yowr Fatherhod Archbysshope of Can-	
terbery?	1190
SED. I am Stevyn Langton. Why make ye here inquyry?	
Knele and say both	:
[CLARGY AND C. ORDER.] Ye are ryght welcum to this	

¹ I shall mark the speeches of Civil Order with S. Order or C. Order according as MS. has Syvyll or Cyvyll.

same regyon trewly.

I

SED. Stond up, I pray yow. I trow, thu art the Clargy. CLARGY. I am the same, sur; and this is Cyvyle Order. SED. Yf a man myght axe yow, what make yow in this border?	1195
CLARGY. I herd tell yester-daye ye were cum in-to the land;	
I thought for to se yow, sum newes to understand.	
SED. In fayth thow art welcum; ys Cyvyll Order thy frynd?	
CLARGY. He is a good man, and beryth the Chyrch good mynd.	
C. ORDER. Ryght sory I am of the great controvarsy	I 200
Betwyn hym and the kyng, yf I myght yt remedy.	
SED. Well, Cyvyll Order, for thy good wyll gramercy!	
That mater wyll be of an other facyon shortly.	
Fyrst, to begyne with, we shall interdyte the lond.	
C. Order. Mary, God forbyde we shuld be in soche	
bond!	1205
But who shall do yt, I pray yow hartyly?	
SED. Pandulphus and I; we have yt in owr legacy.	
He went to the kyng for that cawse yester-daye,	
And I wyll folow so fast as ever I maye.	
Lo, here ys the bull of myn auctoryte!	1210
CLARGY. I pray God to save the Popes Holy Maieste.	
SED. Sytt downe on yowr kneys, and ye shall have	
absolucion	
A pena et culpa, with a thowsand dayes of pardon.	
Here ys fyrst a bone of the Blyssyd Trynyte;	
A dram of the tord of swete Seynt Barnabe;	1215
Here ys a fedder of good Seynt Myhelles wyng;	
A toth of Seynt Twyde; a pece of Davyds harpe-stryng;	
The good blood of Haylys; and Owr Blyssyd Ladys mylke;	
A lowse of Seynt Frauncis in this same crymsen sylke;	
A scabbe of Seynt Job; a nayle of Adams too;	I 220
A maggot of Moyses; with a fart of Saynt Fandigo;	
Here is a fygge-leafe and a grape of Noes vyneyearde;	
A bede of Saynt Blythe; with the bracelet of a berewarde;	

The devyll that was hatcht in Maistre Johan Shornes bote, That the tree of Jesse did plucke up by the roote; 1225 Here ys the lachett of swett Seynt Thomas shewe; A rybbe of Seynt Rabart; with the huckyll-bone of a Jewe; Here ys a joynt of Darvell Gathyron; Besydes other bonys and relyckes many one. In nomine Domini Pape, amen! 1230 Aryse now lyke men, and stande uppon yowr fete, For here ye have caught an holy and a blyssyd hete. Ye are now as clene as that day ye were borne, And lyke to have increase of chylderne, catell and corne. Chyldryn he can have non, for he ys not of C. ORDER. that loade. 1235 Tushe, though he hath non at home, he may have sume abroade! Now, Clargy, my frynd, this must thow do for the Pope, And for Holy Chyrch: thow must mennys conscyence grope, And as thow felyst them, so cause them for to wurke: Leat them show Kyng Johan no more faver than a Turke; I 240 Every-wher sture them to make an insurreccyon.1 CLARGY. All that shall I do; and, to provoke them more, This interdyccyon I wyll lament very sore In all my prechyngs, and saye through his occasyon All we are under the danger of dampnacyon. 1245 And this wyll move peple to helpe to put hym downe, Or elles compell hym to geve up septur and crowne. Yea, and that wyll make those kynges that shall succede Of the Holy Chyrche to stond evermore in drede. And, by-sydes all this, the chyrch-dores I wyll up-seale, 1250 And closse up the bells that they ryng never a pele; I wyll spere up the chalyce, crysmatory, crosse, and all, That masse they shall have non, baptym nor beryall, And thys, I know well, wyll make the peple madde. Mary, that yt wyll; soche sauce he never had. 1255

¹ There is nothing to indicate that a line rhyming with this has been lost, and it seems better to suppose that the line never had a mate than to emend insurreccyon to uproar.

And what wylte thow do for Holy Chyrche, Cyvyll Order? S. Order. For the Clargyes sake, I wyll in every border	
Provoke the gret men to take the commonys parte.	
With cautyllys of the lawe I wyll so tyckle ther hart,	
They shall thynke all good that they shall passe upon,	1260
And so shall we cum to ower full intent anon;	
For yf the Church thryve, than do we lawers thryve,	
And yf they decay, ower welth ys not alyve.	
Therfore we must helpe your state, masters, to uphold,	
Or elles owr profyttes wyll cache a wynter colde.	1265
I never knew lawer whych had ony crafty lernyng	
That ever escapte yow with-owt a plentyows levyng;	
Therfore we may not leve Holy Chyrchys quarell,	
But ever helpe yt, for ther fall ys owr parell.	
SED. Gods blyssyng have ye! this gere than wyll worke,	
I trust.	1270
S. ORDER. Or elles sum of us are lyke to lye in the dust.	
SED. Let us all avoyde; be the messe, the kyng cum-	
myth here!	
CLARGY. I wold hyde my-selfe for a tyme, yf I wyst	
where.	
S. ORDER. Gow we hence apace, for I have spyed a	
corner.	1274
Here go owt all, and Kyng Johan cummyth in.	
K. Johan. For non other cause God hath kyngs con-	
stytute	
And gevyn them the sword but forto correct all vyce.	
I have attempted this thyng to execute	
Uppon transgressers according unto justyce;	
And be-cawse I wyll not be parcyall in myn offyce	
For theft and murder to persones spirytuall,	0
I have ageynst me the pristes and the bysshoppes all.	1281
A lyke dysplesure in my fathers tyme ded fall,	
Forty yeres ago, for ponyshment of a clarke;	
No cunsell myght them to reformacyon call,	
In ther openyon they were so stordy and starke,	
But ageynst ther prynce to the Pope they dyd so barke	

That here in Ynglond in every cyte and towne Excommunycacyons as thonder-bolts cam downe.

1288

For this ther captayn had a ster-apared crowne,
And dyed upon yt with-owt the kynges consent.

Than interdiccyons were sent from the Popes Renowne,
Whych never left hym tyll he was penytent,
And fully agreed unto the Popes apoyntment,
In Ynglond to stand with the Chyrches lyberte,
And suffer the pristes to Rome for appeles to flee.

1295

They bownd hym also to helpe Jerusalem cyte

With ij hundrid men the space of a yere and more,

And thre yere after to maynteyne battell free

Ageynst the Sarazens whych vext the Spanyards sore.

Synce my fathers tyme I have borne them groge therfore,

Consyderyng the pryde and the capcyose dysdayne

That they have to kyngs whych oughte over them to rayne. 1302

Privat Welth cum in lyke a Cardynall.

God save you, sur Kyng, in yowr pryncly mageste!

K. JOHAN. Frynd, ye be welcum; what is yowr plesure with me?

PR. Welth. From the Holy Father, Pope Innocent the Thred,

As a massanger I am to yow dyrectyd,

To reforme the peace betwyn Holy Chyrch and yow,

And in his behalfe I avertyce yow here now

Of the Chyrchys goods to make full restytucyon,

And to accepte also the Popes holy 1 constytucyon

For Stevyn Langton, archebysshop of Canturbery,

And so admytt hym to his state and primacy;

The monkes exilyd ye shall restore agayne

To ther placys and londes, and nothyng of thers retayne.

Owr Holy Fatheres mynde ys that ye shall agayne restore

1315

All that ye have ravyshyd from Holy Chyrche with the more.

K. Johan. I reken yowr father wyll never be so harde	
But he wyll my cawse as well as theres regarde.	
I have done nothyng but that I may do well,	
And as for ther taxe I have for me the gospell.	1320
PR. WELTH. Tushe, gospell or no, ye must make a	
recompens!	
K. JOHAN. Yowr father is sharpe and very quycke in	
sentence,	
Yf he wayeth the word of God no more than so;	
But I shall tell yow in this what Y shall do:	
I am well content to receyve the monkes agayne	1325
Upon amendement; but as for Stevyn Langton, playne,	
He shall not cum here, for I know his dysposycyon,	
He is moche inclyned to sturdynesse and sedycyon.	
There shall no man rewle in the lond where I am kyng	
With-owt my consent, for no mannys plesure lyvyng.	1330
Never-the-lesse, yet, upon a newe behaver,	
At the Popys request here-after I may hym faver,	
And graunt hym to have sum other benyfyce.	
PR. WELTH. By thys I perseyve ye bare hym groge and	•
malyce.	
Well, thys wyll I say by-cause ye are so blunte:	1335
A prelate to dyscharge, Holy Chyrche was never wont,	
But her custome ys to mynyster ponyshment	
To kynges and princes beyng dyssobedyent.	
K. Johan. Avant, pevysh prist! What! dost thow	
thretten me?	
I defye the worst both of thi Pope and the!	1340
The power of princys ys gevyn from God above,	
And, as sayth Salomon, ther harts the Lord doth move;	
God spekyth in ther lyppes whan they geve jugement;	
The lawys that they make are by the Lordes appoyntment.	
Christ wylled not his 1 the princes to correcte,	1345
But to ther precepptes rether to be subjecte.	
The offyce of yow ys not to bere the sword,	
But to geve cownsell accordyng to Gods word.	
1 One would be inclined to insert apostles but for 1, 1349.	

He never tawght his to weare nowther sword ne sallett,	
But to preche abrode with-owt staffe, scrypp or walett;	1350
Yet are ye becum soche myghty lordes this hower	
That ye are able to subdewe all princes power.	
I can not perseyve but ye are becum Belles prystes,	
Lyvyng by ydolls, yea, the very Antychrysts.	
PR. WELTH. Ye have sayd yowr mynd, now wyll I say	
myn also.	1355
Here I cursse yow for the wrongs that ye have do	
Unto Holy Churche, with crosse, bocke, bell and candell;	
And, by-sydes all thys, I must yow other-wyse handell:	
Of contumacy the Pope hath yow convyt;	
From this day forward your lond stond interdytt.	1360
The bysshope of Norwyche and the bysshope of Wyn-	
chester,	
Hath full autoryte to spred it in Ynglond here;	
The bysshope of Salysbery and the bysshope of Rochester	
Shall execute yt in Scotland every-where;	
The bysshope of Landaffe, Seynt Assys and Seynt Davy	1365
In Walles and in Erlond shall puplyshe yt openly;	
Throwgh-owt all Crystyndom the bysshopps shall suspend	
All soche as to yow any mayntenance pretend;	
And I cursse all them that geve to yow ther harte,	
Dewks, erlls and lordes, so many as take your parte;	1370
And I assoyle your peple from your obedyence,	
That they shall owe yow noyther fewte 1 nor reverence;	
By the Popys awctoryte I charge them yow to fyght	
As with a tyrant agenst Holy Chyrchys ryght;	
And by the Popes auctoryte I geve them absolucyon	1375
A pena et culpa, and also clene remyssyon.	
SED. (extra locum) Alarum! Alarum! tro ro ro ro! tro	
ro ro ro! tro ro ro ro!	
Thomp, thomp! downe, downe, downe! to go, to go,	
to go!	
K. JOHAN. What a noyse is thys that without the dore	
is made?	

¹ C. sewte.

PR. WELTH. Suche enmyes are up as wyll your realme invade.	1380
K. Johan. Ye cowde do no more and ye cam from the	1300
devyll of hell	
Than ye go abowt here to worke by yowr wyckyd cownsell!	
Ys this the charyte of that ye call the Churche?	
God graunt Cristen men not after yowr wayes to worche!	
I sett not by yowr curssys the shakyng of a rod,	1385
For I know they are of the devyll and not of God.	
Yowr curssys we have that we never yet demaundyd,	
But we can not have that God hath yow commandyd.	
PR. WELTH. What ye mene by that I wold ye shuld opynly tell.	
K. JOHAN. Why, know ye it not? the prechyng of the	
gospell.	1390
Take to ye yowr traysh, yowr ryngyng, syn[g]y[n]g, pypyng,	3)
So that we may have the Scryptures opening;	
But that we can not have, yt stondyth not with yowr avan-	
tage.	
PR. WELTH. Ahe! now I tell 1 yow, for this heretycall	
langage,	
I thynke noyther yow nor ony of yowres, iwys, —	1395
We wyll so provyd, — shall ware the crowne after this.	
Go owt and drese for Nobylyte.	
K. Johan. Yt becum not the, Godes secret workes to	
deme.	
Gett the hence, or elles we shall teche the to blaspheme!	
Oh Lord, how wycked ys that same generacyon	
That never wyll cum to a godly reformacyon!	1400
The prystes report me to be a wyckyd tyrant,	•
Be-cause I correct ther actes and lyfe unplesant.	
Of thy prince, sayth God, thow shalt report non yll,	
But thy-selfe applye his plesur to fulfyll.	
The byrdes of the ayer shall speke to ther gret shame,	1405
As sayth Ecclesyastes, that wyll a prince dyffame.	
The powers are of God, — I wot Powle hath soch sentence, —	

¹ C. fell.

He that resyst them, agenst God maketh resystence.

Mary and Joseph at Cyryns 1 appoyntment

In the descripcyon to Cesar were obedyent.

Crist ded paye trybute for hymselfe and Peter, to,

For a lawe prescrybyng the same unto pristes also.

To prophane princes he obeyed unto dethe;

So ded John Baptyst so longe as he had brethe.

Peter, John and Powle, with the other apostles all,

Ded never withstand the powers imperyall.

[Enter Syvyll Order.]

Prystes are so wycked they wyll obeye no power, But seke to subdewe ther prynces day and hower, As they wold do me; but I shall make them smart, Yf that Nobelyte and Law wyll take my parte.

1420

- S. ORDER. Dowghtles we can not tyll ye be reconsylyd Unto Holy Chyrche, for ye are a man defylyd.
 - K. Johan. How am I defylyd? Tel me,² good gentyll mate!
 - S. ORDER. By the Popes hye power ye are excomynycate.
 - K. Johan. By the word of God, I pray the, what power hath he?

S. ORDER. I spake not with hym, and therfore I cannot tell ye.

- K. Johan. With whom spake ye not? late me know yowr intent.
- S. ORDER. Mary, not with God sens the latter weeke of Lent.

[Enter Clargy.]

K. Johan. Oh mercyfull God, what an unwyse clawse ys this,

Of hym that shuld se that nothyng ware amys!

That sentence or curse that Scriptur doth not dyrect
In my opynyon shall be of non effecte.

CLARGY. Ys that your beleve? Mary, God save me from yow!

¹ C. Cyryus.

² C. telme.

K. Johan. Prove yt by Scriptur, and than wyll I yt alowe.

But this know I well, whan Baalam gave the curse 1435 Uppon Godes peple they ware never a whyt the worse.

I passe not on the Scriptur; that is i-now CLARGY. for me

Whyche the Holy Father approvyth by his auctoryte.

К. Johan. Now, alas, alas! what wreched peple ye are And how ygnorant, yowr owne wordes doth declare. 1440 Woo ys that peple whych hath so wycked techeres!

Naye, wo ys that peple that hathe so cruell CLARGY. rewlars!

Owr Holy Father, I trow, cowd do no lesse, Consyderyng the factes of your owtragyosnes.

[Enter Nobelyte.]

Nob. Com awaye, for shame, and make no more ado! 1445 Ye are in gret danger for commynyng with hym so; He is accursyd, I mervell ye do not waye yt.

CLARGY. I here by his wordes that he wyll not obeye yt. Whether he wyll or no, I wyll not with hym Nob. talke

Tell he be assoyllyd. Com on, my frynds, wyll ye walke? K. JOHAN. Oh, this is no tokyn of trew Nobelyte, To flee from your kyng in his extremyte.

NOB. I shall dyssyer yow as now to pardone me; I had moche rather do agaynst God, veryly, Than to Holy Chyrche to do any injurye.

1455

K. JOHAN. What blyndnes is this? On this peple, Lord, have mercy!

Ye speke of defylyng, but ye are corrupted all With pestylent doctryne or leven pharesyacall. Good and 1 faythfull Susan sayd that yt was moche better To fall in daunger of men than do the gretter, 1460 As, to leve 2 Godes lawe, whych ys his word most pure.

¹ C. to; amend. by Kittredge.

² C. love.

CLARGY. Ye have nothyng, thow[gh],1 to allege to us but Scripture:

Ye shall fare the worse for that, ye may be sure.

K. JOHAN. What shulde I allege elles, thu wycked Pharyse?

To your false lernyng no faythfull man wyll agree. 1465 Dothe not the Lord say, nunc, reges, intelligite: 2 The kyngs of the erthe that worldly cawses juge, Seke to the Scriptur, late that be yowr refuge?

- S. ORDER. Have ye nothyng elles but this? than God be with ye!
- K. Johan. One questyon more yet ere ye departe from

1470

I wyll fyrst demaund of yow, Nobelyte:

Why leve ye your prince and cleave to the Pope so sore?

For I toke an othe to defend the Chyrche evermore.

K. JOHAN. Clergy, I am sure than yowr quarell ys not small.

CLARGY. I am professyd to the ryghtes ecclesyastycall. 1475 К. Johan. And yow, Cyvyle Order, oweth her sum offyce of dewtye.

S. Order. I am hyr feed man; who shuld defend her but I?

K. Johan. Of all thre partyes yt is spoken resonably: Ye may not obeye becawse of the othe ye mad; Yowr strong professyon maketh yow of that same trad; 1480 Yowr fee provokyth yow to do as thes men do; — Grett thyngs to cause men from God to the devyll to go! Yowr othe is growndyd fyrst uppon folyshenes; And your professyon uppon moche pevyshenes; Yowr fee, last of all, ryseth owt of covetusnes; — 1485 And thes are the cawses of your rebellyosnes!

CLARGY. Cum, Cyvill Order, lett us departe from hence! K. JOHAN. Than are ye at a poynt for your obedyence? S. ORDER. We wyll in no wysse be partakers of yowr yll. ² C. intellege.

¹ C. yow.

Here go owt Clargy and dresse for Ynglond, and Cyvyll Order for Commynalte.

As ye have bene ever, so ye wyll contynew K. Johan. styll.

1490

1495

I 500

Though they be gone, tarye yow with me a-whyle; The presence of a prynce to yow shuld never be vyle.

Nob. Sur, nothyng grevyth me but yowr excomynycacion.

K. JOHAN. That ys but a fantasy in yowr ymagynacyon. The Lord refuse not soch as hath his great cursse, But call them to grace, and faver them never the worsse. Saynt Pawle wyllyth you, whan ye are among soch sort, Not to abhore them, but geve them words of comfort. Why shuld ye than flee from me yowr lawfull kyng,

For plesure of soch as owght to do no suche thyng? The Chyrches abusyons, as holy Seynt Powle do saye, By the princes power owght for to be takyn awaye:

"He baryth not the sword without a cawse," sayth he. In this neyther bysshope nor spirituall man is free; Offendyng the lawe they are under the powers all.

1505

NoB. How wyll ye prove me that the fathers sprytuall Were under the princes ever contynewally?

K. JOHAN. By the actes of kynges I wyll prove yt byand-by:

David and Salomon the pristes ded constitute, Commandyng the offyces that they shuld execute; Josaphat, the kyng, the mynysters ded appoynt, So ded kyng Ezechias, whom God hymselfe ded anoynt; Dyverse of the princes for the pristes ded make decrees, Lyke as yt is pleyn in the fyrst of Machabees. Owr prists are rysyn through lyberte of kyngs By ryches to pryd and other unlawfull doynges;

1515

1510

And that is the cawse that they so oft dysobeye.

NoB. Good Lord, what a craft have you thes thynges to convaye!

Now, alas, that the false pretence of super-K. Johan. stycyon

Shuld cawse yow to be a mayntener of Sedycyon!

1250

Sum thynkyth Nobelyte in natur to consyst Or in parentage; ther thought is but a myst; 1 Wher habundance is of vertu, faith and grace, With knowlage of the Lord, Nobelyte is ther in place, And not wher-as is 2 the wylfull contempte of thyngs Pertaynyng to God in the obedyence of kynges. Beware ye synke not with Dathan and Abiron For dysobeyng the power and domynyon. Nay, byd me be aware I do not synke with yow here;

Beyng acurssyd, of trowth, ye put me in fere.

I 530

1535

1540

1525

K. Johan. Why, are ye gone hence and wyll ye no longar tarrye?

Nob. No-wher as yow are in place, by swete Seynt Marye!

Here Nobelyte go owt and dresse for the Cardynall. Here enter Ynglond and Commynalte.

K. Johan. Blessed Lord of Heaven, what is the wretchednesse

Of thys wycked worlde! An evyll of all evyls, doubtlesse! Perceyve ye not here how the Clergye hath rejecte Their true allegeaunce, to maynteyne the popysh secte? See ye not how lyghte the lawyers sett the poure, Whanne God commandyth them to obeye yche daye and howre?

Nobylyte also, whych ought hys prynce to assyste, Is vanyshed awaye as it we[re] 3 a wynter myste. All they are from me; I am now left alone, And,4 God wote, knowe not to whome to make my mone. Oh, yet wolde I fayne knowe the mynde of my Commynalte, Whether he wyll go with them or abyde with me.

YNGL. He is here at hond, a symple creature as may be. 1545 K. JOHAN. Cum hether, my frynde; stand nere! ys thy-

Com. Yf it lyke yowr grace, I am yowr pore Commynalte.

¹ C. amyst.

8 Corr. by C.

² C. in; emend. by Kittredge.

4 C. Knd.

K.	JOHAN.	Thou	art	poore	inowgh;	yf	that	be,	good
	God 1	helpe	the.						

Me thynke thow art blynd; tell me, frynde, canst thu not see?

YNGL. He is blynd in-dede, yt is the more rewth and pytte.

K. Johan. How cummyst thow so blynd? I pray the, good fellow, tell me.

Com. For want of knowlage in Christes lyvely veryte.

YNGL. This spirituall blyndnes bryngeth men owt of the waye,

And cause them oft-tymes ther kynges to dyssobaye.

K. Johan. How sayst thow, Commynalte? wylt not thu take my parte?

1555

COM. To that I cowd be contented with all my hart; But, alas, in me are two great impedymentes!

K. Johan. I pray the, shew me what are those impedymentes.

Com. The fyrst is blyndnes, wherby I myght take with the Pope

Soner than with yow; for, alas! I can but grope, And ye know full well ther are many nowghty gydes.

The nexte is poverte, whych cleve so hard to my sydes

And ponych me so sore that my power ys lytyll or non.

K. Johan. In Godes name, tell me! how cummyth thi substance gone?

Com. By pristes, channons, and monkes, which do but fyll ther bely

1565

1560

With my swett and labour for ther popych purgatory.

YNGL. Yowr Grace promysed me that I shuld have remedy

In that same mater whan I was last here, trewly.

K. JOHAN. Dowghtles I ded so, but, alas, yt wyll not be! In hart I lament this great infelycyte.

1570

YNGL. Late me have my spowse and my londes at lyberte, And I promyse you my sonne here, your Commynallte,

¹ Kittredge suggests: yf that be thow, God helpe the.

I wyll make able to do ye dewtyfull servyce.	
К. Johan. I wold I ware able to do to the that offyce;	
But alas, I am not! for-why my Nobelyte,	1575
My Lawers, and Clargy hath cowardly forsake me,	
And now last of all, to my most anguysh of mynd,	
My Commynalte here I fynd both poore and blynde.	
YNGL. Rest upon this, ser, for my governor ye shall be	
So long as ye lyve; God hath so apoynted me.	1 58o
His owtward blyndnes ys but a sygnyficacion	
Of blyndnes in sowle for lacke of informacyon	
In the word of God, which is the orygynall grownd	
Of dyssobedyence, which all realmes doth confund.	
Yf yowr Grace wold cawse Godes word to be tawght	
syncerly,	1585
And subdew those pristes that wyll not preche yt trewly,	
The peple shuld know to ther prynce ther lawfull dewty;	
But, yf ye permytt contynuance of ypocresye	
In monkes, chanons and pristes, and mynysters of the	
clargy,	
Yowr realme shall never be with-owt moch traytery.	1 590
K. JOHAN. All that I perseyve, and therfore I kepe owt	
fryers,	
Lest they shuld bryng the moch farder into the bryers.	
They have mad labur to inhabytt this same regyon;	
They shall for my tyme not enter into domynyon.	
We have to many of soch vayne lowghtes all-redy;	1 595
I beshrew ther harts, they have made you ij full nedy!	
Here enter Pandulphus, the Cardynall, and sayth:	
PAND. What, Commynalte, ys this the counaunt 1 kepyng?	
Thow toldyst me thu woldest take hym no more for thi kyng.	
Сом. Peccavi, mea culpa! I submyt me to yowr	
Holynes.	
PAND. Gett the hence than shortly, and go abowt thi	
besynes!	1600

Wayet on thy capttaynes, Nobelyte and the Clargy,

With Cyvyll Order, and the other company; Blow owt your tromppettes and sett forth manfully; The Frenche kyng, Phelype, by sea doth hether apply With the power of Fraunce to subdew this herytyke.

1605

K. JOHAN. I defy both hym and the, lewde scysmatyke! Why wylt thu forsake thy prince or thi prince leve the?

Com. I must nedes obbay whan Holy Chirch commandyth me.

Go owt Commynalte.

YNGL. Yf thow leve thy kyng, take me never for thy mother.

PAND. Tush, care not thu for that, I shall provyd the another!

Yt ware fytter for yow to be in another place.

YNGL. Yt shall becum me to wayte upon his Grace, And do hym servyce where-as he ys resydente, For I was gevyn hym of the Lord Omnypotente.

PAND.¹ Thow mayst not abyde here, for-whye we have hym curssyd.

1615

YNGL. I be-shrow yowr hartes, so have ye me onpursed! Yf he be acurssed, than are we a mete cuppell, For I am interdyct; no salve that sore can suppell.

PAND. I say, gett the hence, and make me no more pratyng.

YNGL. I wyll not a-waye from myn owne lawfull kyng, 1620 Appoynted of God, tyll deth shall us departe.

PAND. Wyll ye not, in-dede? Well than, ye are lyke to smarte.

YNGL. I smarte all-redy throw yowr most suttell practyse,
And am clene ondone by yowr false merchandyce,
Yowr pardons, yowr bulles, yowr purgatory-pyckepurse,
1625
Yowr Lent-fastes, yowr schryftes, that I pray God geve yow
his cursse!

PAND. Thu shalt smart better or we have done with the, For we have this howr great navyes upon the see

1 This and the next two speeches of Pandulphus are in C. assigned to C., which must be intended as an abbreviation of Cardynall.

In every quarter, with this Loller here to fyght,

And to conquarre hym for the Holy Chyrchis ryght:

We have on the northe Alexander, the kyng of Scotts,

With an armye of men that for their townnes cast lottes;

On the sowthe syde we have the French kyng with his power,

Which wyll sle and burne tyll he cum to London Tower;

In the west parts we have Kyng Alphonso with the Spanyards, 1635

With sheppes full of gonepowder now cummyng hether towards;

And on the est syde we have Esterlynges, Danes and Norways,

With soch power landynge as can be resystyd nowayes.

K. Johan. All that is not true that yow have here expressed.¹

PAND. By the masse, so true as I have now confessed! 1640 K. Johan. And what do ye meane by such an hurly-burlye?

PAND. For the Churches ryght to subdue ye ma[n]fullye.² SED. To all that wyll fyght I proclame a Jubyle Of cleane remyssyon, thys tyrant here to slee. Destroye hys people, burne up both cytie and towne,

Destroye hys people, burne up both cytie and towne, 1645
That the Pope of Rome maye have hys scepture and crowne!

In the Churches cawse to dye, thys daye be bolde; Your sowles shall to heaven ere your fleshe and bones be colde!

K. JOHAN. Most mercyfull God, as my trust is in the,
So comforte me now in this extremyte!

As thow helpyst Bavid in his most hevynes,
So helpe me this hour, of thy grace, mercye and goodnes!

PAND. This owtward remorse that ye show here evydent
Ys a grett lykelyhod and token of amendment.

How say ye, Kyng Johan, can ye fynd now in yowr hart

1655
To obaye Holy Chyrch and geve ower yowr froward part?

¹ Lines 1639-1648 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

² Corr. by C.

⁸ Read helpedst, or holpyst.

K. Johan. Were yt so possyble to hold thes enmyes backe,

That my swete Ynglond perysh not in this sheppewracke? PAND. "Possyble," quoth he? yea, they shuld go bake in-dede,

And ther gret armyse to some other quarters leade,

Or elles they have not so many good blyssyngs now,

But as many cursyngs they shall have, I make God avowe.

I promyse yow, sur, ye shall have specyall faver

Yf ye wyll submyt yowr-sylfe to Holy Chyrch here.

K. Johan. I trust than ye wyll graunt some delyberacyon 1665

To have an answere of thys your protestacyon.

SED. Tush, gyve upp the crowne, and make no more a-do!

K. Johan. Your spirytuall charyte wyll be better to me than so.

The crowne of a realme is a matter of great wayght; In gyvynge it upp we maye not be to slayght.

1670

SED. I saye, gyve it up; let us have no more a-do.

PAND. Yea, and in our warres we wyll no farder go.

K. Johan. Ye wyll gyve me leave to talke first with my Clergye?

SED. With them ye nede not; they are at a poynt alreadye.

K. Johan. Than with my lawers, to heare what they wyll tell.

1675

SED. Ye shall ever have them as the Clergye gyve them counsell.

K. Johan. Then wyll I commen with my Nobylyte.

SED. We have hym so jugled he wyll not to yow agree.

1 Besides the insertions noted above, the MS. contains three additions in Bale's hand, marked with the reference-letters A, B, C. Collier says that only for that marked A is the place of insertion indicated. This insertion he made, but without stating precisely where; it is, however, certain that the inserted passage begins between 1. 1658 and 1. 1683; for reasons for thinking that it begins with 1. 1665 and ends with 1. 1727, see Notes.

K. JOHAN. Yet shall I be content to do as he counsell me.

PAND. Than be not to longe from hence, I wyll advyse ye.

[Exeunt Kynge Johan and Ynglond.] 1680

SED. Is not thys a sport? By the messe, it is, I trowe! What welthe and pleasure wyll now to owr kyngedom growe! Englande is our owne, whych is the most pleasunte grounde In all the rounde worlde! Now may we realmes confounde. Our Holye Father maye now lyve at hys pleasure, And have habundaunce of wenches, wynes and treasure. He is now able to kepe downe Christe and his gospell, True fayth to exyle, and all vertues to expell. Now shall we ruffle it in velvetts, gold and sylke, With shaven crownes, syde gownes, and rochettes whyte as

1685

1690

By the messe, Pandulphus, now may we synge cantate, And crowe confitebor with a joyfull jubilate! Holde me, or els for laughynge I must burste.

mylke.

PAND. Holde thy peace, whorson; I wene thu art accurst!

Kepe a sadde countenaunce, a very vengeaunce take the! 1695

SED. I can not do it, by the messe, and thu shuldest hange me.

If Solon were here, I recken that he woulde laugh
Whych never laught yet; yea, lyke a whelpe he would waugh.
Ha, ha, ha! "Laugh," quoth he? yea, laugh and laugh
agayne:

We had never cause to laugh more free, I am playne. 1700 PAND. I pray the, no more, for here come the kynge agayne! [Enter Kynge Johan and Ynglond.]

K. JOHAN. If I shoulde not graunt, here woulde be a wondrefull spoyle,1

Every-where the enemyes woulde ruffle and turmoyle; The losse of [the] people stycketh most unto my harte.

ENGL. Do as ye thynke best, yche waye is to my smarte. 1705

1 Lines 1702–1705 are the second of the additions mentioned, p. 583, n. 1. That they belong here is certain; they end in MS. with a repetition of the first half of 1. 1706: PAND. Are ye at a poynt.

PAND. Are ye ¹ at a poynt wherto ye intende to stande?	
SED. Yea, hardely, sir: gyve up the crowne of Englande.	
K. JOHAN. I have cast in my mynde the great displeas-	
ures of warre,	
The daungers, the losses, the decayes both nere and farre;	
The burnynge of townes, the throwynge downe of buyld-	
ynges,	1710
Destructyon of corne and cattell, with other thynges;	
Defylynge of maydes, and shedynge of Christen blood,	
With suche lyke outrages, neythar honest, true nor good:	
These thynges consydered, I am compelled thys houre	
To resigne up here both crowne and regall poure.	1715
ENGL. For the love of God, yet take some better advyse-	
ment.	
SED. Holde your tunge, ye whore, or, by the messe, ye	
shall repent!	
Downe on your marry-bones, and make no more a-do.	
ENGL. If ye love me sir, for Gods sake, do never so!	
K. JOHAN. O Englande, Englande! showe now thyselfe	
a mother,	1720
Thy people wyll els be slayne here without nomber.	1,20
As God shall judge me, I do not thys of cowardnesse,	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
But of compassyon in thys extreme heavynesse.	
Shall my people shedde their bloude in suche habundaunce?	
	1725
SED. Come of apace, than, and make an ende of it	
shortly!	
ENGL. The most pytiefull chaunce that hath bene	
hytherto, surely.	
K. JOHAN. Here I submyt me to Pope Innocent the	
Thred,	
Dyssyering mercy of hys Holy Fatherhed.2	
PAND. Geve up the crowne than, yt shalbe the better	
for ye;	1730

He wyll unto yow the more favorable be.

¹ C. Ye are; but cf. p. 584, n. 1.

² See below, p. 587, n. 1.

Here the Kyng delevyr the crowne to the Cardynall.

K.	Johan.	To hym	I	resygne	here	the	septer	and	the
	crow	ne							

Of Ynglond and Yrelond with the power and renowne, And put me wholly to his mercyfull ordynance.

PAND. I may say this day the Chyrch hath a full gret chaunce.

1735

This v dayes I wyll kepe this crowne in myn owne hande, In the Popes behalfe upseasyng Ynglond and Yerlond. In the meane season ye shall make an oblygacyon For yow and your ayers in this synyficacyon:

To resayve your crowne of the Pope for-ever-more In maner of fefarme; and, for a tokyn therfore, Ye shall every yere paye hym a thowsand marke

1740

With the Peter-pens, and not agenst yt barke.

Ye shall also geve to the bysshoppe of Cantorbery A thre thowsand marke for his gret injury.

1745

To the Chyrch besydes, for the great scathe ye have done, Forty thowsand marke ye shall delyver sone.

K. JOHAN. Ser, the taxe that I had of the hole realme of Ynglond

Amounted to no more but unto xxxti thowsand;

Why shuld I then paye so moche unto the clargy?

1750

PAND. Ye shall geve yt them; ther is no remedy.

K. JOHAN. Shall they pay no tribute yf the realme stond in rerage?

PAND. Sir, they shall pay none; we wyll have no soch bondage.

K. JOHAN. The Pope had at once thre hundred thowsand marke.

PAND. What is that to you? Ah, styll ye wyll be starke? 1755

Ye shall pay yt, sur; ther is no remedy.

K. JOHAN. Yt shall be performed as ye wyll have yt, trewly.

ENGL. So noble a realme to stande tributarye, alas, To the devylls vycar! suche fortune never was!

SED.	Out	with	thys	harlo	t! Co	ocks s	owle	she l	nath l	ete a	
	fart!										1760
ENGL.	Lyl	ke a	wrete	che th	u lye	st. '	Thy i	report	is ly	ke as	
	thu a	ırt.					_		_		
Pand.	Ye	shal	l suff	er the	e moi	nks a	nd c	hanon	s to 1	make	
	reent	ry									
In-to the	r abb	ayes	and	to dw	ell th	er pe	aceal	bly;			
Ye shall	se als	o to	my g	great	labur	and	charg	ge;			
For othe	r thyr	igs e	lles v	ve sh	all co	mmei	n moi	re at l	arge.		1765
K. Joi	HAN.	Ser	, in e	very j	poynt	I sha	ll ful	fyll yc	wr pl	esur.	
PAND.	Th	an p	lye y	t apa	ce, an	d lett	t us h	ave t	he tre	sur.	
YNGL.	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	
•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	
•	•	•	•	•	•	•	off	ended	.1		
SED.	And	I an	n full	glad	de ye	are s	o we	lle am	ende	d.	1770
Unto Ho	•		•				•	•	_		
Where y	e wer	e afo	re w	ith he	resye	muc	he de	fyeld	€.		
ENGL.	Sir	, yon	der i	s a cl	arke	whyc	h is c	onder	npne	d for	
	treas	on.									

The shryves woulde fayne knowe what to do with hym thys season.

K. Johan. Come hyther, fellawe. What! me thynke thu art a pryste!

[Enter Treason.]

TREASON. He hath ofter gessed that of the truthe have myste!

K. Johan. A pryste and a traytour? how, maye that wele agree?

TREASON. Yes, yes, wele ynough, underneth benedicite.

Myself hath played it, and therfore I knowe it the better.

Amonge craftye coyners 2 there hath not bene a gretter.

1780

1 From here to the end is the third addition (cf. p. 583, n. 1). It seems likely that Bale cancelled the original ending of the play and replaced it with these lines, which, perhaps, should also replace ll. 1729–1768, thus: Dyssyring mercy of that I have offended, etc. Collier does not state whether l. 1768 comes at the end of a leaf of the MS. or not.

² C. cloyners.

K. Johan. Tell some of thy feates; thu mayest the better escape.

SED. Hem! not to bolde yet; for a mowse the catte wyll gape.

TREASON. Twenty thousande traytour[s] I have made in my tyme,

Undre benedicite, betwyn hygh masse and pryme.

I have made Nobylyte to be obedyent

1785

To the Church of Rome, whych most kynges maye repent.

I have so convayed that neyther priest nor lawer

Wyll obeye Gods wurde, nor yet the gospell faver.

In the place of Christe I have sett up supersticyons:

For preachynges, ceremonyes; for Gods wurde, mennys tradicyons.

1790

Come to the temple and there Christe hath no place,

Moyses and the paganes doth utterly hym deface.

ENGL. Marke wele, sir; tell what we have of Moyses.

TREASON. All your ceremonyes, your copes and your sensers, doubtlesse,

Your fyers, your waters, your oyles, your aulters, your ashes, 1795 Your candlestyckes, your cruettes, your salte, with suche lyke trashes;

Ye lacke but the bloude of a goate, or els a calfe.

ENGL. Lete us heare sumwhat also in the paganes behalfe.

TREASON. Of the paganes ye have your gylded ymages all,

In your necessytees upon them for to call,

1800

With crowchynges, with kyssynges, and settynge up of lyghtes,

Bearynge them in processyon, and fastynges upon their nyghtes;

Some for the tothe-ake, some for the pestylence and poxe;

With ymages of waxe to brynge moneye to the boxe.

ENGL. What have they of Christe in the Churche? I praye the tell.

1805

1815

TREASON. Marry, nothynge at all, but the epystle and the gospell,

And that is in Latyne, that no man shoulde it knowe.

SED. Peace, noughty whoreson, peace! Thu playest the knave, I trowe.

K. Johan. Has thu knowne suche wayes, and sought no reformacyon?

[TREASON.]¹ It is the lyvynge of my whole congregacyon. 1810 If supersticyons and ceremonyes from us fall,

Farwele monke and chanon, priest, fryer, byshopp, and all! My conveyaunce is suche that we haue both moneye and ware.

SED. Our occupacyon thu wylt marre, God gyve the care!

ENGL. Very fewe of ye wyll Peters offyce take.

TREASON. Yes, the more part of us our Maistre hath forsake.

ENGL. I meane for preachynge, — I pray God thu be curste!

TREASON. No, no, with Judas we love wele to be purste. We selle owr Maker so sone as we have hym made, And, as for preachynge, we meddle not with that trade, 1820 Least Annas, Cayphas and the lawers shulde us blame, Callyng us to reckenynge for preachynge in that name.

K. Johan. But tell to me, person, whie wert thu cast in preson?

[Treason.] For no great matter; but a lyttle petye treason:

For conjurynge, calkynge, and coynynge of newe grotes, 1825 For clippynge of nobles, with suche lyke pratye motes.

ENGL. Thys is hygh treason, and hath bene evermor.

K. JOHAN. It is suche treason as he shall sure hange for.

TREASON. I have holy orders; by the messe, I defye your wurst!

Ye can not towche me but ye must be accurst.

1830 do

K. Johan. We will not towche the, the halter shall do yt alone;

¹ Supplied by C.

Curse the rope therfor whan thu begynnest to grone.	
TREASON. And sett ye no more by the holy ordre of	
prestehode?	
Ye wyll prove your-selfe an heretyke, by the rode!	
K. JOHAN. Come hyther, Englande, and here what I	
saye to the!	1835
ENGL. I am all readye to do as ye commaunde me.	
K. JOHAN. For so much as he hath falsefyed our coyne,	
As he is worthie, lete hym with an halter joyne.	
Thu shalt hange no priest, nor yet none honest man,	
But a traytour, a thefe, and one that lyttle good can.	1840
PAND. What, yet agaynst the Churche? Gett me boke,	•
belle and candle!	
As I am true priest, I shall ye yett better handle!	
Ye neyther regarde hys crowne nor anounted fyngers,	
The offyce of a priest, nor the grace that therin lyngers.	
SED. Sir, pacyent yourselfe, and all thynge shall be well.	1845
Fygh, man, to the Churche that ye shulde be styll a rebell!	
ENGL. I accompt hym no priest that worke such hay-	
nouse treason.	
SED. It is a worlde to heare a folysh woman reason!	
PAND. After thys maner ye used Peter Pomfrete,	
A good symple man, and, as they saye, a profete.	1850
К. Johan. Sir, I did prove hym a very supersticyouse	
wretche,	
And blasphemouse lyar; therfor did the lawe hym upstretche.	
He prophecyed first I shulde reigne but xiiij years,	
Makynge the people to beleve he coulde bynde bears;	
And I have reigned a seventene yeares, and more.	1855
And anon after he grudged at me very sore,	
And sayde I shulde be exyled out of my realme	
Before the Ascencyon, whych was turned to a fantastycall	
dreame,	
Saynge he woulde hange if hys prophecye were not true.	
Thus hys owne decaye hys folyshnesse did brue.	1860
PAND. Ye shuld not hange hym whych is a frynde to	
the Churche.	

K. Johan. Alac that ye shoulde counte them fryndes of the Churche That agaynst all truthe so hypocritycally lurche! An yll Churche is it that hath such fryndes, in-dede! ENGL. Of Maister Morres suche an-other fable we reade, 1865 That in Morgans fyelde the sowle of a knyght made verses, Apearynge unto hym, and thys one he rehearses: Destruat hoc regnum Rex regum duplici plaga, -Whych is true as God spake with the ape at Praga. The sowles departed from thys heavye mortall payne 1870 To the handes of God, returneth never agayne. A marvelouse thynge that ye thus delyght in lyes! Thys queane doth not els but mocke the blessed storyes. That Peter angred ye, whan he called ye a devyll incarnate. K. JOHAN. He is now full sure, no more so uncomely to prate. 1875 Well, as for thys man, because that he is a priste I gyve hym to ye; do with hym what ye lyste! In the Popes behalfe I wyll sumwhat take upon PAND. me: Here I delyver hym to the Churches lyberte, In spyght of your hart; make of it what ye lyste! 188o K. Johan. I am pleased, I saye, because he ys pryste. PAND. Whether ye be or no, it shall not greatly force. Lete me see those cheanes; go thy waye and have remorce! God save your lordeshyppes; I trust I shall TREASON. amende. And do no more so, or els, sir, God defende! 1885 I shall make the, I trowe, to kepe thy benefyce. By the Marye messe, the knave wyll never be wyse! Lyke lorde, lyke chaplayne; neyther barrell bet-ENGL. ter herynge. Styll she must trattle; that tunge is alwayes sterynge. A wurde or two, sir, I must tell yow in your eare. 1890

PAND. Of some advauntage I woulde very gladly heare.

SED. Releace not Englande of the generall interdictyon
Tyll the kynge hath graunted the dowrye and the pencyon
Of Julyane, the wyfe of Kynge Richard Cour de Lyon.
Ye knowe very well she beareth the Churche good mynde; 1895
Tush, we must have all, manne, that she shall leave behynde!

As the saynge is, he fyndeth that surely bynde.

It were but folye suche louce endes for to lose;

The lande and the monye wyll make well for our purpose.

Tush, laye yokes upon hym, more then he is able to beare; 1900

Of Holy Churche so he wyll stande ever in feare;

Suche a shrewe as he it is good to kepe undre awe.

ENGL. Woo is that persone whych is undreneth your lawe!

Ye may see, good people, what these same merchantes are; Their secrete knaveryes their open factes declare.

SED. Holde thy peace, callet! God gyve the sorowe and care!

PAND. Ere I releace yow of the interdyctyon heare,
In the whych yowr realme contynued hath thys seven yeare,
Ye shall make Julyane, your syster-in-lawe, thys bande:
To gyve her the thirde part of Englande and of Irelande.

K. JOHAN. All the worlde knoweth, sir, I owe her no suche dewtye.

PAND. Ye shall give it to hir; there is no remedye. Wyll ye styll withstande our Holy Fathers precepte?

SED. In peyne of dampnacyon, hys commaundement must be kepte.

K. Johan. Oh, ye undo me, consyderynge my great paymentes!

ENGL. Sir, disconfort not, for God hath sent debatementes;

Yowr mercyfull Maker hath shewed upon ye hys powere, From thys heavye yoke delyverynge yow thys howre: The woman is dead, — suche newes are hyther brought.

K. Johan. For me a synnar thys myracle hath God wrought;

1920

1905

1930

In most hygh paryls he ever me preserved, And in thys daunger he hath not from me swerved.

In genua procumbens Deum adorat, dicens:

As David sayth, Lorde, thu dost not leave thy servaunt That wyll trust in the and in thy blessyd covenaunt.

SED. A vengeaunce take it! By the messe, it is unhappye

She is dead so sone! Now is it past remedye.

So must we lose all, now that she is clerely gone.

If that praye had bene ours, oh, it had bene alone!

The chaunce beynge suche, by my trouth, even lete it go:

No grote no pater noster, no penye no placebo.

The devyll go with it, seynge it wyll be no better!

ENGL. Their myndes are all sett upon the fylthie luker.

PAND. Than here I releace yow of your interdictyons all,

And strayghtly commaunde yow, upon daungers that may fall,

No more to meddle with the Churches reformacyon,

1935
Nor holde men from Rome whan they make appellacyon,
By God and by all the contentes of thys boke.

K. JOHAN. Agaynst Holy Churche I wyll nomore speake nor loke.

SED. Go, open the churche-dores and let the belles be ronge,

And through-out the realme see that *Te Deum* be songe. 1940 Pryck upp your candels before Saynt Loe and Saynt Legearde;

Lete Saynt Antonyes hogge be had in some regarde.

If yowr ale be sowre, and yowr breade moulde, certayne

Now wyll they waxe swete, for the Pope hath blest ye
agayne.

ENGL. Than within a whyle I trust ye wyll preache the gospell. 1945

SED. That shall I tell the, kepe thu it in secrete counsell:

It shall neyther come in churche nor yet in chauncell.

PAND. Goo your wayes a-pace, and see my pleasure be done!

K. Johan. As ye have commaunded, all shall be perfourmed sone.

[Kynge Johan and England go out.]

PAND. By the messe, I laugh to see thys cleane conveyaunce!

He is now full glad, as our pype goeth, to daunce;

By Cockes sowle, he is now become a good parrysh clarke.

SED. Ha, ha, wylye whoreson, dost that so busyly marke?

I hope in a whyle we wyll make hym so to rave, That he shall become unto us a commen slave, And shall do nothynge but as we byd hym do.

If we byd hym slea, I trowe he wyll do so;

If we byd hym burne suche as beleve in Christe,

He shall not say naye to the byddynge of a priste.

But yet it is harde to trust what he wyll be,

He is so crabbed; by the Holy Trinyte,

To save all thynges up, I holde best we make hym more sure,

And gyve hym a sawce that he no longar endure.

Now that I remembre, we shall not leave hym thus.

PAND. Whye, what shall we do to hym els, in the name of Jesus?

SED. Marry, fatche in Lewes, Kynge Phylyppes sonne of Fraunce,

To falle upon hym with his menne and ordynaunce, With wyldefyer, gunpouder, and suche lyke myrye trickes, To dryve hym to holde and scarche hym in the quyckes.

I wyll not leave hym tyll I brynge hym to hys yende.

PAND. Well, farwele, Sedicyon, do as shall lye in thy [mynde].¹ [Exit.]

¹ A blot makes the MS. illegible here; C. suggests intende (= intent); but cf. the rhymes in 11. 719, 879, 2238, etc.

1950

1955

1960

1965

1970

SED. I mervele greatly where Dissymulacyon is.

Dys. [without] I wyll come anon, if thu tarry tyll I pysse.

[Enter Dyssymulacyon.]

SED. I beshrewe your hart, where have ye bene so longe?

Dys. In the gardene, man, the herbes and wedes amonge;

1975

And there have I gote the poyson of toade.

I hope in a whyle to wurke some feate abroade.

SED. I was wonte sumtyme of thy prevye counsell to be;

Am I now-adayes become a straunger to the?

Dys. I wyll tell the all, undreneth benedicite,

1980

What I mynde to do, in case thu wylte assoyle me.

SED. Thu shalt be assoyled by the Most Holy Fathers auctoryte.

Dys. Shall I so in-dede? by the masse, than now have at the!

Benedicite.

SED. In nomine papae, amen!

Dys. Sir, thys is my mynde: I wyll gyve Kynge Johan thys poyson,

1985

So makynge hym sure that he shall never have foyson.

And thys must thu saye to colour with the thynge,

That a penye lofe he wolde have brought to a shyllynge.

SED. Naye, that is suche a lye as easely wyll be felte.

Dys. Tush, man, amonge fooles it never wyll be outsmelte!

1990

Though it be a foule 1 lye, set upon it a good face,

And that wyll cause men beleve it in every place.

SED. I am sure, than, thu wylt geve it hym in a drynke.

Dys. Marry, that I wyll, and the one half with hym swynke,

To encourage hym to drynke the botome off.

1995

SED. If thu drynke the halfe, thu shalt fynde it no scoff;

¹ Above foule is written, in Bale's hand, great. C. says "this is by no means a singular instance in the course of the drama," but he does not point out the others.

Of terryble deathe thu wylt stacker in the plashes.

Dys. Tush, though I dye, man, there wyll ryse more of my ashes.

I am sure the monkes wyll praye for me so bytterlye,

That I shall not come in helle nor in purgatorye.

2000

In the Popes Kychyne the scullyons shall not brawle

Nor fyght for my grese. If the priestes woulde for me

yawle,

And grunt a good pace placebo with requiem masse,
Without muche tarryaunce I shulde to paradyse passe,
Where I myght be sure to make good cheare and be myrye, 2005
For I can not awaye with that whoreson purgatorye.

SED. To kepe the from thens, thu shalt have five monkes syngynge

In Swynsett abbeye so longe as the worlde is durynge; They wyll daylye praye for the sowle of father Symon, A Cisteane monke whych poysened Kynge John.

2010

Dys. Whan the worlde is done, what helpe shall I have than?

SED. Than shyft for thy-self so wele as ever thu can.

Dys. Cockes sowle, he cometh here! Assoyle me that I were gone, then.

SED. Ego absolvo te in nomine papae, amen!

2014

[They go out; enter Kynge Johan and England.]

K. JOHAN. No prince in the worlde in suche captivyte As I am thys howre, and all for ryghteousnesse.

Agaynst me I have both the lordes and commynalte,
Byshoppes and lawers, whych in their cruell madnesse
Hath brought in hyther the Frenche kynges eldest
sonne, Lewes.

The chaunce unto me is not so dolourrouse But my lyfe thys daye is muche more tedyouse.

202I

More of compassyon for shedynge of Christen blood
Than any-thynge els, my sceptre I gave up latelye
To the Pope of Rome, whych hath no tytle good

Of jurisdycyon, but of usurpacyon onlye;
And now to the, Lorde, I woulde resygne up gladlye

Flectit genua.

Both my crowne and lyfe, for thyne owne ryght it is, If it would please the to take my sowle to thy blys.

2028

2035

ENGL. Sir, discomfort ye not! in the honour of Christe Jesu,

God wyll never fayle yow, intendynge not els but vertu.

K. Johan. The anguysh of sprete so pangeth me everywhere

That incessantly I thyrst tyll I be there.

ENGL. Sir, be of good chere, for the Pope hath sent a legate,

Whose name is Gualo, your foes to excommunycate;
Not only Lewes, whych hath wonne Rochestre,
Wynsore and London, Readynge and Wynchestre,
But so many els as agaynst ye have rebelled,
He hath suspended and openly accursed.

K. JOHAN. They are all false knaves; all men of them be-ware;

They never left me tyll they had me in their snare.

Now have they Otto, the emproure, so wele as me,
And the French kynge, Phylypp, undre their captivyte.

All Christen princes they wyll have in their handes;
The Pope and his priestes are poyseners of all landes.

All Christen people be-ware of trayterouse pristes,

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ENGL. This same Gualo, sir, in your cause doth stoughtly barke.

K. Johan. They are all nought, Englande, so many as weare that marke.

From thys habytacyon, swete Lorde, delyver me, And preserve thys realme, of thy benygnyte!

2050

[Dyssymulacyon sings without:]

Dys. Wassayle, wassayle out of the mylke payle, Wassayle, wassayle, as whyte as my nayle,

Wassayle, wassayle, in snowe, froste and hayle, Wassayle, wassayle, with partriche and rayle, Wassayle, wassayle, that muche doth avayle, Wassayle, wassayle, that never wyll fayle!

2056

K. Johan. Who is that, Englande? I praye the stepp fourth and see.

ENGL. He doth seem a-farre some relygyous man to be.

[Enter Dyssymulacyon.]

Dys. Now Jesus preserve your worthye and excellent Grace,

For doubtlesse there is a very angelyck face!

Now forsoth and God, I woulde thynke my-self in heaven!

If I myght remayne with yow but yeares alevyn,

I woulde covete here none other felicyte.

K. Johan. A lovynge persone thu mayest seme for to be.

Dys. I am as gentle a worme as ever ye see.

2065

2060

K. Johan. But what is thy name, good frynde? I praye the, tell me.

Dys. Simon of Swynsett my very name is per-dee, I am taken of men for monastycall Devocyon; And here have I brought yow a marvelouse good pocyon, For I harde ye saye that ye were very drye.

2070

K. Johan. In-dede, I wolde gladlye drynke. I praye the come nye.

Dys. The dayes of your lyfe never felt ye suche a cuppe, So good and so holsome, if ye woulde drynke it upp; It passeth malmesaye, capryck, tyre, or ypocras; By my faythe, I thynke a better drynke never was.

2075

K. Johan. Begynne, gentle monke; I pray the, drynke half to me.

Dys. If ye dronke all up, it were the better for ye;
It woulde slake your thirst and also quycken your brayne;
A better drynke is not in Portyngale nor Spayne,
Therfore suppe it of, and make an ende of it quycklye.

2080

2085

K. Johan. Naye, thu shalte drynke half, there is no remedye.

Dys. Good lucke to ye, than! have at it by-and-bye! [Aside] Halfe wyll I consume, if there be no remedye.

K. JOHAN. God saynt the, good monke, with all my very harte!

I have brought ye half; conveye me that for your parte.

[Dyssymulacion goes to another part of the stage and says:]

Where art thu, Sedicyon? by the masse I dye, I dye! Helpe now at a pynche! Alas, man, cum awaye shortlye! SED. Come hyther apace, and gett thee to the farmerye; I have provyded for the, by swete Saynt Powle, Fyve monkes that shall synge contynually for thy sowle, 2090 That, I warande the, thu shalt not come in helle.

Dys. To sende me to heaven goo rynge the holye belle, And synge for my sowle a masse of Scala Celi, That I may clyme up aloft with Enoch and Heli. I do not doubte it but I shall be a saynt; 2095 Provyde a gyldar myne image for to paynt; I dye for the Churche with Thomas of Canterberye.

Ye shall fast my vigyll and upon my daye be merye; No doubt but I shall do myracles in a whyle,

And therfore lete me be shryned in the north yle.

2100 SED. To the, than, wyll offer both crypple, halte and

blynde,

Mad-men and mesels, with such as are woo behynde.

K. Johan. My bodye me vexeth; I doubt much of a tympanye.

ENGL. Now, alas, alas! your Grace is betrayed cowardlye!

K. Johan. Where became the monke that was here with me latelye? 2105

He is poysened, sir, and lyeth a-dyenge, surelye.

It can not be so, for he was here even now. K. Johan.

Doubtlesse, sir, it is so true as I have tolde yow;

A false Judas kysse he hath gyven and is gone. The halte, sore and lame thys pitiefull case wyll mone; 2110 Never prynce was there that made to poore peoples use[s] So many masendewes, hospytals and spyttle-howses As your Grace hath done, yet sens the worlde began. K. JOHAN. Of priestes and of monkes I am counted a

wycked man,

For that I never buylte churche nor monasterye, 2115 But my pleasure was to helpe suche as were nedye.

ENGL. The more grace was yours, for at the daye of judgment

Christe wyll rewarde them whych hath done hys commaundement:

There is no promyse for voluntarye wurkes, No more than there is for sacrifyce of the Turkes.

2120

K. JOHAN. Doubtlesse I do fele muche grevaunce in my bodye.

ENGL. As the Lorde wele knoweth, for that I am full sorye.

There is no malyce to the malyce of the K. Johan. clergye!

Well, the Lorde God of heaven on me and them have mercye! 2124

For doynge justyce they have ever hated me; They caused my lande to be excommunycate, And me to resygne both crowne and princely dygnyte, From my obedyence assoylynge every estate; And now last of all they have me intoxycate; I perceyve ryght wele their malyce hath none ende. I desyre not els but that they maye sone amende.

2131

I have sore hungred and thirsted 1 ryghteousnesse For the offyce sake that God hath me appoynted, But now I perceyve that synne and wyckednesse In thys wretched worlde, lyke as Christe prophecyed, Have the overhande; in me it is verefyed.

1 Qy. insert for.

Praye for me, good people, I besych yow hartely, That the Lorde above on my poore sowle have mercy.

2138

Farwell, noble-men, with the clergye spirytuall,
Farwell, men-of-lawe, with the whole commynalte.
Your disobedyence I do forgyve yow all,

And desyre God to perdon your iniquyte.

Farwell, swete Englande, now last of all to the!

I am ryght sorye I coulde do for the nomore.

Farwell ones agayne, yea, farwell for evermore!

2145

ENGL. With the leave of God, I wyll not leave ye thus, But styll be with ye tyll he do take yow from us, And than wyll I kepe your bodye for a memoryall.

K. Johan. Than plye it, Englande, and provyde for my buryall;

A wydowes offyce it is to burye the deade.

2150

Engl. Alas, swete maistre, ye waye so heavy as leade. Oh horryble case, that euer so noble a kynge Shoulde thus be destroyed and lost for ryghteouse doynge By a cruell sort of disguysed bloud-souppers, Unmercyfull murtherers, all dronke in the bloude of marters! Report what they wyll in their most furyouse madnesse, Of thys noble kynge muche was the godlynesse.

2157

Exeunt.

[Enter Veryte.]

VERY. I assure ye, fryndes, lete men wryte what they wyll, Kynge Johan was a man both valiaunt and godlye.

What though Polydorus reporteth hym very yll

At the suggestyons of the malicyouse clergye,

Thynke yow a Romane with the Romans can not lye?
Yes; therfore, Leylonde, out of thy slumbre awake,
And wytnesse a trewthe for thyne owne contrayes sake!
2

2164

For hys valiauntnesse many excellent writers make,
As Sigebertus, Vincentius, and also Nauclerus;
Giraldus and Mathu Parys with hys noble vertues take;
Yea, Paulus Phrigio, Johan Major, and Hector Boethius.

Nothynge is allowed in hys lyfe of Polydorus, Whych discommendeth hys ponyshmentes for trayterye, Advauncynge very sore hygh treason in the clergye.

2171

Of hys godlynesse thus muche report wyll I:

Gracyouse provysyon for sore, sycke, halte and lame He made in hys tyme, both in towne and cytie,

Grauntynge great lyberties for mayntenaunce of the same,

By markettes and fayers in places of notable name; Great monymentes are in Yppeswych, Donwych and Berye, Whych noteth hym to be a man of notable mercye;

2178

The cytie of London, through his mere graunt and premye, Was first privyleged to have both mayer and shryve, Where before hys tyme it had but baylyves onlye;

In hys dayes the Brydge the cytizens ded contryve.

Though he now be dead, hys noble actes are alyve. Hys zele is declared, as towchynge Christes religyon, In that he exyled the Jewes out of thys regyon.

2185

[Enter Nobylyte, Clergy and Cyvyll Order.]

NoB. Whome speake ye of, sir? I besyche ye hartelye.

VERY. I talke of Kynge Johan, of late your prynce most worthye.

NOB. Sir, he was a man of a very wycked sorte.

VERY. Ye are muche to blame your prynce so to reporte. How can ye presume to be called Nobilyte, Diffamynge a prynce in your malygnyte? Ecclesiastes sayth: "If thu with an hatefull harte Misnamest a kynge, thu playest suche a wycked parte As byrdes of ayer to God wyll represent, To thy great parell and exceedynge ponnyshment." Saynt Hierome sayth also that he is of no renowne, But a vyle traytour, that rebelleth agaynst the Crowne.

2195

2190

CLERGY. He speaketh not agaynst the crowne, but the man, per-dee!

VERY. Oh, where is the sprete whych ought to reigne in the?

The crowne of it-selfe without the man is nothynge.

Learne of the Scriptures to have better undrestandynge.

The harte of a kynge is in the handes of the Lorde,

And he directeth it, wyse Salomon to recorde.

They are abhomynable that use hym wyckedlye.

CLERGY. He was never good to us, the sanctifyed Clergye. 2205

VERY. Wyll ye know the cause, before thys worshypfull cumpanye?

Your conversacyon and lyves are very ungodlye. Kynge Salomon sayth: "Who hath a pure mynde, Therin delyghtynge, shall have a kynge to frynde." On thys wurde cleros, whych signyfieth a lott, 2210 Or a sortynge out into a most godly knott, Ye do take your name, for that ye are the Lordes Select, of hys wurde to be the specyall recordes. As of Saynt Mathias we have a syngular mencyon That they chose hym owt anon after Christes Ascencyon. 2215 Thus do ye recken; but I feare ye come of clerus, A very noyfull worme, as Aristotle sheweth us, By whome are destroyed the honycombes of bees, For poore wydowes ye robbe, as ded the Pharysees. C. Order. I promyse yow, it is uncharytably spoken.

Ye are suche a man as owght every-where to see
A godly order, but ye loose yche commynalte.
Plato thowght alwayes that no hygher love coulde be
Than a man to peyne hymself for hys own countreye.

2225
David for their sake the proude Philistian slewe,
Aioth mad Eglon hys wyckednesse to rewe,
Esdras from Persye for hys owne countreys sake
Came to Hierusalem their stronge-holdes up to make;
But yow, lyke wretches, cast over both contreye and kynge,
All manhode shameth to see your unnaturall doynge.

token.

Trouthe ingendereth hate; ye shewe therof a

Ye wycked rulers, God doth abhorre ye all! As Mantuan reporteth in hys Egloges Pastorall, Ye fede not the shepe, but ever ye pylle the flocke, And clyppe them so nygh that scarsely ye leve one locke. 2235 Your judgementes are suche that ye call to God in vayne So longe as ye have your prynces in disdayne. Chrysostome reporteth that nobilyte of fryndes Avayleth nothynge, except ye have godly myndes. What profiteth it yow to be called spirytuall, 2240 Whyls yow for lucre from all good vertues fall? What prayse is it to yow to be called Cyvylyte, If yow from obedyence and godly order flee? Anneus Seneca hath thys most provable sentence: "The gentyll free hart goeth never from obedyence." 2245 C. ORDER. Sir, my bretherne and I woulde gladly knowe your name. I am Veritas, that come hyther yow to blame For castynge awaye of [y]our most lawfull kynge; Both God and the worlde detesteth your dampnable doynge. How have ye used Kynge Johan here now of late? 2250 I shame to rehearce the corruptyons of your state. Ye were never wele tyll ye hym cruelly slayne; And now, beynge dead, ye have hym styll in disdayne. Ye have raysed up of hym most shamelesse lyes, Both by your reportes and by your written storyes. 2255 He that slewe Saul through fearcenesse vyolent Was slayne sone after at Davids just commaundement, For-bycause that Saul was anounted of the Lorde, — The seconde of Kynges of thys beareth plenteouse recorde. He was in those dayes estemed wurthie to dye 2260 On a noynted kynge that layed handes violentlye; Ye are not ashamed to fynde fyve priestes to synge For that same traytour that slewe your naturall kynge. A trayterouse knave ye can set upp for a saynte, And a ryghteouse kynge lyke an odyouse tyrant paynte. 2265 I coulde shewe the place where you most spyghtfullye Put out your torches upon hys physnomye;

In your glasse wyndowes ye whyppe your naturall kynges. As I sayde afore, I abhorre to shewe your doynges.

The Turkes, I dare say, are a thowsande tymes better than yow.

2270

Nob. For Gods love, no more! Alas, ye have sayde ynough!

CLERGY. All the worlde doth knowe that we have done sore amys.

C. ORDER. Forgyve it us, so that we never heare more of thys.

VERY. But are ye sorye for thys ungodly wurke?

Nob. I praye to God else I be dampned lyke a Turke. 2275

VERY. And make true promyse ye wyll never more do so?

CLERGY. Sir, never more shall I from true obedyence goo.

VERY. What say you, brother? I must have also your sentence.

C. Order. I wyll ever gyve to my prynce due reverence.

VERY. Well than, I doubt not but the Lorde wyll condescende

2280

To forgyve yow all, so that ye mynde to amende. Adewe to ye all, for now I must be gone.

[Enter Imperyall Majestye.]

IMP. MAJ. Abyde, Veryte, ye shall not depart so sone! Have ye done all thynges as we commanded yow?

VERY. Yea, most gracyouse prynce, I concluded the whole even now. 2285

IMP. MAJ. And how do they lyke the customs they have used

With our predecessours, whome they have so abused, Specyally Kynge Johan? thynke they they have done well?

VERY. They repent that ever they followed sedicyouse counsell,

And have made promes they wyll amende all faultes. 2290 IMP. MAJ. And forsake the Pope with all hys cruell assaultes?

VERY. Whie do ye not bowe to Imperyall Majeste?	
Knele and axe pardon for yowr great enormyte!	
Nob. Most godly governour, we are your gracyouse pardon,	
Promysynge nevermore to maynteyne false Sedicyon.	2295
CLERGY. Neyther Pryvate Welthe, nor yet Usurped	
Poure	
Shall cause me disobeye my prynce from thys same houre;	
False Dissymulacyon shall never me begyle;	
Where I shall mete hym, I wyll ever hym revyle.	
IMP. MAJ. I perceyve, Veryte, ye have done wele your	
part,	2300
Refowrmynge these men; gramercyes with all my hart!	
I praye yow take paynes to call our Commynalte	
To true obedyence, as ye are Gods Veryte.	
VERY. I wyll do it, sir; yet shall I have muche a-doo	
With your popish prelates; they wyll hunte me to and fro.	2305
IMP. MAJ. So longe as I lyve, they shall do yow no	
wronge.	
VERY. Than wyll I go preache Gods wurde your com-	
mens amonge.	
But first I desyre yow their stubberne factes to remytt.	
IMP. MAJ. I forgyve yow all, and perdon your frowarde	
wytt.	
OMNES UNA. The heavenly Governour rewarde your	
goodnesse for it!	2310
VERY. For Gods sake obeye, lyke as doth yow befall,	
For in hys owne realme a kynge is judge over all	
By Gods appoyntment, and none maye hym judge agayne	
But the Lorde hymself; in thys the Scripture is playne.	
He that condempneth a kynge, condempneth God, without	
dought;	2315
He that harmeth a kynge, to harme God goeth abought;	
He that a prynce resisteth, doth dampne Gods ordynaunce,	
And resisteth God in withdrawynge hys affyaunce.	
All subjectes offendynge are undre the kynges judgement;	
A kynge is reserved to the Lorde Omnypotent.	2320

He is a mynyster immedyate undre God,
Of hys ryghteousnesse to execute the rod.
I charge yow, therfore, as God hath charge 1 me,
To gyve to your kynge hys due supremyte,
And exyle the Pope thys realme for-evermore.

2325

OMNES UNA. We shall gladly doo accordynge to your loore.

VERY. Your Grace is content I shewe your people the same?

IMP. MAJ. Yea, gentle Veryte, shewe them their dewtye, in Gods name.

To confyrme the tale that Veryte had now The seconde of Kynges is evydent to yow:

2330

The younge man that brought the crowne and bracelett
Of Saul to David, saynge that he had hym slayne,
David commaunded, as though he had done the forfett,
Strayght-waye to be slayne; Gods sprete ded hym
constrayne

To shewe what it is a kynges bloude to distayne. So ded he those two that in the fyelde hym mett, And unto hym brought the heade of Isboset.

2337

Consydre that Christe was undre the obedyence
Of worldly prynces so longe as he was here,
And alwayes used them with a lowly reverence,
Payinge them tribute, all his true servauntes to stere
To obeye them, love them, and have them in reverent feare.

Dampnacyon it is to hym that an ordre breake Appoynted of God, lyke as the Apostle speake.

2344

No man is exempt from thys, Gods ordynaunce,
Bishopp, monke, chanon, priest, cardynall nor pope;
All they by Gods lawe to kynges owe their allegeaunce.
Thys wyll be wele knowne in thys same realme, I hope.
Of Verytees wurdes the syncere meanynge I grope:

¹ Perhaps charged, but see Notes.

2351

He sayth that a kynge is of God immedyatlye;

Than shall never pope rule more in thys monarchie.

CLERGY. If it be your pleasure we wyll exyle hym cleane,	
That he in thys realme shall nevermore be seane,	
And your Grace shall be the supreme head of the Churche;	
To brynge thys to passe, ye shall see how we wyll wurche.	
IMP. MAJ. Here is a nyce tale! He sayth, if it be my	
pleasure,	
He wyll do thys acte to the Popes most hygh displeasure;	
As who sayth, I woulde for pleasure of my persone,	
And not for Gods truthe, have suche an enterpryse done.	
Full wysely convayed! the crowe wyll not chaunge her	
hewe.	2360
It is marvele to me and ever ye be trewe.	
I wyll the auctoryte of Gods holy wurde to do it,	
And it not to aryse of your vayne, slypper wytt.	
That Scripture doth not, is but a lyght fantasye.	
CLERGY. Both Daniel and Paule calleth hym Gods	
adversarye,	2365
And therfore ye ought as a devyll hym to expell.	
IMP. MAJ. Knewe ye thys afore, and woulde it never	
tell?	
Ye shoulde repent it, had we not now forgyven ye!	
Nobylyte, what say yow? Wyll ye to thys agree?	
Nob. I can no lesse, sir, for he is wurse than the Turke,	2370
Whych none other wayes but by tyrannye doth wurke.	
Thys bloudy bocher with hys pernycyouse bayte	
Oppresse Christen princes by frawde, crafte and dissayte,	
Tyll he compell them to kysse hys pestylent fete,	
Lyke a levyathan syttynge in Moyses sete.	2375
I thynke we can do unto God no sacrifyce	
That is more accept, nor more agreynge to justyce,	
Than to slea that beaste and slauterman of the devyll,	
That Babylon boore, whych hath done so muche evyll.	
IMP. MAJ. It is a clere sygne of a true Nobilyte,	2380

To the wurde of God whan your conscyence doth agree;
For, as Christe ded saye to Peter, Caro et sanguis
Non revelavit tibi, sed Pater meus celestis:
Ye have not thys gyfte of carnall generacion,
Nor of noble bloude, but by Gods owne demonstracyon.
Of yow, Cyvyle Order, one sentence woulde I heare.

2385

C. ORDER. I rewe it that ever any harte I ded hym beare.

I thynke he hath spronge out of the bottomlesse pytt,
And in mennys conscyence in the stede of God doth sytt,
Blowynge fourth a swarme of grassopers and flyes,
Monkes, fryers and priestes, that all truthe putrifyes.
Of the Christen faythe playe now the true defendar,
Exyle thys monster and ravenous devourar,
With hys venym wormes, hys adders, whelpes and snakes,
Hys cuculled vermyne, that unto all myschiefe wakes!

2390

2395

IMP. MAJ. Than, in thys purpose ye are all of one mynde?

CLERGY. We detest the Pope, and abhorre hym to the fynde.

IMP. MAJ. And ye are wele content to disobeye hys pryde?

Nob.. Yea, and his lowsye lawes and decrees to sett asyde.

IMP. MAJ. Than must ye be sworne to take me for your heade.

2400

C. ORDER. We wyll obeye yow as our governour in Gods steade.

IMP. MAJ. Now that ye are sworne unto me your pryncypall,

I charge ye to regarde the wurde of God over all, And in that alone to rule, to speake and to judge, As ye wyll have me your socour and refuge.

2405

CLERGY. If ye wyll make sure, ye must exyle Sedicyon, False Dyssymulacyon, with all vayne superstycyon, And put Private Welthe out of the monasteryes; Than Usurped Power maye goo a-birdynge for flyes.

IMP. MAJ. Take yow it in hande, and do your true dilygence, 2410 Iche man for hys part; ye shall wante no assystence. CLERGY. I promyse yow here to exyle Usurped Powre, And your supremyte to defende yche daye and howre. Nob. I promyse also out of the monasteryes To put Private Welthe, and detect hys mysteryes. 2415 C. ORDER. False Dissymulacyon I wyll hange up in Smythfylde, With suche supersticion as your people hath begylde. IMP. MAJ. Than I trust we are at a very good conclusyon, Vertu to have place, and vyce to have confusyon. Take Veryte with ye for every acte ye doo, 2420 So shall ye be sure not out of the waye to goo. Sedicyon intrat.

SED. [sings] Pepe! I see ye! I am glad I have spyed ye!1 Nob. There is Sedicyon; stand yow asyde a-whyle, Ye shall see how we shall catche hym by a wyle. SED. No noyse amonge ye? Where is the mery chere 2425 That was wont to be, with quaffynge of double bere? The worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have. I have bene abroade, and I thynke I have playde the knave. Thu canst do none other, except thu change C. ORDER. thy wunte. What myschiefe ayle ye that ye are to me so blunte? 2430 I have sene the daye ye have favoured me, Perfectyon.

Thy-selfe is not he, thu art of an other com-CLERGY. plectyon.

Sir, thys is the thiefe that first subdued Kynge John, Vexynge other prynces that sens have ruled thys regyon, And now he doth prate he hath played the knave, That the worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have. It woulde be knowne, sir, what he hath done of late.

1 The music is printed in C.

2435

- IMP. MAJ. What is thy name, frynde? To us here intymate.
- SED. A sayntwary! a sayntwary! for Gods dere passion, a sayntwarye!
- Is there none wyll holde me, and I have made so manye? 2440 IMP. MAJ. Tell me what thy name is. Thu playest the knave, I trowe.
 - SED. I am wyndelesse, good man, I have muche peyne to blowe.
 - IMP. MAJ. I saye, tell thy name, or the racke shall the constrayne.
 - SED. Holy Perfectyon my godmother called me playne.
 - Nob. It is Sedicyon, God gyve hym a very myschiefe! 2445 C. ORDER. Under heaven is not a more detestable thiefe.
 - SED. By the messe, ye lye! I see wele ye do not knowe me.
 - IMP. MAJ. Ah, brother, art thu cum? I am ryght glad we have the.
 - SED. By bodye, bloude, bones, and sowle, I am not he!

 CLERGY. If swearynge myghte helpe, he woulde do

 we[le] 1 ynough.

 2450
 - IMP. MAJ. He scape not our handes so lyghtly, I warande yow.
 - CLERGY. Thys is that thiefe, sir, that all Christendome hath troubled,
- And the Pope of Rome agaynst all kynges maynteyned.
 - Nob. Now that ye have hym, no more but hange hym uppe!
- C. ORDER. If ye so be content, it shall be done ere I suppe. 2455
 - IMP. MAJ. Loo! the Clergye accuseth the, Nobylyte condempneth the,
- And the Lawe wyll hange the. What sayst now to me?

 SED. I woulde I were now at Rome at the sygne of the Cuppe,
- For heavynesse is drye. Alas, must I nedes clymbe uppe?

 1 Corr. by C.

Perdon my lyfe, and I shall tell ye all, Both that is past and that wyll herafter fall.

2460

- IMP. MAJ. Aryse; I perdon the, so that thu tell the trewthe.
- SED. I wyll tell to yow suche treason as ensewthe.

Yet a ghostly father ought not to bewraye confessyon.

IMP. MAJ. No confessyon is but ought to discover treason.

2465

SED. I thynke it maye kepe all thynge save heresye.

IMP. MAJ. It maye holde no treason, I tell the verelye, And therfore tell the whole matter by-and-bye.

Thu saydest now of late that thu haddest played the knave, And that the worlde was not as some men woulde it have.

2470

- SED. I coulde playe Pasquyll, but I feare to have rebuke.
- IMP. MAJ. For utterynge the truthe feare neyther byshopp nor duke.
- SED. Ye gave injunctyons that Gods wurde myghte be taught;

But who observe them? Full manye a tyme have I laught To see the conveyaunce that prelates and priestes can fynde. 2475

IMP. MAJ. And whie do they beare Gods wurde no better mynde?

SED. For, if that were knowne, than woulde the people regarde

No heade but their prynce; with the Churche than were it harde;

Than shoulde I lacke helpe to maynteyne their estate, As I attempted in the Northe but now of late, And sens that same tyme in other places besyde,

Tyll my setters-on were of their purpose wyde.

A vengeaunce take it, it was never well with me Sens the cummynge hyther of that same Veryte!

Yet do the byshoppes for my sake vexe hym amonge.

2485

2480

- IMP. MAJ. Do they so in-dede? well, they shall not do so longe.
- SED. In your parlement commaunde yow what ye wyll,

2515

The Popes ceremonyes shall drowne the gospell styll. Some of the byshoppes at your injunctyons slepe, Some laugh and go bye, and some can playe boo-pepe. 2490 Some of them do nought but searche for heretykes, Whyls their priestes abroade do playe the scysmatykes. Tell me, in London how manye their othes discharge Of the curates there; yet is it muche wurse at large. If your true subjectes impugne their trecheryes, **2495** They can fatche them in, man, for Sacramentaryes, Or Anabaptystes; thus fynde they subtyle shyfte To proppe up their kyngedome, suche is their wyly dryfte. Get they false wytnesses, they force not of whens they be, Be they of Newgate, or be they of the Marshallsee. 2500 Paraventure a thousande are in one byshoppes boke, And agaynst a daye are readye to the hooke. IMP. MAJ. Are those matters true that thu hast spoken

IMP. MAJ. Are those matters true that thu hast spoken here?

SED. What can in the worlde more evydent wytnesse bere?

First of all consydre the prelates do not preache,

But persecute those that the holy Scriptures teache;

And marke me thys wele, they never ponnysh for popery,

But the gospell-readers they handle very coursely;

For on them they laye by hondred poundes of yron,

And wyll suffer none with them ones for to common.

2510

Sytt they never so longe, nothynge by them cometh fourthe

To the truthes furtherance that any-thynge ys wourthe. In some byshoppes howse ye shall not 1 fynde a Testament, But yche man readye to devoure the innocent. We lyngar a tyme and loke but for a daye

To sett upp the Pope, if the gospell woulde decaye.

CLERGY. Of that he hath tolde hys-selfe is the very grounde.

IMP. MAJ. Art thu of counsell in this that thu hast spoken?

¹ MS. repeats shall not.

Where i	s the	pardon that ye ded promyse me?		
IMP.	MAJ.	For doynge more harme thu shalt	sone	par-

doned be.

Have hym fourth, Cyvyle Ordre, and hang hym tyll he be dead,

And on London Brydge loke ye bestowe hys head.

C. ORDER. I shall see it done and returne to yow agayne.

SED. I beshrewe your hart for takynge so muche payne! Some man tell the Pope, I besyche ye with all my harte, How I am ordered for takynge the Churches parte,

That I maye be put in the holye letanye

With Thomas Beckett, for I thynke I am as wurthye.

2555

Praye to me with candels, for I am a saynt alreadye.

O blessed Saynt Partryck, I see the, I, verylye! [Exeunt.]

IMP. MAJ. I see by thys wretche there hath bene muche faulte in ye;

Shewe your-selves herafter more sober and wyse to be.

2559

Kynge Johan ye subdued, for that he ponnyshed treason,

Rape, theft and murther in the holye spirytualte;

But Thomas Beckett ye exalted without reason,

Because that he dyed for the Churches wanton lyberte,

That the priestes myght do all kyndes of inyquyte,

And be unponnyshed. Marke now the judgement

Of your ydle braynes, and, for Gods love, repent!

2566

Nob. As God shall judge me, I repent me of my rudenesse.

CLERGY. I am ashamed of my most vayne folyshenesse. 2568

Nob. I consydre now that God hath for sedicyon Sent ponnyshmentes great: examples we have in Brute, In Catilyne, in Cassius and fayer Absolon,

Whome of their purpose God alwayes destytute,

And terryble plages on them ded execute

For their rebellyon. And therfore I wyll be ware,

Least his great vengeaunce trappe me in suche lyke snare. 2575

CLERGY. I pondre also that sens the tyme of Adam
The Lorde evermore the governours preserved:

Examples we fynde in Noe and in Abraham,

In Moyses and David, from whome God never swerved.

I wyll therfor obeye least he be with me displeased. Homerus doth saye that God putteth fourth hys shyelde The prynce to defende whan he is in the fyelde.

2582

C. ORDER. Thys also I marke: whan the priestes had governaunce

Over the Hebrues, the sectes ded first aryse
As Pharisees, Sadducees, and Esse[n]es, whych wrought
muche grevaunce

Amonge the people by their most devylysh practyse,
Tyll destructyons the prynces ded devyse,
To the quyetnesse of their faythfull commens all,
As your Grace hath done with the sectes papistycall.

2589

IMP. MAJ. That poynt hath in tyme fallen in your memoryes.

The Anabaptystes, a secte newe rysen of late, The Scriptures poyseneth with their subtle allegoryes, The heades to subdue after a sedicyouse rate.

The cytic of Mynster was lost through their debate. They have here begunne their pestilent sedes to sowe, But we trust in God, to increace they shall not growe.

2596

- CLERGY. God forbyd they shoulde, for they myght do muche harme!
- C. Order. We shall cut them short if they do hyther swarme.

IMP. MAJ. The adminystracyon of a princes governaunce
Is the gifte of God and hys hygh ordynaunce,
Whome with all your power yow thre ought to support
In the lawes of God to all hys peoples confort:
First yow, the Clergye, in preachynge of Gods worde,
Than yow, Nobilyte, defendynge with the sworde,
Yow, Cyvyle Order, in executynge justyce.

2605

Thus, I trust, we shall seclude all maner of vyce, And, after we have establyshed our kyngedome In peace of the Lorde and in hys godly fredome, We wyll confirme it with wholesom lawes and decrees, To the full suppressynge of Antichristes vanytees.

2610

2614

Hic omnes rex osculatur.

Farwele to ye all: first to yow, Nobilyte,

Than to yow, Clergye, than to yow, Cyvylyte;

And above all thynges remembre our injunctyon!

OMNES UNA. By the helpe of God yche one shall do hys

functyon.

[Exit Imperyall Majestye.]

Nob. By thys example ye may see with your eyes

How Antichristes whelpes have noble princes used.

Agayne ye may see how they with prodigyouse lyes

And craftes uncomely their myschiefes have excused;

Both nature, manhode and grace they have abused,

Defylynge the lawe and blyndynge Nobilyte,—

No Christen regyon from their abusyons free.

2621

CLERGY. Marke wele the dampnable bestowynge of their masses,

With their foundacyons for poysenynge of their kynge. Their confessyon-driftes all other traytery passes.

A saynt the[y]1 can make of the moste knave thys daye lyvynge,

Helpynge their market; and, to promote the thynge, He shall do myracles. But he that blemysh their glorye Shall be sent to helle without anye remedye.

2628

C. ORDER. Here was to be seane what ryseth of Sedicyon,
And howe he doth take hys mayntenaunce and grounde
Of ydle persones, brought upp in supersticyon,
Whose daylye practyse is alwayes to confounde
Such as myndeth vertu and to them wyll not be bounde.

Expedyent it is to knowe their pestylent wayes,
Consyderynge they were so busye now of late dayes.

2635

Nob. Englande hath a quene, — thankes to the Lorde above!—

Whych maye be a lyghte to other princes all

For the godly wayes whome she doth dayly move

To her liege people, through Gods wurde specyall.

She is that Angell, as Saynt Johan doth hym call,

That with the Lordes seale doth marke out his true servauntes,

Pryntynge in their hartes his holy wourdes and covenauntes. 2642

CLERGY. In Danyels sprete she hath subdued the Papistes,
With all the ofsprynge of Antichristes generacyon;
And now of late dayes the sect of Anabaptistes
She seketh to suppresse for their pestiferouse facyon.
She vanquysheth also the great abhomynacyon
Of supersticyons, witchecraftes and hydolatrye,
Restorynge Gods honoure to hys first force and bewtye.

2649

C. ORDER. Praye unto the Lorde that hir Grace may contynewe

The dayes of Nestor to our sowles consolacyon;

And that hir ofsprynge may lyve also to subdewe

The great Antichriste, with hys whole generacyon,

In Helias sprete to the confort of thys nacyon;

Also to preserve hir most honourable Counsell,

To the prayse of God and glorye of the gospell! 1 2656

¹ After this line, MS. has Pretium xx⁸, not in Bale's hand, but contemporary.

Thus endeth the ij playes of Kynge Johan.

END OF VOL. I.

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